Hutchinson Coll. No. 3
1068. c. 6

THis dying Figure that rare Lucan *showes*
Whose lofty genius *great* Apollo *chose*
When Roman liberty oppreſt ſhould dy,
To ſing her ſadd, and ſolemne obſequy
In ſtately numbers, high, as Rome *was great;*
And not ſo much to yeares indebted yet,
As thou, fam'd Maro, *when thy infant verſe*
The Gnats low funerall did firſt reherſe.
Thy ſauour'd Muſe *did finde a different fate:*
Thou gott'ſt Auguſtus *loue, he* Nero's *hate;*
But twas an act more great, and high to mouue
A Princes enuy, then a Princes loue.

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But twas an act more great, and high to mouue
A Princes enuy, then a Princes loue.

Heu Nero crudelis, [illegible] umbra,
Debuit hoc saltem non [illegible] tabe. Merait

LVCAN'S Pharsalia:

OR

THE CIVILL Warres of Rome, betweene POMPEY the great, and IVLIVS CÆSAR.

The whole ten Bookes Englished by Thomas May Esquire.

LONDON Printed for Thomas [illegible]
1[illegible]

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1277

TO THE TRVE Louer of all good Learning, and iust honour of his owne *Ranke*, WILLIAM, *Earle* of *Deuonshiere*, &c.

MY LORD,

THe great subiect of this stately *Poem*, together with the worth of the noble *Author*, haue enboldned me to present the Translation (how meanely soeuer I haue performed it) to your

Honourable hand. I cannot but presume that the high, and rich conceits of *Lucan* from your deepe iudgement shall finde their proper, and due approbation, and my defects, from your noble *candor* an easie, and gentle censure. The matter of this Worke is a true *History* adorned and heightned with *Poetical raptures*, which doe not adulterate, nor corrupt the truth, but giue it a more sweet and pleasant relish. The *Historie* of it, is the greatest of *Histo-*

ies, the affaires of *Rome*, whose transcendent greatnes will admit no cõparison with other *States* either before, or after it; *Rome* was then at that great height, in which St. *Augustin* wished to haue seen it, which after Ages almost with adoration haue admired, and do rather coniecture then fully comprehend. The blood of her valiant citizens, and the conquests, and triumphs of so many ages had raised her now to that vnhappy height, in which shee

could neither retaine her fre-
dome without great troubles
nor fall into a *Monarchy* but
most heauy and distastfull. In
one the greatnes of priuate
citizens excluded moderatiõ;
in the other the vast strength,
and forces of the Prince gaue
him too absolute and vnde-
termined a power. The vices
of *Rome* did at this time
(saith learned *Heinsius*) not
only grow vp to their power
but ouerthrow it. *Luxury* &
Pride the wicked daughters
of so noble a Mother as the

Roman

Roman Vertue, began to con-
ſume that which brought thē
forth. Theſe were the ſeeds of
that faction, which rent the
State, and brought in violētly
a change of gouernment.
The two heads of this great
diuiſion (if wee may terme
Pompey the head of a faction,
and not rather the true ſeruāt
of the publike State) were
Pompey the great, and *Julius
Cæſar*, men of greater emi-
nence then the former ages
had ſeen any, whoſe proſpe-
rous atchiuements in forreine
warres

wars had too far enabled the to ruine that ſtate, which before they ſerued. The Author of it was a noble *Roman*, rich in his minde as his large fortunes, of whoſe happy conceits, and high raptures I forbeare to diſpute, or any way anticipate your Lordſhips iudgement. To whoſe noble cenſure I referre both the Author, and my poore endeauours, and ſhall euer reſt

Your Lordſhips to command,

THO: MAY.

THE LIFE OF MARCVS ANNÆVS LVCANVS.

MARCVS Annæus Lucanus was by nation a Spaniard, and borne at Corduba. His fathers name was *Marcus Annæus Mela*, sonne to *Lucius Annæus Seneca* the oratour, and bro-
ther to *Iulius Gallio*, and *Lucius Seneca* the
losopher, *Nero's* tutor. The two elder
others employed at Rome in state affaires
pecially *Seneca*) arriued at the height both
dignity, and renowne. They were both
atours, and by their worthy endeauours
erued not only to bee powerfull in their
ne times, but famous to all posterity.
arcus Mela the youngest brother content
th that title, which his birth gaue him, a
oman knight, and preferring the sweetnesse
a country life before the glorious trouble
of

of a court employment, liuedat home at hi
natiue Corduba; hee married *Caia Acili*
the daughter of *Acilius Lucanus* the Orator
on whom hee begat *Marcus Annaus Lucan*
surnamed of his grandfather by the mother
side. *Annaus Mela*, though but a Roma
knight, was (saith *Tacitus*) a great man, an
hee begate *Lucan*, no small addition to hi
greatnesse; a great testimony of *Lucan*
worth from so iudicious an anthor as *Corne*
lius Tacitus. Hee was borne at Corduba th
third of the Nones of Nouember in th
second Consulshipp of *Caius Caesar Germani*
cus with *Lucius Cassianus*. When hee wa
eight moneths old, his father brought him t
Rome, to season his infancy (so soone as
might bee capable) with the choisest educa
tion in learning, and manners. At which tim
(if wee may creditt fame, and as was befo
reported of *Plato*) Bees swarmed about th
childes cradle, and pressed in clusters towa
his mouth. A happy presage (as the learne
interpreted it) of his future witt, and admir
eloquence. His tutors, and schoolmasters we
the most eminent, and famous men of tho
times, *Rhemnius Palaemon* the Grammaria
and *Flauius Virginius* the Rhetorician. B
whose carefull instructions, as by h
own diligence, and admirable facility
natur

aturall witt, hee arriued in a short me to an high perfection as well in the reeke, as Roman language. Of all his hoolefellowes he most vsed the frendship of *aleius Bassus*, and *Aulus Persius* the Satyrist. ee marryed *Polla Argentaria* the daughter *Pollius Argentarius*, a noble, rich, and leard Lady. Brought to the court by his vncle *eneca*, hee grew suddainly into great fauour ith *Nero* the Emperour. Hee was made uæstor before the vsuall time, and admitted to the Colledge of *Augurs*. But what vertue uld long bee safe in such a court? the ieaus tyrant being not able to brooke another ans praises; whoo amongst all his other eltyes, was most seuere in depressing the me of deseruing men. *Nero* therefore emmyg the witt, and excellent Poetry of *Lucan*, pprest his workes, and forbad him any more recite verses. Which indignity of all other oft hard to bee endured (as witty *Martiall* *Qui velit ingenio cedere rarus erit.*) iscontenting *Lucan*, drew him into *Pisons* nspiracy. The conspiracy detected, *Lucan* *Nero* was commanded to dy, but liberty uen him to choose his death. Who after a ll feast, bad the Phisitians cut his veines; nd when he perceiued through losse of blood s hands, and feete to waxe cold, and the

vitall

vitall spiritts forsaking the outward part of his body, with a minde, and looke vndaunted hee recited these verses of his owne in the third booke of his Pharsalia.

Scinditur auulsus, nec sicut vulnere sanguis
Emicuit lentus, ruptis cadit vndique venis;
Discursusque animæ diuersa in membra meant
Interceptus aquis; nullius vita peremptis (tam
Est tanta dimissa via.

But others say hee did not repeat these verses but those in the ninth booke, which is more likely.

Sanguis erant lachrymæ: quæcunque foramina nouit (dant
Humor, ab his largus manat cruor: ora reduntur
Et patulæ nares: sudor rubet: omnia plenis
Membra fluunt venis: totum est pro vulnere corpus.

These were his last words. Hee dyed the day before the Calends of May, in the seuen and twentyth yeare of his age, *Nerua Syllanus* and *Vestinius Atticus* beeing Consuls. He was buryed at Rome in his owne most faire and sumpteous gardens.

To my chosen Friend,
he learned Translator of LVCAN,
THOMAS MAY,
Esquire.

VHen, *Rome*, I reade thee in thy mighty paire,
And see both climing vp the slippery staire
Fortunes wheele by *Lucan* driu'n about,
d the world in it, I begin to doubt,
euery line some pinn thereof should slacke
least, if not the generall Engine cracke.
when againe I veiw the parts so peiz'd.
d those in number so, and measure rais'd,
neither *Pompey's* popularitie,
ar's ambition, *Cato's* libertie,
lme *Brutus* tenor start; but all along
pe due proportion in the ample song,
akes me rauish'd with iust wonder, cry
at Muse, or rather God of harmony
ght *Lucan* these true moodes! replyes my sence
at godds but those of arts, and eloquence?
bus, and *Hermes*? They whose tongue, or pen
still th'interpreters twixt godds, and men!
who hath them interpreted, and brought
ans whole frame vnto vs, and so wrought,
not the smallest ioint, or gentlest word
he great masse, or machine there is stirr'd?
selfe same *Genius*! so the worke will say.
Sunne translated, or the Sonne of *May*.

Your true freind in Iudgement
and Choise

BEN: IONSON.

To his All-deseruing, an learned Friend, the Translato of *Lucan*: THOMAS MAY Esquire.

POmpey & Cæsar *Worthies, more then*
Are more then worthy of a lasting Storie,
And Worthy more then of a vulgar pen
To raise the Trophees of deserued glory,
Who now is fit but May, *as* Lucan *then?*
Change but the Language, and the sooth to sa
May *is their* Lucan, *and their* Lucan, May.
Forward sweet Freind; led by rich Lucans *va*
Nor is thy praise the lesse, but more thy paine

H. V.

pon this vnæquall'd worke, And the Author.

Ome *had been still my wonder: I had knowne*
Lucan, *in no expreßion but his owne:*
had, as yet conjectur'd it, a wrong,
ue prais'd Cæsar *in another tongue.*
ing foorth One, that could but vnderstand,
ught a pride too great; for any Land,
for Romes *selfe. Who would be posde to tell*
great she was, when she could write so well.
truth was nearer brought by Thee: till I
d Lucan *Languag'd, like my infancy.*
Rome *was met in* England *in that State*
was, at once, her greatnesse, and her Fate;
ll to vs discouer'd, that naught's hid
ch, either shee could spake, or Cæsar *did.*
d which, nothing can be done by thee,
gh thou hadst more of Lucan, *then we see*
al'd in this: wherein there is so much
racle, that I, durst doubt him, such
ou hast rendred him. But that I know
rosse to be thy freind, and Lucans *foe,*
m thou hast made so much thy-selfe, that wee
almost striue about his Pedigree,
Rome *hath nothing left, to prooue him hers*
the foule instance of his Murtherers.
atly hadst thou rob'd her of his name,
she can onely reskew't with a shame,
h may she doe; whilst Nations recton thee,
n, in all except Romes *infamy.*

I: VAVGHAN.

LVCANS Pharsalia.

The first Booke.

The Argument of the first Booke.

he fatall causes of this warre are showne,
praged Cæsar *passes Rubicon,*
vades Ariminum; where to him from Rome
urio, and both the banish'd Tribunes come
ith new incitements to these ciuill Wares.
æsar's Oration to his Souldiers,
old Lælius *protestation, which by all*
he rest confirmed makes the Generall
raw out from euery part of France at once
is now dispersd, and winter'ing Legions.
Rome's feare, great Pompey *with the Senate, flyes;*
eauen, ayre, and earth are fill'd with prodigies.
he Prophets thence, and learned Augures show
he wrath of heauen, And Romes ensuing woe.

Arres more then ciuill on Æmathian plaines
We sing; rage licensd; where great Rome distaines
In her owne bowels her victorious swords;
here kindred hoasts encounter, all accords

Of Empire broke: where arm'd to impious warre
The strength of all the shaken world from farre
Is met; knowne Ensignes Ensignes doe desie,
Piles (a) against Piles, 'gainst Eagles Eagles fly.
What fury, Countreymen, what madnesse cou'd
Mooue you to feast your fooes with Roman blood?
And choose such warres, as could no triumphs yeeld,
Whilest yet proud Babylon vnconquer'd held
The boasting Trophæs of a Roman hoast,
And vnreuenged wander'd *Crassus* (b) Ghost?
Alas, what Seas, what Lands might you haue tane,
With what bloods losse, which ciuill hãds had drawne?
Yours had been *Titans* rising, yours his sett,
The Kingdomes scorched in Meridian heate,
And those, where winter, which no spring can ease,
With lasting cold doth glaze the Scythian seas;
The *Seres* yours, the wilde *Araxis* too,
And those, that see Niles spring, if any doe,
Then 'gainst thy selfe, if warre so wicked, Rome,
Thou loue, when all the world is ouercome,
Turne back thy hand: thou did'st not want a Foe.
But now that walles of halfe fall'n houses so
Hang in Italian Townes, vast stones we see
Of ruin'd walles, whole houses empty be,
And ancient Townes are not inhabited;
That vntill'd Itally's with weedes orespread,
And the neglected Plowes want labouring hands,
Not thou fierce *Pirrhus*, nor the Punicke Bands
This wast haue made; no sword could reach so farre,
Deepe peirce the wounds receiu'd in ciuill warre.
But if no other way to *Neroes* raigne
The Fates could finde, if gods their Crownes obtaine
At such deare rates, and Heauen could not obey
Her *Ioue*, but after the sterne Giants fray;
Now we complaine not, gods, mischeife, and warre
Pleasing to vs, since so rewarded are;

Let dire *Pharsalia* grone with armed Hoasts,
And glut with blood the Carthaginian Ghosts:
With these let *Munda's* (*c*) fatall Battle goe,
Mutina's (*d*) Siedge, *Perusias* (*e*) famine too:
To these add *Actiums* (*f*) bloody Nauall fight,
And neere Sicilia (*g*) *Sextus* slauish Fleete.
Yet much owes Rome to ciuill enmity
For making thee our Prince; when thou the sky
Though late, shal clime, & change thine earthly reigne,
Heauen, as much grac'd, with ioy shall entertaine,
And welcome thee, whither thou wouldst put on
Ioues Crowne, or ride in *Phœbus* burning Throne,
(Earth will not feare the change) thēce maist thou shine
Downe on thy World; to thee all Powers diuine
Will yeild, and Nature to thy choise will giue
What god to be, or where in Heauen to liue.
But neere the Northern Beare oh doe not reigne,
Nor crosse the point of the Meridian,
From whence obliquely thou shouldst Rome behold
If all thy weight on part of Heauen should hold,
The Honour'd loade would bow heauens Axeltree;
Hold thou the middle of the poized Sky:
Let all the ayre betweene transparent be,
And no darke Cloud twixt vs, and *Cæsar* sly:
Then let Mankinde forget all warre and strife,
And euery Nation loue a peaceful life.
Let peace through all the world in this blest state
Once more shut warre like *Ianus* Iron gate.
Oh be my god: If thou this breast inspire,
Not *Phœbus* Ile from Cyrtha's shades desire,
Nor Nysa's *Bacchus*; *Cæsar* can infuse
Vertue enough into a Roman muse.
The cause of these great actions Ile declare,
And ope a mighty worke, what drew to warre,
Our furious People, and the World beside;
Fates enuious course, continuance still deny'de

To mighty States, who greatest falls still feare,
And Rome not able her owne weight to beare.
So when the knot of Nature is dissolu'de,
And the worlds Ages in one hower inuol'de
In their old Chaos, Seas with Skyes shall ioyne,
And Starres with Starres confounded loose their shine;
The Earth no longer shall extend her shore
To keepe the Ocean out: the Moone no more
Follow the Sunne, but scorning her old way
Crosse him, and claime the guidance of the day.
The falling worlds now iarring frame no peace,
No league shall hold; great things themselues oppresse.
The godds this bound to growing states haue set;
But to no forraine armes would Fortune yet
Lend her owne Enuy ore great Rome that awes
Both Land and Sea; shee's her owne ruines cause
Subiected ioyntly to three (*h*) Lords; how ill
Prooue shared rules accords, and fatall, still?
Ambition-blinded Lords, what's th'happinesse
To mixe your powers, and ioyntly th' earth possesse?
Whilest Land the Sea, and Ayre the Land shall bound,
Whilest labouring Titan runnes his glorious round,
And through twelue heauenly signes night follows day,
No faith keepe those, that Kingdomes ioyntly sway;
Rule brookes no sharers; doe not this beleeue
In forraine states, Rome can examples giue.
A brothers bloud did our first walls distaine;
Nor was the spacious earth and watry maine
This mischiefes price: a refuge for theeues fledd.
A little house this brothers hatred bredd.
This iarring concord lasted for a space
Dissembled twixt the two: for *Crassus* was
The warres sole let; like that small necke of land,
That in the middst of two great Seas doos stand,
And will not let them ioyne; that tane away,
Straight the Ionian meets the Ægæan Sea:

So when warre-parting *Crassus* sadly slaine
With Romane bloud did Asian Charan staine,
That Parthian losse to homebread rage gaue reines;
More then you thinke, you did fierce Parthians
That day: our ciuill warre your conquest wrought,
And now Romes Empire by the sword is sought;
That State, that mistresse ore the World did reigne,
Rulde Land and Sea, yet could not two conteine.
For *Iulia's* (*a*) death, whom cruell Fates before
Had slaine, the pledge of their alliance bore
Downe to her graue; if Fate had spar'de her life,
Her furious husband, and sterne fathers strife
She had compos'de, and made their armed hands
Let fall their swordes, and ioyne in friendships bands:
As once the Sabin women enterposde,
Their sires and husbands bloudy iarres composde,
Thy death faire *Iulia*, breakes off all accords,
And giues them leaue againe to draw their swords;
On both sides powerfull æmulation beares
On their ambitious spirits: great *Pompey* feares
That his piraticke Laurell should giue place
To conquerde France, and *Cæsars* deedes deface
His ancient triumphs; fortunes constant grace
Makes him impatient of a second place;
Nor now can *Cæsar* a superior brooke,
Nor *Pompey* brooke a peere; who iustlier tooke
Vp armes, great Iudges differ, heauen approues
The conquering cause; the conquerde *Cato* loues.
Nor were they æquall, one in yeares was growne,
And long accustomde to a peacefull gowne
Had now forgot the Souldier; Fame he bought
By bounty to the people: and much sought
For popular praise: his Theaters loud shoud
Was his delight; new strength he sought not out,
Relying on his ancient fortunes fame,
And stood the shadow of a glorious name.

As an old lofty Oake, that heretofore
Great Conquerours ſpoiles, and ſacred Trophyes bore,
Stands firme by his owne weight, his roote now dead,
And through the Aire his naked boughes does ſpread,
And with his trunke, not leaues, a ſhadow makes:
Hee, though each blaſt of Eaſterne winde him ſhakes,
And round about well rooted Trees doe grow,
Is onely honour'd; but in *Cæſar* now
Remaines not onely a great Generall's name,
But reſtleſſe valour, and in warre a ſhame
Not to be Conquerour; fierce, not curb'd at all,
Ready to fight, where hope, or anger call
His forward Sword; confident of ſucceſſe,
And bold the fauour of the gods to preſſe:
Orethrowing all that his ambition ſtay,
And loues that ruine ſhould enforce his way;
As lightning by the winde forc'd from a cloude
Breakes through the wounded aire with thunder loude,
Diſturbes the Day, the people terrifyes,
And by a light oblique dazels our eyes,
Not *Ioues* owne Temple ſpares it; when no force
No barre can hinder his preuailing courſe,
Great waſt, as foorth it ſallyes and retires,
It makes and gathers his diſperſed fires.
  Theſe cauſes moou'd the Cheifes, and ſuch as are
In mighty ſtates the common ſeedes of warre.
For ſince our Cheſts the conquer'd world hath fill'd
Too full, and vertue did to riches yeild,
Since ſpoiles, and warrelike rapine taught vs riot,
Exceſſe in Plate, in buildings reignes; the dyet
Of former times wee ſcorne; that ſoft attire,
That Women were aſham'd of, Men deſire.
Strength breeding pouerty is fled, and nought
But wealth from all the ſpoiled world is ſought,
The bane of States; thoſe Lands encreas'd they hold
In th'handes of vnknowne Tenants, which of old

Camillus plow ſhare wounded, and the hands
Of th'ancient *Curii* till'd; the ſtate now ſtands
Not as of old, when men from auarice free
Could liue in peace, and wiſht but liberty.
Hence quarrels grow; what pouerty eſteem'd
A vild offence: now's greateſt honour deem'd,
By Sword our Countreys power in curbe to hold:
Might meaſures right: Lawes and decrees are ſold.
Conſuls and Tribunes iarres all right ſuppreſſe,
Faſces are bought, the peoples ſuffrages
Corruptly ſought, and giuen; hence bloody iarres
Oft ſtaine elections in the field of *Mars*:
So griping Vſury growes, ſo faith is loſt,
And ciuill warre as gainefull ſought by moſt.
By this time *Cæſar* the cold Alpes orepaſt,
In his great thoughts the future warre had caſt,
And now to Rubicon's ſmall current come,
He dreames the Image of affrighted Rome
With countenance ſad through dusky night appeares:
On her towre-bearing head her hoary haires
Hung downe all torne, her armes were nak'd; when ſhe
Thus ſighing ſpeakes; oh whither carry yee
My Enſignes Souldiers? If you come as friends,
As Roman Citizens, your march here ends. (*)
A ſuddaine feare ſtraight chilles the Generalls veines,
His haire's with horrour rais'd, faintneſſe detaines
His ſteps vpon the banke; then thus he prayes:
Thou, *Ioue*, whoſe eye theſe Citty walles ſurueyes
From thy Tarpeian hill: You Deities
Of Troy, and *Romulus* hid miſteries,
Thou Latian *Iouis* worſhipt on th'Alban mount,
You Veſtall fires, and Rome, whom I account
My greateſt God, bleſſe this attempt; not thee
Doe I inuade: Conquerour by land and ſea
Thy *Cæſar* comes, thy Soldier ſtill: Be hee
He in the fault, that caus'd this enmity

Then brooking no delay, the ſtreame ſhowre-ſwell'd
He marches ore; ſo in a Libyan field
A Lion viewing his ſterne foe at hand,
Till he collect his ire doth doubtfull ſtand:
But ſtraight whē his Tailes ſwindge has made him hot,
And rais'd his ſhaggy Mane, from his wide throat
Hee roares; then if a Mauritanian Speare,
Or Shaft haue pierc'd his ſide, voide of all feare
Regardleſſe of that wound he ruſhes on.
Gently along flowes ruddy Rubicon
From a ſmall Spring, when Summer's in her pride,
And gliding through the valley dooes diuide
Gallia from Italy, now Winter lent
Him ſtrength, and *Cynthia* her full hornes had ſpent
In ſhowres to raiſe his flood, and melted ſnow
The moiſt Eaſt-wind made downe the Alpes to flow.
The Horſe-men firſt paſſe ore the violent ſtreame,
And take the waters fury, after them
The currents violence being broke before,
The Footemen finde the eaſier paſſage ore,
But now when *Cæſar* had orecome the flood,
And Italy's forbidden ground had trod,
Here Peace, and broken Lawes I leaue, quoth he,
Farewell all Leagues; Fortune Ile follow thee.
No more weele truſt: Warre ſhall determine all:
This ſaide, by night the actiue Generall
Swifter then Parthian back ſhot ſhaft, or ſtone
From Balearicke Slinger, marches on
T'inuade Ariminum; when euery ſtarre
Fled from th'approaching Sunne but Lucifer,
And that day dawn'd, that firſt theſe broiles ſhould ſee
Either the moiſt Southwindes, or Heauens decree
With pitchy cloudes darkened the fatall day;
When now the Soldiers by command made ſtay
I'th Market place, ſhrill Trumpets flouriſht round,
And the hoarſe Hornes wicked alarums ſound.

With

h this sad noise the peoples rest was broke,
e young men rose, and from the Temples tooke
eir Armes, now such as a long peace had mar'de,
d their old bucklers now of leather's bar'de:
eir blunted Piles not of a long time vs'd,
d Swords with th'eatings of blacke rust abus'd.
The Roman Colours, and knowne Eagles then,
d *Cæsar* in the midd'st high mounted seene,
e Townesmens trembling ioynts for horror faint,
d to themselues they make this sad complaint;
ill built City too to neere the Gaule,
sadly situated place; when all
e world haue peace, wee are the spoyle of warre,
d first that are inuaded: happier farre
ght we haue liu'd in farthest North, or East,
wandring Tents of Scythia, then possest
e edge of Italy. This Towne of ours
st felt the furious Gaules, and Cymbrian powers,
her the Libyans first, and Germans come,
is is wartes way, when Fortune threatens Rome.
us silently they mourne, and durst not lend
eir griefe a word, nor teares in publique spend.
Birds by winters raging cold are still'de,
d the mid-ocean dooes no murmour yeild
when bright day dissolu'd the dampes of night,
e Fates new firebrands bring, and stirre to fight
ars yet doubting minde, leauing no pause
shame, but fortune findes him out a cause
Armes, and labours to make iust his warre.
e factious Tribunes by the Senate are
ainst their sacred priuiledge exil'de,
d by the *Gracchi's* (*l*) factious names reuil'de.
ese now to *Cæsar* came, and brought along
th them bold *Curios* (*m*) mercenary tongue:
at tongue, that once the Peoples, boldly stood
inst armed great ones for the publike good.

Hee,

Hee when he saw the Generall musing, saide,
While this my voice, *Cæsar*, thy cause would ayde,
Wee did prorogue, though gainst the Senate's will,
Thy gouernement, while Oratoryes skill
Could turne the wauering Peoples hearts to thee.
But since by warres rough hand Lawes silenc'd be;
Wee are exil'd, and gladly it sustaine
To be endeniz'd by thy Sword againe.
Whilst their yet strengthlesse side is only scarr'de,
Vse no delay: delay hurts men prepar'de,
A greater price on equall danger heere
Is set; in Gallia's warre alone ten yeere
Thou hast consum'd: but here, one field well sought,
Rome has the world to thy subiection brought.
Now they returne from France with victory
No pompous triumph waites: no Bayes for thee
Shall deck the Capitoll; base enuy's hands
Keepe back thy due: conquest of warre like Lands
Is made a crime in thee, and *Pompey's* pride
Excludes thy rule: nor canst thou now diuide
The world; the world thou maist possesse alone.
This speech gaue fire to *Cæsar* too too prone
Before to warre, so peoples showtes raise more
A fierce Olimpicke Steede striuing before
To force the Lists, and breake the opposing barres,
Straight to the Standard all his Souldiers
Cæsar assembling, 'middst their murmuring noise
Commands a silence with his hand and voice.
Fellowes in Armes, that haue endur'd with me
A thousand dangers, now the tenth yeare free;
Haue our spent bloods in northerne Climes deseru'de
This, all our wounds, so many winters seru'de
Vnder the Alpes? not more prouision Rome
Would make for warre, if *Hannibal* had come
Ouer the Alpes: Cohorts they reinforce
Forrests are fell'd for Shipping; all the force

and and Sea is arm'd gainst *Cæsar* now.
t more(had wee beene vanquisht would they doe
e fierce Gaules our flying backes pursu'de,
dare now wrong vs; when our warres conclude
essefully,and friendly Gods vs call?
he long peace-infeebled Generall
ownes,and new rais'd Soldiers bring a long;
e names the *Catoes*, and *Marcellus* tongue,
he with Forreigne,and bought clients be
ed with still continuing soueraignty?
hee triumphant Charriots mount before
Year's apointed, (*n*)and let goe no more
ours (*o*)vsurp't? why should I now complaine
e lawes breach,and famine (*p*) made for gaine?
ffrighted *forum*(*q*)with arm'd men beset,
yne swords enuironing the Iudgement seat,
n, 'gainst all law,*Milo* for murder try'de
ey's proude Colours clos'd on euery side?
least his age,though tir'd, a priuate state
ld end, by impious ciuill warre his hate
ckes to glut,scorning but to excell
laster *Sylla's* guilt:as Tigers fell, (bloud
m their fierce Dam me with slaughtred Cattels
wont to nouri sh in th'Hyrcanian wood,
loose their fury: so thou *Pompey* vs'd
k the blood that *Sylla's* swords diffus'd
n'st thy former thirst; neuer againe
those iawes pure,that blood did once distaine.
n wilt thou end thy too long tiranny,
e bound thy (*r*) guilt? in this at least to thee
terne let thy Master *Sylla* be
aue off such vsurped soueraignety.
the Pirates,and tir'de Ponticke King,
e war to end scarce poisons(*s*) helpe could bring,
Cæsars fall *Pompey's* last triumph make,
se commanded I did not forsake

My

My conquering Army? but if I be barr'd
My labours meede, let these haue the reward
Of their long seruice; let these Soldiers all
Triumph, though vnder any Generall.
Where shall their bloudlesse age after the Warre
Finde rest? what Lands shall my old Soldiers share
Where shall they plow? where shall their City star
Are Pirates, (t) *Pompey*, worthier of Land?
March on victorious colours, march away,
The strength, that we haue made, we must employ.
He giues the strongest all things, that denyes
His due; nor want we ayding Deities,
Nor Spoile these armes doe seeke, nor Soueraignty;
But to free Rome, though bent to slauery.
Thus spake hee: the yet doubting Soldiers
Vncertaine murmurs raise: though fierce with Wa
Long vse, their houshold gods their minds gan mo
And Piety: but straight the swords dire loue
And feare of *Cæsar* turnde them backe againe.
Lalius the first Files leading did obtaine:
For sauing of a Roman Soldier
Oake crownd, and freed from duties of the Warre.
If I may speake, Romes greatest Generall,
Thy Soldiers thoughts, quoth he; it grieues vs all
That such long patience kept thee from so iust
A Warre: or didst thou not thine Army trust?
While life bloud keepes this breathing body warm
While brandisht Darts fly from this agile arme,
Wilt thou weake gownes, and Senates raigne end
In ciuill Warre is Conquest so impure?
Lead vs through Libyas gulfes, cold Scithian land
Lead vs ore thirsty Affrickes scorched sand.
This arme the Conquerde World behinde to leaue
Has plowde the Brittish Oceans curled waue,
And broke the Rhines swift Current; thy command
To doe, my will's as ready as my hand.

not my friend, gainst whom thy Trumpets sound,
hese thy Colours, which ten Camps haue found
victorious, *Caesar*, here I sweare,
by thy Triumphs, ore what foe so ere,
ou command me spill my Brothers life,
my old Father, or my pregnant Wife,
oo't, though with a most vnwilling hand,
Temples, rob the godds at thy command.
t *Iunoes* Temple in our flames shall sinke;
encampe on Tuscan Tybers brinke,
oldly pitch in Italy thy Tent.
dismantle Townes be thy entent,
se armes of mine the battering Ramme shall place,
hough the City, thou wouldst quite deface,
re Rome it selfe. The Souldiers all agree,
promise him their lifted hands on high
any warre. Their shout not that can passe,
ich the loud blast of Thracian *Boreas*
piny Ossa makes, and bowes amaine
e ratling wood, or lets it rise againe.
Caesar perceiuing that the Fates gaue way
warr, and his Men prone, fearing delay,
Troopes through France dispers'd straight calling
th flying Colours marches on to Rome. (home
ey leaue their Tents pitcht by Lemanus(v) Lake,
d those on Vogesus high Rockes forsake,
hich aw'de the painted Lingones so strong.
ra's Fords they leaue, that runne so long
one; but in a Riuer of more fame
lling to' the Ocean beares an other name.
e yellow Ruthens eas'de of their long feare:
lde Atax ioyes no Roman shipps to beare:
d Varus Italyes encreased bound.
at Hauen Alcides consecrated ground
ith Cliffes orelookes the Sea; no Northwest winde,
r West blow there: *Circius* thir proper winde

Reignes

Reignes there, were safe Alcides fort dooes stand.
And that still doubtfull coast, that Sea and Land
Challenge by turnes: firme land it is when low
The Ocean ebbes, but sea at euery flow.
Whither the winde strong blowing from the Pole,
And then retiring, to and fro doe rowle
The Sea: or that the Moone his course doe guide,
Or burning *Titan* moist foode to prouide,
Attracting lift the Ocean to the sky,
Seeke you that labour for such skill: for me,
What ere thou be that cause this ebbe and flow,
Be still conceal'd; since heauen will haue it so.
They march away that Nemasus did hold,
And Adors bankes, where Tarbe does enfold
In her crookt shore the sea that gently flowes.
The Santoni reioyce now free'd from foes:
Th' Leuci and Rhemi Archers good; with these
Th' Bituriges, and Speare-arm'd Suessones.
The dwellers neere Sequana skilfull riders.
The Belgæ hooke-arm'd Chariots expert guiders.
Sprung from the Troian blood the Hedui,
That durst claime brotherhood of Italy.
Rebellious Neruians (x) stain'd with Cottai's fate;
And they that in loose Mantles imitate
Sarmatia; fierce Batauians whom to warre
Crookt Trumpets call; those that neere Cinga are;
Where Araris with Rhodanus now met
Runnes ioyn'd into the Sea; the men whose seate
Is on Gebenna mount couerd with snow.
The Pictones now free their fields can plow.
The fickle Turones are not restrain'd
By garrison; the Andian now disdain'd
To pine in Medua's thick fogges: but goes
For pleasure, where delightfull Liger flowes.
Faire Genabos is free'd from garrison;
Treuer is glad the warre from thence is gon:

Ligures now shorne, once like the rest
g haird, of all the vnshorne Gaules the best:
where with offrings stain'd of humaine blood
nes and *Mars* their cruell Altars stood,
Ioue that vile as Scythian Dian's are.
n you that valiant soules, and slaine in warre,
celebrate with praise that neuer dyes,
Bards securely sung your Elegyes.
Druides now free'd from warre mainteine
Barbarous rites, and Sacrifice againe.
what heauen is, and gods alone can tell,
lse alone are ignorant; you dwell
ast, and desert woods: you teach no spirit
oes pale kingdome can by death inherit
y in another world informe againe:
th long life's middle is (if you maintaine
truth) the Northerne people happy are
his their errour, whom feare greatest farre
ll feares iniures not, the feare of death;
nce are they prone to warre: nor losse of breath
eme: nor spare a life that comes againe.
y that the hair'd *Gaysi* did conteine
heir obedience, marching now to Rome. (come.
m Rhines rude bankes, and new found countrey
Vhen *Caesar's* now collected strength had bred
lostly hopes; through Italy he spred
troopes, and all the neighbouring Cities seiz'de,
n idle rumours their true feares encreas'de,
peire'd the peoples hearts; swift fame gan show
warres approach, and their ensuing woe.
n euery tongue a false alarum yeilds:
e dare report that on the pasture feilds
aire Meuania is the warre begunne,
bloody *Caesar's* barbarous Cohorts runne
ere Vmbrian Nar dooes into Tyber flow:
all his Eagles, and ioyn'd Standards now

With

With a vast strength make furious approach;
Nor doe they now suppose him to be such,
As once they saw him: fiercer farre then so
They thinke, and sauadge as his conquer'd foe:
That all the inhabitants twixt th' Alpes and Rhine
Drawne from their countries and cold Northerne
Follow: and Rome (a Roman looking on)
By Barbarous hands shall fall; thus euery one
By feare giues strength to Fame: no author known
They feare what they suppose: but not alone
The people dooes this vaine surmise deceiue:
The Senate shakes; the affrighted Fathers leaue
Their seates: and flying to the Consuls giue
Directions for the Warre; Where safe to liue,
What place t'auoide they know not: whither ere
Their suddaine wits directs their steps, they beare
Th'amazed people forth in troopes: whom nough
So long had stir'de: a man would then haue tho
The Citie fir'd or th'houses sudaine fall
By earthquake threatned, the madd people all
With hasty steppes so vnaduised runne,
As if no way at all were left to shunne
Their imminent, and feard distruction,
But to forsake their habitation:
As when rough Sea's by stormy *Auster* blowne
From Libia's Sands, haue broke the maine-mast do
Master and Marriners their Ship forsake
Not tome as yet, leape into th'Sea, and make
Themselues a Shipwracke: so from th' City they
Fly into warre: no Sire his Sonne can stay,
No Weeping wife her Husband can perswade:
No nor their houshold gods, till they haue made
Vowes for their safety; none an eye dares cast
Back on lou'd Rome, although perhaps his last,
Irreuocably doe the people flye.

You gods that easily giue prosperity,

not maintaine it, that great city fill'd
ith natiue soules, and conquer'd; that would yeeld
nkinde a dwelling: is abandon'd now
easie prey to *Caesar*; when a foe
girts our Souldiers in a forreine Land,
e little trench nights danger can withstand;
soddaine worke raisd out of earth endures
e foes assault; the encamped's sleepe secures.
ou Rome, a warre but noysd, art left by all,
t one nights safety trusted to thy wall.
t pardon their amaze, when *Pompey* flyes,
s time to feare; then lest their hearts should rise
ith hope of future good, sad augury bodes
worse ensuing fate: the threatning gods
ll heauen, and earth, and sea with prodigies.
nheard-of Starres by night adorne the skies:
eauen seemes to flame, and through the Welkin fire
bliquely flyes: state-changing comets dire
isplay to vs their bloud portending haire:
eceitfull lightnings flash in clearest ayre.
range formed Meteors the thicke ayre had bred
ike Iauelins long, like lampes more broadly spread.
ightning without one cracke of thunder brings
om the cold North his winged fires, and flings
hem 'gainst our Capitoll: small starres, that vse
nely by night, their lustre to diffuse,
ow shine in midst of day: *Cynthia* bright
her full orbe, like *Phœbus*, at the sight
f earths blacke shades ecclipses: *Titan* hides,
When mounted in the midd'st of heauen he rides
cloudes his burning Chariot, to enfold
he World in darknesse quite: day to behold,
o Nation hopes: as once backe to the East
e fled at sight of sad *Thyestes* feast
ierce *Vulcan* opes Sicilian Ætna's throate,
ut to the sky her flames she belches not,

But

But on th'Italian shore obliquely flings;
Bloud from her bottome blacke Charybdis brings:
Sadlyer barke *Scyllaes* doggs then they were wont:
The Vestall fire goes out: on th'Alban mount
Iouis sacrificing fire it selfe diuides
Into two parts, and rises on two sides,
Like the two Theban Princes funerall fires. (spi
Earth opes her threatning iawes: th'Alpes nodding
Shake off their snow: *Thetis* does higher now
Twixt Libyan Atlas, and Spaines Calpe flow.
The natiue gods did weepe: Romes certaine thrall
The lares sweating shew'd: the offrings fall
Downe in the Temples: and (as we haue heard)
Nights fatall Birds in midst of day appear'd:
Wilde Beasts at midnight from the deserts come,
And take bold lodging in the streets of Rome.
Beasts make with mens articulate voice their mone;
Births monstrous both in limmes proportion,
And number; mothers their owne infants fear'd:
Sybilla's fatall lines were sung and heard
Among the people: and with bloody armes
Cybel's head-shaking Priests pronounc'd their charm
I th' peoples eares howling a baleful mone:
And Ghosts from out their quiet vrnes did grone.
Clashing of armour, and loude showtes they heare
In desert groues, and threating Ghosts appeare.
The dwellers neere without the City wall
Fled: fierce *Erynnis* had encompast all
The Towne: her snaky haires, and burning brand
Shaking; as when she rul'd *Agaue's* hand,
Or the selfe maim'd *Lycurgus*: such was she,
Who once, when sent by *Iuno's* cruelty,
Great *Hercules* (new come from Hel) did fright:
Shrill Trumpets sounded, dismall ayres of night
That horrid noise, that meeting Armies yeild,
Did then present: in midst of *Mars* his field

ose *Sylla's* ghost, and woes ensuing told:
owmen neere Aniens streames *Marius* behold.
se from his Sepulchre, and flye appall'd.
r these things were the Tuscan Prophets call'd
custome was: the sagest of them all
welt in Etrurian *Luna's* desert wall.
runs, that lightnings motion vnderstands,
rds flight, and entrailes op'te: he first commands
hose monstrous birthes, that from no seede did come,
t horrid issues of a barren wombe,
o be consum'd in fire: then all the towne
o be encompast in procession:
h'high Priests (whose charge it is) he next doth vrge
he City walles with hallowed rites to purge
hrough their whele circuit: following after these
h'inferiour Priests attir'd Gabinian wise:
he Vestall Maides with their vail'd Sister come,
hat only may see Troy's Palladium:
hen those that *Sibyll's* secret verses keepe,
nd *Sybel's* yearely in still Almon steepe:
ptemuiri that gouerne sacrest Feasts;
he learned Augurs, and *Apolloes* Priests:
he noble *Flamen*, Salius that beares
n his glad neck the Target of great *Mars*.
Vhilst they the Towne compasse in winding tracts,
runs the Lightnings dispers'd fire collects,
nd into th'earth with a sad murmure flings:
hen names the places, and to th'altar brings
chosen Bull: then wine betwixt his hornes
e powres, and sprinkles ore with Salt and Corne
is knife: the Bull impatient long denyes
imselfe to so abhor'd a Sacrifice.
ut by the girded Sacrificers strength
anging vpon his hornes, orecome at length
ending his knees holds forth his conquer'd necke
or did pure blood come out, but poison black

 Instead

Instead of blood, from the wound open'd flyes:
Aruns grew pale at this sad Sacrifice,
And the gods wrath he in the Entrailes seekes,
Whose colour scar'd him: pale they were with streak
Of blacke: th'infected blood congealed showes
(Sprinkled with different palenesse) various.
The liuer putrifi'de, on th'hostile side
Were threatning veines: the lungs their fillets hide:
A narrow line diuides the vitall parts:
The heart lyes still, and corrupt matter starts
Through gaping clefts: no part o th'caule is hid:
And that which neuer without danger did
Appeare, on th'entrailes was a double head,
One head was sicke, feeble, and languished:
The other quicke his pulses nimbly beates.
By this when he perceiu'de what woe the Fates
Prepar'de, he cri'de aloud, all that you doe
O gods, I must not to the people show:
Nor with this haplesse sacrifice can I
Great *Iupiter* thy anger pacifie:
The blacke infernall deities appeare
In th'entrailes: woes vnspeakable we feare,
But greater will ensue: you gods lend ayde,
And let no credit to our Art be had,
And counted *Tages* fiction: thus with long
Ambages darkly the old Tuscan sung.
But *Figulus*, whose care it was aright
To know the gods and heauens: to whom for sight
Of planets, and the motion of each starre,
Not great Ægyptian *Memphis* might compare,
Either no lawes direct the world, quoth he,
And all the starres doe moue vncertainely;
Or if Fates rule, a swift destruction
Threatens mankinde, and th'earth; shall Cities down
By earthquakes swallow'de be? intemperately
Shall ayre grow hott? false earth her seedes deny?

ſhall the waters poyſon'de be ? what kinde
ruine is it gods, what miſchiefes finde
r cruelties ? many dire aſpects meete,
aturne cold in midſt of heauen ſhould ſit
uarius would *Deucalions* flood haue bred
d all the earth with waters ouerſpred ;
ol ſhould mount the Nemean Lions backe,
flames would all the worlds whole fabrick cracke,
d all the sky with *Sol's* burnt chariot blaze.
ieſe aſpects ceaſe ; but thou that burn'ſt the clawes,
d firſt the tayle of threatning Scorpion, (downe
hat great thing breedſt thou *Mars* ? milde *Ioue* goes
ppreſſed in his fall, and in the skyes
he wholeſome ſtarre of *venus* Dulled is ;
ercury looſes his ſwiftmotion,
nd fiery *Mars* rules in the sky alone.
hy doe the ſtarres their courſe forſaking glide
bſcurely through the ayre ? why does the ſide
f ſword-bearing *Orion* ſhine too bright ?
arres rage is threatned : the ſword's power all right
onfounds by force : impiety ſhall beare
he name of vertue, and for many a yeare
his fury laſts ; it bootes vs not to craue
peace : with peace a maſter we ſhall haue.
raw out the ſeries of thy miſerie
O Rome to longer yeares, now onely free
rom ciuill warre. Theſe prodigyes did ſcarre
he multitude enough : but greater farre
nſue ; as on the top of Pindus mount
he Thracian women full of *Bacchus* wont
o raue ; ſo now a matron rann poſſeſt
By *Phabus* vrging her inſpired Breſt.
Where am I carried now ? where leau'ſt thou me
Pæan, already rapt aboue the Sky?
angæa's ſnowy top, Philippi plaines
ſee; ſpeake *Phæbus* what this fury meanes:

 What

What swords, what hands shall in Romes battels m
What warres without a foe? oh whither yet
Am I distracted? to that Easterne land,
Where *Nile* discolours the blew Ocean:
There there alas I know what man it is,
That on *Nile's* banke a trunke deformed lyes.
Ore Syrtes sands, ore scorched Libya,
Whither the reliques of Pharsalia
Erinnis carry'd ore th' Alpes cloudy hill,
And high Pyrene am I carried still.
Then backe againe to Rome, where impious,
And fatall warre defiles the Senate house.
The Factions rise againe; againe I goe
Ore all the world; shew me new Kingdomes now,
New Seas; *Philippi* I haue seene; this spoke
The furious fit her wearied breast forsooke.

FINIS. Libri primi.

Annotations on the first Booke.

(a) *Roman Darts or Iauelins which their footm vsed, about fiue foot long. If any man quarrell at t word* Pile, *as thinking it scarse English, I desire them gine a better word. For, Dart or Iauelin is a word t generall, and cannot intimate a ciuill warre: for dar had fought against darts, though a Roman Army h fought against barbarous, and forreigne Nations. B* Pilum *was a peculiar name to the Roman darts, a so meant by* Lucan, *which if any denie, let him read th Verses in the seuenth booke of our Author:*

———sceleris sed crimine nullo
Externam maculant Chalybem, stetit omne coactum
Cicrà pila nefas. ———

(b) Marcus Crassus *a great, and rich Roman, rulin*

Prouince of Syria, went with a Consular Army to the thian warre, and was there defeated, and slaine, together with his Sonne, and his whole Army, by Sutena Kings Generall.

(c) Nere Munda a City in Spaine, the two Sonnes of mpey were ouercome by Iulius Cæsar. Cneius was ne, and Sixtus fledd, thirty thousand Pompeians were re slaine: insomuch that Cæsar to besiedge the conred, made a countermure of dead carkasses.

(d) Antonius besiedged D. Brutus in Mutina a city of llia Cisalpina: in raising which siedge, both the Cons, Hircius and Pansa were slaine: but Augustus afterard raised it.

(e) Perusia a city in Thuscia, whither Lucius Antonus had fledd, was by Augustus forced to yeeld through amine.

(f) Where Augustus in a Sea-fight vanquished Antonius and Cleopatra.

(g) A fight on the Sicilian Sea, were Sextus Pomeins had armed Slaues and bondmen against Augustus, y whom he was there defeated

(h) These three were Crassus, Cæsar, and Pompey; ho all excelling in wealth, dignitie fame, and ambition, reconciled to each other, and linked together in affinity, entred into such a league, that nothing should bee lone in the Common wealth, that displeased themselues, liuiding among themselues, Prouinces, and Armies. Pompey by his Lieutenants gouerned Spaine and Affrica; Cæsar had his gouernment ouer all Gallia prorogued for another fiue yeares; Crassus gouerned all Syria.

(i) Iulia a vertuous Roman Lady daughter to Cæsar, and wife to Pompey the great; who dyed vntimely for the Common wealth, since her life might haue preserued peace betweene her husband and her father.

(k) Beside Rubicon was a pillar raised vp, and vpon it a decree of the Senate engrauen, that it should not bee

lawfull for any to come armed homeward beyond the place.

(l) Quintus Cassius and Marcus Antonius Tribunes of the people, for speaking boldly in the behalfe of Cæsar were condemned out of the Court by the two Consuls Marcellus and Lentulus, who vpbrayded them with the sedition of the Gracchi, and threatned the same ende to them vnlesse they departed; the Ttibunes escaping out of the Citty by night, in poore and base attire, fled to Cæsar, and with them Curio.

(m) This Curio had lately beene Tribune of the people, and a great enemy to Cæsar; he was beloved by the vulgar, and an excellent speaker; but being much in debt, Cæsar reliened him, and made him of his Faction.

(n) The Lawfull age to triumph in, was thirty yeares old; but Pompey the great had triumphed ouer Hiarbas King of Numidia, when hee was but foure and twenty yeares old.

(o) The Pratorship Pompey without voyces, tooke to himselfe, being twenty three yeares olde, he was Consul a lone, and had held other Honours contrary to custome.

(p) Pompey the great, that hee might be chosen at Rome ouerseer for Corne, tooke a course that none should be brought in from other parts, insomuch as that the City endured famine: vpon which Clodius could say, The law was not made for the Famine, but a Famine was brought in of purpose, that such a Law might be made.

(q) When Milo was arraigned for Clodius death, Pompey to suppresse the tumult of the people, enuironed the iudgement place with armed men, a thing vnlawfull to doe.

(r) Sylla 60. yeares old gaue ouer his Dictatorship, and liued priuatly at Puteoli.

(s) Mithridates King of Pontus warred with the Romans forty yeares; he was weakned, and receiued ouerthrowes

hrowes from Sylla *and* Lucullus, *and conquered by* pey, *being besiedged in a towne by his sonne* Phar-es, *he could not poyson himselfe, hauing much vsed* idotes, *but fel vpon his sword, and dyed.*

) Pompey *the great had made a Colony of* Cicilian ts, *whom he had vanquished.*

) Lac de Lorange; *these seuerall Townes and Coun-* *of France, where* Cæsars *Army lay in Garrison, and* *whence they were now drawne, are here set downe* eir old *names; and this little volume will not afford* e *so farre to enlarge my Anotations, as to set down* ames *as they are now called, being all changed.*

) *The most fierce people of the Belgians, where* Te-us Sabinus, *and* Arunculus Cotta, *two of* Cæsars tenants, *with fiue Cohorts were entrapped, and* e *by fraude of* Ambiorix,

LVCANS

Bk ii

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE WILLIAM Earle of *Pembroke*, Lord high *Steward* of his *Maiesties* Houſhold, and *Knight* of the moſt Noble ORDER.

TO you, right noble Lord, I here preſent
This ſecond Booke, the deathleſſe Monument
f Brutus *worth, and ſacred* Catoes *praiſe,*
s high, as rich as Fame her ſelfe could raiſe
monument; theſe fauour'd neither ſide,
or fought for Cæſars *reigne, nor* Pompey's *(pride,*
or came engaged by a priuate cauſe.
r Rome, *her ſtate, her freedome, and her lawes*
eir loyall virtue ſtood. If ſuch an one,
ee from ambition, free from faction,
n honeſt Lord, a noble Patriot,
r age doe ſeeke (my Lord ? flatter not)
hinke, with mine, the voice of publike fame
uld Pembroke *name as ſoone as any name.*

TO
THE RIGHT
HONOURABLE
WILLIAM Earle of Pem-
broke, Lord high Steward of
his Maiesties Houshold, and
Knight of the most Noble
ORDER.

O you, right honorable Lord, I here present
This second Peale, the matchlesse
Monument
Fortunes work, and Natural Causes praise;
Its high, no rich or humbler pall could raise
Monument; thy fair name, thy virtuous fate,
Can glorify for Ciaras vertues, as Pompey's (pride,
Crowns and Apparell, a prodigious
Lucrece, her fame, her Freedome, and her lawes;
Her Rapt over-power, if Tarquin one,
Her Vows, ambitions, free from Lust alone.
Noble Lord, a Noble Parent,
Are due for Truth (my Lord I speake not)
Unto your Birth, your Force of publike Fame
Such Patronage, Power, or Loue as may name.

LVCANS
Pharſalia.

The ſecond Booke.

The Argument of the ſecond Booke.

Th' author complaines that future fates are known,
he ſorrow of affrighted Rome is ſhowne.
An old man calls to minde the ciuill crimes
of Marius, *and* Sylla's *bloudy times.*
Brutus with Cato *does conferre; to whom*
Chaſt Martia *come from dead* Hortentius *Tombe*
Againe is married in a funerall dreſſe.
Pompey to Capua flyes. What Fortreſſes
By Cæſar *are ſurpriſde; who without fight,*
Puts Sylla, Scipio, Lentulus *to flight,*
And takes Domitius *at Corſinium.*
Pompey's Oration. From Brundufium
He ſends his eldeſt Sonne to bring from farre
The Easterne Monarchs to this Ciuill Warre.
But there beſiedg'd by Cæſar *ſcarſe can he*
Escape ſafe away by nights obſcurity,

NOw the gods wrath was ſeene: plaine ſignes of Warre
The world had giuen: foreſpeaking nature farre
From her true courſe, tumultuous monſters made,
Claiming woe, Oh *Ione*, why doſt thou adde

This

This care to wretched men, to let them ſee,
By dire portents their following miſery?
Whether the Worlds Creator when he did
From the d rke formleſſe *Chaos* light diuide,
Stabliſht eternall Lawes, to which he ty'de
The creatures, and himſefe, and did diuide
The worlds ſet ages by vnchanged fate:
Or whither (nothing preordain'd) the ſtate
Of mortall things chance rules: yet let that be
Secret that thou entendſt: let no eye ſee
His future Fate, but hope as well as feare.
When the ſad City had conceiu'd how deare
Heauens truth would coſt the world: her generall
Proclaim'de a Faſt: the mourning Senate goe,
Like the Plebeians cladd: the Conſuls ware
No purple Roabes: no words their griefe declare:
Mute is their ſorrow; ſuch a ſilent woe
A dying man's amazed houſhold ſhow,
Before his funerall conclamation,
Before the mothers lamentation
Call on the ſeruants weeping; but when ſhe
Feeles his ſtiffe limmes, dead lookes, and ſtanding
Then tis no feare but griefe: downe ſhe doth fall,
Howling vpon him: So Romes Matrons all
Leaue off their habits, and attires of grace,
And in ſad troopes the Altars doe embrace.
One weepes before the gods; one her torne lockes
Throwes in the ſacred porch: another knocks
Her breaſt againſt the ground: the god, whoſe eares
Were vſde to prayers, now onely howling heares:
Nor to *Ioues* temple did they all repaire:
They part the gods: no altar wants his ſhare
Of enuy-making mothers: but one there
Her plaint-bruſde armes, & moyſtned cheekes did
Now now, quoth ſhe, oh mothers teare your haire,
Now beat you breaſts; doe not this griefe differs

the last ills: while the Cheifes doubtfull are;
e may lament: when one is Conquerer,
must reioyce; thus griefe it selfe did mooue.
uch iust complaints against the powers aboue
Sonldiers make, that each army turne:
miserable men, that were not borne
en Carthage warr'de, at Trebias ouerthrow,
Cannæ's mortall field; nor begge wee now
peace, oh gods, stirre each fierce Nation,
se mighty Cities: let the world in one
nspire: let Median powers from Susæ come
let cold Ister hold his Scythians from
is warre: the Sueuians from the Northren clime
Albis send, and the rude head of Rhine:
ke vs all peoples foes, so not our owne:
e let the Daci, there the Getes come on:
one his forces against Spaine employ;
nst th'Easterne bowes let tothers Egles fly:
Rome haue warre with all; or if our names
gods would ruine, let the sky to flames
solu'd fall downe, and quite consume our coasts;
thunderstrike both Captaines with their hosts
ile they be guiltlesse, *Ioue*, seeke they to try
th so much mischeife who Romes Lord shall be?
ere scarse worth ciuill war that none should reigne;
us then did bootlesse piety complaine.
the old men mou'd with particular griefe
rse their old age, and ill prolonged life,
eir yeares reseru'd againe to ciuill warre:
One seeking presidents for their great feare;
h woes, quoth he, the gods intended vs,
hen after (*b*) both his triumphs, *Marius*
flying head among the reedes and sedge
ce hid; the Fennes then couer'd Fortunes pledge:
taken he endur'd a prison's stinch,
d his old limmes did iron shackles pinch.

To

To dye a Consull, happy, and in Rome
Before (c) hand suffred hee for guilt to come,
Death fled him oft, and power to shed his blood
In vaine a Cimbrian (d) had, who trembling stood:
Offring a stroke, his faultring hand the sword
Let fall; his dungeon did strange light afford.
Th' affrighted Cimbrian furyes seem'd to see,
And heard what *Marius* afterward should bee:
Thou canst not touch this life: to fate he owes
Thousands of liues, ere hee his owne can loose:
Cease thy vaine fury: if you Cimbrians wou'd
Reuenge on Rome your slaughtred Nations blood,
Saue this old man, whom their sterne will to serue
Not the gods loue, but anger did preserue:
A cruell and fit man, when Fate contriu'de
Romes ruine: hee on Libyan coasts arriu'de
Wandred through empty cottages vpon
Triumphed *Iugurth's* spoil'd dominion,
And Punicke ashes troad: each others state
Carthage (e) and *Marius* there commiserate,
And both cast downe, both now the godes excus'de
But into *Marius* minde that ayre infusde
A Libyau rage; when Fortune turn'de againe,
Slaues from (f) their Lords, & prisoners frō the ch
He free'de, and arm'de: no man his Ensignes bore,
But who the badge of some knowne mischiefe wo
And brought guilt to the campe: oh Fates how sa
A day was that, when conquering *Marius* had
Surpries'de the walls? how swift flew cruell death
Senators with Plebeians lost their breath.
The sword rag'd vncontrol'de: no breast was free:
The temples staínde with blood, and slippery
Were the red stones with slaughter: no age then
Was free: the neere spent time of aged men
They hasten'de on; nor sham'de with bloody kn
To cut the Infants new spunne thread of life.

hat crime had Infants done to merit death?
t 'twas enough that they could loſe their breath.
ry directs them guilty liues to take
lone, ſeem'd too remiſſe; for number ſake
me fall; one cutt' off heads he does not know,
hilſt empty-handed hee's a ſham'd to goe.
o hope to ſcape, but kiſſe the bloud-ſtaind (*g*) hand
f *Marius*; though a thouſand ſwords did ſtand
eady, baſe People, did you not diſdaine
t ſuch a price a life, though long to gaine,
uch leſſe a time ſo ſhort, ſo troubleſome,
nd breath but reſpited till *Sylla* come?
ho now has time to waile Plebeian fates?
arce can we thine, braue *Babius*, (*h*) whom the hates?
f the fierce multitude in peices tore:
or thine *Antonius*, (*i*) that thy death before
ouldſt prophe'ſy, whoſe gray head bleeding yet
n *Marius* table the rude Souldier ſett.
orne are the headleſſe *Craſſi*: (*k*) impious wood
ſtain'd with ſacred Tribunitiall (*l*) blood.
hou *Scaeuola*, (*m*) that didſt a kiſſe diſdaine
f *Marius* hand, at *Veſtaes* Altar ſlaine,
nd neuer quenched fires; but ages drought
eft: hee not ſo much blood; as would put out
he flame. His ſeuenth (*n*) Conſulſhip now come,
ld *Marius* dies: a man, that had orecome
ortunes worſt hate, and her beſt loue enioy'de,
nd taſted all that fates for man prouide.
How many neere the Colline port were kill'd,
ow many Carcaſſes on heapes were pil'de
t Sacriportum? (*o*) where almoſt her ſeate
ad the worlds Empire chang'd, and Samnis yet,
op'd deeper farre to wound the Roman name,
hen at the Caudine (*p*) Forkes; then *Sylla* came
ith a reuenge more bloody: His ſword reſt
ome of that little blood before was leſt.

Whilst cutting off (cruell Chirurgian)
Th'affected parts, too farre his lancing hand
Followes the sore; now guilty men are slaine
So long, till none but guilty men remaine.
Anger not curb'de by law breakes forth; they wreak
Their priuate hatreds now: for *Sylla's* sake
All is not done: for euery one fullfills
Their owne bloodthirsty, and reuengefull wills
Pretending his command; with impious steele
Seruants their masters, sonnes their fathers kill
Which sonne shall be the parricide by strife
They seeke: a brother sels a brothers life.
Some hide themselues in tombes: liue men remaine
Among the dead: beast dennes can scarse containe
The flying multitude; one strangled dyes
By his owne hand; one from a præcipice
Dyes broken with the fall, preuenting so
The tyrannie of his insulting foe.
His funerall pyle one making, ere he dyes
Leapes in, and whilest he may, those rites enioyes.
Great Captains heads born through the streets on spea
Are pil'de vp in the Market; there appeares
Each secret murder; not so many heads
In stables of the tyrant *Diomed's*
Thrace saw; nor *Libya* on Antæus wall,
Nor mourning Greece in *Oenomaus* hall.
Limmes putrifi'de, which all knowne markes had left
Worne out by eating time, by fearefull theft
The wretched parents take, and beare away:
My selfe (I still remember that sad day)
Desirous those forbidden rites to do
To my slaine brothers head, searcht to and fro
The carkasses of *Sylla's* peace, to see
What trunke'mongst all, would with that head agree.
What neede I tell how *Catulus* was paide
With blood, and *Marius* a sad offring made?

Vho mangled ſacrific'd before the tombe
f his perchance vnwilling foe did come.
is (q) mangled ioints, as many wounds as limmes
Ve ſawe: yet no wound deadly giuen him
hrough his ſpoil'd body; an example rare
f cruelty, a dying life to ſpare.
is hands chopt of, his tongue cut out as yet
Vagg'de, and the ayre did with dumbe motions beat:
ne ſlits his noſtrills, one cuts off his eares;
is eyes out laſt of all another teares,
eſt in till then his mangled limes to ſee;
thing paſt credit, one poore man ſhould be
he ſubiect of ſo many cruelties.
lumpe deform'de his mangled body lyes
o ſtrangely ſlaughter'd, not disfigur'de more
oates a torne ſhipwracke carkaſſe to the ſhore
rom the midd-Sea. The fruite of all your toile
Vhy doe you looſe, and *Marius* face ſo ſpoile,
hat none can now diſcerne him; 'twere more neede
lla ſhould know him to applaud the deede.
) *Praneſte's* fortune ſaw her men all dy
one death's ſpace, the flowre of (s) Italy,
he onely youth of Latium ſadly ſlaine
id wretched Romes Ouilià diſtaine.
o many men to cruell death at once
ſt Earthquakes, Shipwrackes, or Infections
f Aire or Earth, Famine, or Warre hath ſent:
euer before a doome of puniſhment.
he ſouldiers throng'de could ſcarſely weild at all
heir killing hands, the ſlaine could hardly fall
pported ſo; but nomber did oppreſſe
he dying people, and dead carcaſſes
creaſde the ſlaughter, falling heauily
n liuing bodies; his ſtrange cruelty
ecure and feareleſſe *Sylla* from aboue
eheld; nor could ſo many thouſands mooue

His heart, by him commanded all to dy.
I'th' Tyrthene gulfe their pil'de vp bodies ly.
The first throwne in vnder the water lay,
The last on bodies; strongest ships they stay,
And Tiber parted by that fatall bay
Sends one part to the Sea; carkasses stay
The other; till the violent streame of blood
Enforc'd the waters course to Tybers flood.
Nor can the bankes the Riuer now containe,
But ore the fields the bodies floate againe
Rowling at last into the Tyrthene maine,
One the blew waues it sets a purple staine.
For this did *Sylla* merit to be stil'de
Happy, and (t)sauiour, and in *Mars* his field
To be interr'de? but these blacke mischiefes are
To be endurd againe; this cruell warre
Will the same order, and conclusion take,
But feares more horrid suppositions make,
And in this warre mankinde shall suffer more.
The exil'de *Marii* sought but to restore
Themselues againe; and *Sylla's* victories
Sought but the ruine of his enemies.
Their aymes are higher; both long powerfull take
Vp armes; and neither ciuill warre would make
To doe as *Sylla* did. Thus wayles old age
Remembring past, and fearing future rage.
This terror strooke not noble *Brutus* hart,
Nor in this frightfull stirre was he a part
Of the lamenters; but at midnight hee
(When now her waine *Parrhasian Helice*
Turn'de) at his vnkle *Catoes* no large house
Knockes; him he findes waking and anxious,
For Rome, and the whole State a fearefull man,
Not for himselfe; when *Brutus* thus began.
Banisht, and flying vertue's onely hold.
And refuge, which no storme of fortune could

Ere reaue thee off? guide thou this wauering heart,
And to my thoughts a certaine ſtrength impart
At *Caſars* ſide, or *Pompeye's* others ſtand,
Ore *Brutus* none but *Cato* ſhall command.
Wilt thou keepe peace, and in this doubtfull age
Vnſhaken ſtand? or mingling with the rage
Of the mad rout, this ciuill Warre approue?
Others to this ſadd Warr bad cauſes mooue:
One his ſtain'd houſe in peace, and feare of Lawes
Another fights for want, mingling that cauſe
With the worlds wracke; blind fury leades on none:
All drawne with gainefull hopes; but thee alone
The Warre it ſelfe affects. What bootes it thee
T'haue beene ſo long from the Times vices free?
This onely meede of thy long vertue take,
The Warres find others guilty: thee they make.
But let not wicked warre haue power t'employ
These hands, O gods, let not thy Iaueline flye
Mongſt others in a thicke skie darkning cloude:
Let not ſuch vertue be in vaine beſtowde.
The warres whole chance will caſt it ſelfe on thee.
Who would not dy vpon that ſword, and be
Cato's offence, though ſlaine by another hand?
Thou might'ſt alone, and quiet better ſtand,
As ſtarres in heauen ſtill vnſhaken are,
When lightenings, ſtormes and tempeſt rend the ayre,
Nearer to earth: Windes rage, and Thunders ſpight,
Plaine grounds muſt ſuffer; when *Olympus* height
Plac'd by the gods a boue the cloudes, is free;
Small things iarres vexe, the great ones quiet be.
'T will glad proud *Cæſar*, in this warre, to heare
So great a Citizen has deign'de t'appeare:
Nor will it grieue him that great *Pompeye's* ſide
Is choſe, not his; 'twill be enough his pride
That *Cato* has approud of ciuill warre.
Romes Senate, and both Conſuls armed are

Vnder a priuate man, and many moe
Of note and worth; to these adde *Cato* too
Vnder command of *Pompey*, none liues free
In all the world but *Cæsar*; but if wee
Doe for our countreyes, Lawes, and freedome goe
To warre; then *Brutus* is not *Cæsars* foe,
Nor *Pompeys*, but the Conquerours, who ere.
Thus *Brutus* spake; when for an inside cleare
These sacred words drew *Cato*; We confesse,
Brutus, that ciuill warre's great wickednesse:
But where the Fates will leade, vertue shall goe
Securely on; to make me guiltie now
Shall be the gods owne crime; who would endure
To see the world dissolue, himselfe secure?
Who could look on, when heauen should fal, earth faile,
And the confusde world perish, and not waile?
Shall vnknowne Nations in our Roman warre
Engage themselues? and forreine Kings from farre
Crossing the Seas? and shall I rest alone?
Farre be it, gods, the *Daci*, and *Getes* should mone
Their losses in Rome's fall, and *Cato* lie
Secure: as parents, when their children die,
In person mourne, build vp with their owne hands
The funerall pyle, and light the fatall brands;
I will not leaue thee, Rome, till I embrace
Thy hearse, and libertie, thy dying face,
And fleeting Ghost with honour doe attend.
So let it goe; let th'angry gods intend
A compleate Romane sacrifice; no blouds
Will we defraud the warre of; would the gods
Of heauen, and *Erebus* would now strike dead
For all our crimes this one condemed head.
Deuoted *Decius* by his foes could fall:
Me let both Roman hosts assault, and all
Rhines barbarous troupes; let me i'th midst receiue
All darts, all wounds, that this sad warre can giue.

Le

et me redeeme the people: let my Fate
hat ere Romes manners merit, expiate.
hy should the easily conquer'd people die,
hat can endure a Lord? Strike onely me,
e with all Swords, and Pyles, that all in vaine
ur wronged Lawes, and liberties maintaine:
his throate shall peace to Italy obtaine.
fter my death he that desires to raigne,
eed not make warre: but now let's follow all
he common Ensignes, *Pompey* generall.
hough he orecome, 'tis not yet knowne that he
eanes to himselfe the worlds sole Monarchy.
e helpe him conquer, lest he should suppose
e conquers for himselfe. From this arose
oung *Brutus* courage: this graue speech too farre
ade the young man in loue with ciuill warre.
Now *Phœbus* driuing the cold darke away,
hey heard a noyse at doore; (v) chast *Martia*
ome from *Hortensius* tombe, stood knocking there:
nce giuen a Mayd in marriage happier:
ut when the fruit, and price of wedlocke she
hree births had payd: another Family
o fill, was fruitfull *Martia* lent a Bride,
o ioyne two houses by the Mothers side.
ow when *Hortensius* ashes vrned rest,
hee in her funerall robes, beating her breast
ith often strokes, and tearing her loose haire,
rinkled with ashes from the Sepulchre,
o please sowre *Cato*, with a gesture sad
hus speakes: Whilst blood, & childing strength I had,
ato, I did thy will, two husbands tooke:
ow worne away, and with oft trauell broke
come, no more to part: grant now our old
edlocks vntasted rites: grant me to hold
he emptie name of wife, and one my Tombe
rite *Cato's Martia*, lest in time to come

It may be a k'de whether I left the bed
Of my first Lord bestow'de or banished.
Not come I now prosperitie to share,
But to pertake thy labours, and sad care.
Let me attend the Campe; leaue me not heere
In peace, *Corne ia* to the warre so neere.
These speaches mou'd the man; though these times
Vnfit for *Himen*, when Fate cals to warre,
Without vaine pompe to ty a nuptiall knot
In the gods presence, he refuses not.
No garlands on the marriage doores were worne,
Nor linnen fillets did the posts adorne:
No bridall Tapers shone: no bed on high
with Iuory steps, and gold embrodery:
No Matron in a towred crowne, that led
The Bride, forbid her on the threshold tread:
No yellow veile couer'd her face, to hide
The fearefull blushes of a modest Bride:
No precious girdle guirded her loose Gowne:
No Chaine adornd her necke; nor linnen downe
From off her shoulders her nak'de armes orespred;
So as she was, funerall habited,
Euen like her sonnes, her Husband she embrac'de,
A funerall robe aboue her purple plac'de.
The vsuall Iests were sparde: the husband wants,
After the Sabine vse, his marriage tants.
None of their kindred met; the knot they ty
Silent: content with *Brutus* auspicy.
His ore-growne haire he from that sacred face
Shaues not, nor will in his s d lookes embrace
One ioy (since first that wicked warre begunne,
He lets his vnshorne hoary lockes fall downe
Ore his rough front, and a sad beard to hide
His cheekes; for he alone from factions free'd,
Or hate had leasure for mankinde to weepe)
Nor in his bridall bed would *Cato* sleepe,

n lawfull loue could continence reiect.
se were his manners, this sowre *Cato's* sect,
eepe a meane, hold fast the end, and make
re his guide, dye for his Countreys sake.
ll the world, not him, his life was lent
hinks; his feasts but hungers banishment;
choiseſt buildings were but fence for colds:
best attire rough gownes, such as of old
Roman weare; and nothing but desire
rogeny in him warm'd *Venus* fire:
er, and husband both to Rome was he
ant to iustice, and strict honesty:
h'publike good, in none of *Catoes* acts
pes felfe borne pleasure, or her share exacts.
ow with his searefull troopes *Pompey* the great
Troian *Capua* fled meant there to seate
warre: his scatter'd strength there to vnite,
his aspiring foes assaults to meete.
re *Apenine* rais'd somewhat higher fills
midd'st of Italy with shady hills?
which no part of earth dooes swell more high
y place, nor neerer meetes the sky.
he mountaine twixt two seas extended stands
pper, and lower sea: on the right hand
sa seated on the Tyrrhene shore:
na on the left vex'd euermore
stormes and windes that from Dalmatia blow
from vast fountaines doe great riuers flow,
nto th'double sea's diuorce doe slide
erall channells; downe on the left side
irus swift, and strong Crustumium flow,
ioyn'd t'Isaurus, Sonna too
Aufidus the Adriaticke beates:
nus, then which no riuer gets
ground; whole forrests rowles into the sea
rn'd: and robs of riuers Italy.

They

They say that poplars on this riuers side
First grew, when *Phaeton* amisse did guide
The day; his wandring Chariot burnt the skie,
And scorcht the earth: all riuers then were drie
But this; whose streames did *Phœbus* fires withstu
Not lesse then Nile, if on plaine Libyan sand
It flow'd like Nile: not lesse then Ister 'twere,
Vnlesse that Ister running euery where
The streames that fall into all seas, does meet,
And not alone the Scythian Ocean greet.
From springs, that downe the hils right side doe flo
Rutuba, Tyber, swift Vulturnus grow:
Night-ayre infecting Sarnus, Liris too
Runnes, strength'ned by the Vestine riuers, throug
Maricaes wooddy lands: Siler that glides
Through Salerne's fields; Macra whose Ford abid
No ships, into the sea neere *Luna* fall.
The hill (where he in length extended all
Meeting the bending Alpes Fran e ouersees)
To th'Vmbrians, Marsians, and Sabellians is
Fertile, and dooes with wooddy armes embrace
The people of the ancient Latine race:
Nor leaues he Italy, before hee end
In the Scyllæan cauernes, and extend
Vnto Lacinian *Iuno's* house his hill.
Longer hee was then Italy, vntill
The sea diuided him, and water forc'd
The land; then when two meeting seas diuorc'd
What was conioyn'd, part of the hill the sea
Gaue to *Pelorus* in Sicilia.

Cæsar now mad of warre loues not to finde,
But make his way by blood, nor is his minde
Ioy'd that in Italy he sees no foes,
No Countreys guarded from him, meetes no blow
But counts his iourney lost; desires to breake
Not open gates, and loues his march to make

e and sword, not sufferance thinkes it shame
ead permitted paths, and beare the name
itizen. The Italian Cities are
full which way to leane; & though when warre
her first fear'd approach, all easily
eeld: with Bulwarks yet they fortify
walles, digge trenches round about below:
ones and weapons from aboue to throw
get, and engines on their walles prouide.
eople most encline to *Pompey's* side:
th with terrour fights: so when we see
outh-winds horrid blastes possesse the sea,
aues all follow him, till by the stroke
lus his Speare, the open'd Rocke
rough seas lets out the Eastrne winde:
till retaine, though new assaults they finde,
d, though th'Eastwind th'aire with darke stormes
cean does the Southwind challenge still. (fill,
ples minds feare changes easily,
ortune swayes their wauering loyaltie.
o's flight *Etruria's* naked left,
mbria, *Thermus* (y) gone, of freedome reft:
rre differing from his Fathers fame
l warre, flies hearing *Cæsars* name.
(z) before the first assault, forsakes
m's walles, and flight disorder'd takes
kes and desarts: *Lentulus* (a) is beate
sculum: the foes pursuing get
n; that now alone the Captaine flies
mptie Standards reft of Companies.
cipio (b) leau'st the trust committed thee
's Fort, though in thy Campe there be
liantst Youth, whom feare of Parthian warre
esar tooke; whom *Pompey* to repaire
nch losse, lent him; and while he thought good
d on *Cæsar* th'vse of Romane blood.

But

But faire Corfinium's well fenc'd walls contai
Thee, stout *Domitius* : (c) in thy Campe remaine
Those that arraigned *Milo* did inclose.
He when a cloude of dust from farre arose,
And on bright Armes the Sunne reflecting shone
And glittering swords, cries, runne my Souldiers
Downe to the Riuer, drowne the bridge, and tho
Encreas'd from all thy empty'd fountaines now.
Rise swelling streame: breake downe and bea
This scatter'd bridge: there let the warre now st
Let thy bankes make our furious enemy
Linger a while: weele count it victory
That *Cæsar* first staies here. This said, in vaine
He sends swift Cohorts from the towne amaine,
For *Cæsar* first, when from the fields he spy'de,
His passage lost by bridge, enraged cry'de,
Cannot your walles, base cowards, shelter you
Enough, but that the Fields and Riuers too
Must helpe? Ile passe though Ganges in my wa
Rowl'd all his strength: no streame shall *Cæsa*
Since Rubicon is past; goe winged Horse,
Second bold foote, the bridge now falling force.
Thus spake he: foorth the winged Horse-men
And like a storme of haile on tother side
The water, their well brandisht Iauelins light:
Cæsar then takes the riuer, puts to flight
The Souldiers all that were in station
To guard the banke, and safe before the towne
Is come: when straight vp lofty workes are th
And Engines rais'd the walles to batter downe.
When lo (oh shame of warr) opening the gat
The Souldiers brought their Captaine bound, a
The feet of his proud Foe present: but he
With lookes not shaming high Nobility
Offers his throate vndaunted: *Cæsar* sees
Death's sought, and mercy feard, then thus repl

though thou woulst not, by our bounty liue,
this light, and to the conquer'de giue
hope: th'example of our clemency
u: or else againe warres fortunes trie:
t for this pardon *Casar* from thy hands
s, if thou orecome: with that commands
inde him: had his death the Conquerour pleasd,
much a Romans blush had fortune easde.
llowing Romes, the Senates, *Pompey's* armes
n t'o a Roman was the worst of harmes.
vnfear'd, his anger doth retaine,
es thus t'himselfe: Wilt thou, base man, againe
ome, or seeke peacefull retirements? No,
r into warres fury dying goe,
boldly through the middst, sure ende to make,
s loath'de life, and *Casars* gift forsake.
pey, not knowing he was tane, prouides
, to strengthen with ioyn'd power his side,
ing his Campe next morning to remoue,
ouldiers spirits before their march to proue,
s with a maiesticke voice bespake
ent troopes, guilt-punishers that take,
tter side, you truely Roman band,
e by the Stare, no priuate mans command,
not to fight: Italy's wasted all
barous troopes: through the cold Alpes the Gaule
ten loose: blood has already dy'de
polluted swords: the gods prouide
hat the mischife there beginns, and we
ffer wrong; oh now let Rome by me
unishment: nor can you call it here
arre, but our reuenging countrye's ire:
this more a warre, then that wherein
-arm'de *Cethegus*, and fierce *Catiline*
o fire Rome, *Lentulus*, and their mates.
dnesse to be pitryed: when the Fates

Would

Would with *Camillus*, and *Mettellus* ioyne
Thee *Cæsar*, thou to *Marius* shouldst encline,
And *Cinna*: fall thou shalt, as *Lepidus*
Fell vnder *Catulus*, *Carbo* by vs
Beheaded, buried in Sicilia lyes,
And he that made the Spaniards fierce to rise
Banisht *Sertorius*: though I grudge with those
Thou *Cæsar* should be plac'd: and Rome oppose
My armes 'gainst thee! Would from the Parthian
Crassus had safe return'd, and conquerer:
That thou in such a cause as *Spartacus*
Mightst fall: but if the gods intend to vs
Thou shalt one title adde: this arme a dart
Can ably brandish yet: about this heart
The blood is hote: know then not all that loue
To liue in peace, in warre will cowards proue:
Nor let my age affright you, though he call
Me worne, and weake: let an old Generall
Be in this campe; in that old souldiers be.
I haue attain'd what ere a people free
Can giue, and nothing but a Monarchie
Aboue me left: he that in Rome would be
Greater then I, no priuate state demands.
Here both Romes Consuls, heere her Senate stand
Shall *Cæsar* then subdue the Senate? sure
Th'art not quite shamelesse, fortune, to endure
Things should so blindly turne. Does rebell Fra
So long a taming, and those warres aduance
His thoughts so high? because from Germany
He fled; and calling a small streame a sea
On the sought Brittaines turn'd his flying backe?
Or swells he cause all Rome, though arm'd, forsa
The Citie, hearing his fierce troops are nigh?
Ah foole, they flie not thee, all follow me.
My glorious Ensignes on the Ocean borne,
Ere *Cynthia* twice had fill'd her waned horne,

rats fled the seas, and at my hand
ly crau'd dwellings in a narrow Land.
stout King, that stayd Romes growth, did force
g along the Scythian seas diuorce,
h *Sylla* ne'r could bring to passe) to dye
owne hand: no land from me is free:
rophees all that *Titan* sees possesse.
from thence Phasis cold riuer sees
nquerour in the North: in the hote Zone
ne Ægypt, and Syene, that at noone
adow spreads: my lawes the West obeyes,
that meets the farthest Westerne seas:
m'd Arabia knowes, th'Æniochs bold,
Colchos fam'd for her stolne Fleece of gold.
Cappadocians from my Colours flie,
ewes that serue an vnknowne Deitie:
ft Sophene feares, th'Armenians,
s, and the subdu'd Cilicians:
warres for him, but ciuill, doe I leaue?
ese words his souldiers with no shout receiue,
e they eager of the fight: their feares
Pompey sees, and backe his Standard beares,
in so great a warre to venture men
me with fame of *Cæsar* yet not seene.
ull beat in the first fight he tries
gh th'emptie fields, and desart forrests flies
and tries against leu'ry tree his hornes,
l his strength be perfited, returnes
ture, then recouering his command,
e the Heardsman, leads them to what land
: so now as weakest, Italy
Pompey leaue, and through Apulia fly,
lse immuring in Brundusium's hold,
ne by Cretan colonies of old
that in th'Athenian nauy fled,
lying sailes reported *Theseus* dead.

Hence

Hence Italy's now straightned coast extends
Her selfe in forme of a thin tongue, and bends
Her hornes t'inclose the Adriaticke sea:
Nor yet could these straight shut vp waters be
A hauen, if high cliffes winds violence
Did not restraine, and the tir'd waters fence
On both sides, Nature, the windes tyranny
To stop high cliffes opposes to the sea;
That Ships by trembling cables held may stand,
Hence all the Maine lyes ope, if to thy land
We saile *Corcyra*, or our courses bend
On the left hand, where Epidamus tends
To the Ionian; thither Sailers fly
When th'Adrian's rough, and cloudes obscure the
Ceraunian mountaines, and with violent dash
The foaming seas Calabrian Sason wash.
When of forsaken Italy there was
No hope at all, nor that the warre could passe
Into the Spanish coast, for twixt that land
The lofty Alpes did interposed stand.
Thus th'eldest of his noble progeny
Pompey bespake; the worlds farre Regions try
Nile and Euphrates, wheresoere my name
Is spread: and all the Cities where Romes fame
I haue aduaunc'd; bring backe vnto the seas
The now dispers'd Cilician colonies.
The strength *Pharnaces* holds I charge thee bring
Arme my Tigranes, and th'Ægyptian King.
Those that inhabit both Armenia's ore,
And the fierce nation by the Euxine Shore:
Riphæan bands, and those, where Scithian carres
On his slow back congeal'd Mæotis beares.
Why speake I more? through all the East my Sc
Carry this warre; through euery conquer'd tow
I'th' world: to vs all triumph'd regions ioyne.
But you, whose names the Latian feasts doe sig

Epire saile with the first Northeast winde,
ough Greece and Macedon new strength to finde
hile winter giues vs respite from the warre.
his commands they all obedient are,
d from th'Italian shore their anchors weigh.
Caesar impatient of warres long delay,
rest, least changing fates might ought withstand,
flying Sonne in law pursues at hand.
many townes at first assault surpriz'de,
d Forts disarmed others had suffic'de:
me the worlds head, warres greatest booty, lest
prey; but *Caesar* in all actions swift,
inking nought done, whilst ought vndone remain'd
rcely pursues, and though he haue obtain'de
l Italy, and that great *Pompey* liues
th'vtmost edge, that both are there, he griueus
r would he let his foes passe foorth againe
Sea, but seekes to stopp the watry maine,
d with vast hills damme vp the Ocean:
t this great labour is bestow'de in vaine:
e Sea those mountaines swallowes, mixing all
ith sands below; so if, high *Erix* fall
o the middst of the Ægean Sea,
land aboue the water seene can bee
if the lofty *Gaurus* quite torne downe
ere to the bottome of Auernus throwne.
t when no earth throwne in would firmely stand,
en with a bridge of fastned ships the Land
ioynes; each Galley doe foure anchors stay:
ce ore the Sea proud *Xerxes* such a way
de by report: when ioynd by bridge he saw
os t'*Abydos*, *Europe* t'*Asia*;
d fearing not th'Eastwinde, nor Wests affront
lk'd ore the curled backe of Hellespont,
hen Ships their sayles round about Athos spread,
now this Hauen's mouth Ships straightened,

On which their Bulwarkes vp apace they raise,
And lofty towers stand trembling on the seas.
When *Pompey* saw that a new land orespread
The ocean's face: care in his brest is bred
To ope the sea, and Carry foorth the warre.
Fill'd sailes, and stretching shrowds the ships oft bo
Against these works, breaking them down made roo
Into the sea for other shippes to come,
Oft well driuen engines lighten'd the darke night
With flying fires. When time for their stolne flight
Was come: he warnes his men, no sailers noyse
Might on the shore be heard: nor trumpets voice
Diuide the houres; nor cornets sound at all
The mariners should to their charges call.
Now neere her end *Virgo* began to be;
And *Libra* followes his first day to see.
The silent Fleete departs: the anchors made (weig
No noise, when from thicke sands their hookes are
Silent, while they the sayle-yard bow, and reare
The maine mast vp the fearefull masters are:
The sailers softly spread their sailes, nor dare
Shake their strong shrowds within the whizzing air
The Generall makes his prayer, Fortune, to thee
To giue him leaue t'abandon Italy,
Since thou'lt not let him keepe it; but alas
The fates will scarce grant that: the waters flash,
And furrow'd with so many keeles at once
The stemme beat sea with a vast murmur grones.
The foes let in by gates, and vp the wall
(Which faith by Fortune turn'd had open'd all)
A long the hauens stagge-like Hornes they runne
Swiftly to shore, grieu'd that the fleete was gon.
Is *Pompey's* flight so small a victory?
A straighter passage let him out to sea,
Then where th'Eubæan channell Chalcis beates.
Here stuck two shipps, which fast the engine gets

fight, and neere the shore the skirmish tri'de:
eere first the Sea with ciuill blood was dy'de.
he Fleet escap'd of those two ships bereft:
when Thessalia *Iasons* Argo left
or Colchos bound, Cyanean Isles at sea
not foorth; the tayle-maim'd Ship esca'd away
midst the rockes: in vaine the Ilands beat
he emptie sea: shee comes a sayler yet.
Now that the Sunne was neere the easterne skie
eclar'd, palesac'd before his rosie dy:
he Pleiades grow dimme: each neerer starre
ooses his light: *Bootes* lazy carre
urnes to the plaine complexion of the skies,
nd *Lucifer*, the great starres darkned, flies
rom the hott day: and now wert thou at sea
ompey, not with such Fate, as when from thee
he fearefull Pirats through all seas retir'd:
ortune reuolts with thy oft triumphs tyr'd:
ow with thy Countrey, Houshold gods, thy Sonne,
nd Wife, art thou a mightie exile gone.
place for thy sad death is sought afarre:
ot that the gods enuy thee Sepulcher
t home; but damn'd is Ægypt to that crime,
nd Latium spar'd: that Fates in forreine clime
lay hide this mischiefe, and the Romane land
leare from the blood of her deare *Pompey* stand.

FINIS Libri secundi.

Annotations on the second Booke.

(a) *An old man to expresse the present calamitie, re-*
ats the whole course of the ciuill warre, betweene Ma-
us *and* Sylla, *as it followes in this discourse.*
(b) Marius *had twice triumphed, once ouer* Iugur-

tha *King of Numidia, and afterward ouer the Cimbrians and Teutones; but afterwards enuying the honour of* Sylla, *to whose hands* Bocchas *King of Mauritania had deliuered* Iugurtha, *and endeauouring by the ayde of* Sulpitius *Tribune of the people to hinder* Sylla *from his expedition against* Mithridates *King of Pontus, had incensed* Sylla *being then warring in Campania so farre, that* Sylla *brought his Army to Rome, and entring the Citie, subduing his aduersaries, got them to be iudged enemies by the Senates decree, and banished the citty;* Marius *escaping by flight, hidd himselfe in the Fennes neere Minturna; but being there taken, he was put in a dungeon at Minturna*

(c) Marius *suffered before hand at Minturna for those cruelties, which hee afterwards acted at Rome, when he returned, and was Consull the seuenth time.*

(d) *The executioner of* Minturnæ *being a* Cimbrian, *entering the darke dungeon to kill* Marius, *saw fire sparkling out of* Marius *his eyes, and heard a voyce saying, darest thou kill* Caius Marius? *at which the* Cimbrian *affrighted fled away, and the men of* Minturnæ *mooued with pitty, and reuerence of the man, that once had saued* Italy, *released* C. Marius, *and let him goe.*

(e) Marius *escaped from* Minturnæ, *tooke flight by obscure passages toward the Sea, and getting into a ship, a tempest arising, was cast vpon the Ilands called* Meninges, *where he receiued some companions, and heard that his Sonne, with* Cethegus *were gotten safe into* Affrick, *to* Hyempsall; *he then sayled to the Coast of* Carthage, *but being forbidden by the Lictor of* Sextilius *the Prator, to set foot in* Affrick; *Goe tell thy Prator, quoth he, that thou hast seen* Caius Marius *sitting in the ruines of Carthage: not vnfitly comparing the ruin'de estate of that great City to his owne, now decayed fortunes.*

(f) *When* Caius Cinna *the Consull appealed to the people, for restoring those banished men, whom the Senate*

at request of Sylla *had iudged enemies : a great contention arising,* Cinna *was expelled the Citie, by his colleague* Cneius Octauius, *and flying, sollicited the cities of* Italy *to warre : he armed slaues and prisoners, and ioyning himselfe to* Marius *returning, they entred Rome in a foure fold army,* Cinna, Marius, Carbo, Sertorius, *And tyrannized ouer their Aduersaries.*

(g) Marius *had giuen this token to his Souldiers that they should kill all, whom he did not resalute, and offer his hand to kisse.*

(h) Bæbius *was torne in pieces by the Souldiers.*

(i) Marcus Antonius *an excellent Orator, that by his eloquence made the Murtherers relent : at last his head being cut off,* Anius *the Tribune brought it to* Marius, *as he was at supper, who handling it a while, and scoffing at it, commanded it to bee nayled to the Rostra.*

(k) Fimbria *a cruell Souldier of* Marius *killed the two* Crassi, *Father and Sonne, in each others sight.*

(l) *That place of the Prison, from whence offenders vsed to be cast downe headlong, was stained with the bloud of* Licinius *the Tribune, whose Office was sacred.*

(m) Mucius Scæuola *the high Priest, an olde man, embracing the Altar of* Vesta, *was there slaine.*

(n) C. Marius *entring his seuenth Consulship, within thirteene dayes after dyed madd of a disease in his side, being 70. yeares old, hauing tasted the extremities of prosperitie, and aduersity.*

(o) *At Sacriportum, not farre from Praneste,* Sylla *ouercame* Caius Marius *the Sonne of old* C. Marius, *who fled to Praneste ;* Sylla *sent* Lucretius Ofella *to besiedge him there ; but* Marius *offering to escape through a Mine vnder ground, and being discouered there killed himselfe;* Sylla *then not ten furlongs from* Porta Collina *ouerthrew* Lamponius, *and* Telesinus, *two Captaines of the* Samnites, *who came to raise* Ofellas *siedge. At these two*

places Sylla *slew aboue seuenty thousand men.*

(p) Marius *had promised the Samnites, who had bene of his party, that he would translate the seat of the Empire from Rome to them, who now conceiued a hope of subiecting the Romans more then once they did* ad Furcas Caudinas, *where the Romans vnder the conduct of* Titus Veturius, *and* Spurius Posthumius *receiued a disgracefull ouerthrow.*

(q) Quintus Luctatius Catulus, *which had bene Colleague with* C. Marius, *and triumphed with him ouer the* Cimbrians, *hearing that* Marius *was determined to put him to death, entring his chamber, voluntarily choaked himselfe. In reuenge of which, his brother* Catulus *obtained of* Sylla, *that* Marius *the brother of* C. Marius *might be deliuered into his hands, who sacrificed him at his brothers Tombe, and wounding his armes, thighes, and legges, he cut off his nose, and eares, cut out his tongue, and digged out his eyes, letting him so liue a while that he might die in paine of euery limme.*

(r) Lucretius Offella *by* Sylla's *command hauing taken Praneste, had killed, or cast in Prison all the Senators, that hee found there of* Marius *faction: but* Sylla *comming thither, commaunded fiue thousand men of Praneste, who in hope of mercy had cast away their armes, and prostrated themselues vpon the ground, to be all slaine.*

(s) Sylla *commanded foure whole Legions, which had bene of his Enemies side, among whom were many Samnites, to be all killed at one time in the field of* Mars.

(t) Sylla *called himselfe* Felix: *he named his Sonne* Faustus, *and his Daughter* Fausta; *leauing his Dictatorship, he liued priuately at Puteoli, where he dyed eaten with Lice his Funeralls were kept with great honour in the field of* Mars.

(v) Martia *being a virgin was married to* Cato, *by whom she had three children; and then his friend*

Hortentius

Hortensius *desiring to haue her, and wanting children,* Cato *bestowed her vpon him, being then great with childe: after* Hortensius *his death shee returned thus to* Cato.

(x) Cornelia *the Daughter of* Lucius Scipio, *and widdow of* Publius Crassus, *was married to* Pompey *after* Iuliaes *death.*

(y) *At the fame of* Cæsars *approach, the Gouernors through Italy all fled, not daring to withstand him, or maintaine any Forts against him; many of those are here named: First* Scribonius Libo *leaues his charge at Hetruria, and* Thermus *forsakes Vmbria:* Faustus Sylla, *sonne to* Sylla *the Dictator, wanting his Fathers spirit, and fortune in ciuill warre, fledde at the name of* Cæsar.

(z) Atius Varus, *when hee perceiued that the chiefe Citizens of Auximum fauoured* Cæsar, *tooke his Garison from thence, and fled.*

(a) Lentulus Spinther *with ten cohorts, kept the Towne of Asculum, who hearing of* Cæsars *comming, fled away, thinking to carry with him his cohorts, but was forsaken by most of his souldiers.*

(b) Lu. Scipio *father in law to* Pompey *the great, fled from Luceria, although hee had two strong Legions.* Marcellus *to diminish the strength of* Cæsar, *counselled the Senate to make a decree, that* Cæsar *should deliuer one Legion, and* Pompey *another to* Bibulus, *whom they pretended to send to the Parthian warre:* Cæsar *according to the Senates decree, deliuered to him one Legion for himselfe, and another Legion which he had borrowed of* Pompey *for a present supply, after the great losse receiued by his two Prators,* Teturius, *and* Cotta: *both these Legions* Cæsar *deliuered, and they were now in* Scipio's *campe.*

(c) Lu: Domitius Ænobarbus *with twentie cohorts was in* Corfinium: *hee had with him those souldiers of*

Pompeys, *who had enclosed the Forum, when* Milo *was arraigned for* Clodius *death. Hee sent fiue cohorts to breake downe the bridge of the Riuer, which was three miles from the Towne; but those cohorts meeting the forerunners of* Cæsars *army, were beaten backe againe.*

(d) Spartacus *a Thracian Fencer fled with* 70. *companions of his, from* Lentulus *his games at Capua, and gathering slaues to his partie, and arming them, made vp an army of* 70000. *he ouercame many Romane Pretors, and Consuls; at last hee was vanquished, and slaine by* Marcus Crassus.

(e) Cæsar *hauing wasted Germanie with fire and sword, after eighteene dayes returned into France, cutting downe the Bridge behinde him, that it should not be vsefull to the Germanes; which* Pompey *detractingly calls a flight.*

TO

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE EDVVARD, Earle of *Mowbray*, Knight of the most N[illegible]DER.

ON [illegible]ffeild, if not you,
Ca[illegible]ooke bestow?
A[illegible] Poet light,
The braue [illegible]ight.
Youchsafe [illegible], and cast
A pleasing [illegible]ons past,
When your [illegible]watry maine,
In blest Eli[illegible] reigne
So oft was [illegible]uell'd the pride
Of boasting [illegible]h their slaughter dy'd
Blue Neptu[illegible] that a Muse as high
As Lucans [illegible] to posteritie
Blazon your [illegible]ut since such happy Bayes
Grow not in eue[illegible]e, nor clime, where praise
Is merited; acc[illegible] this mention now
From one, though meane, yet one that honours you.

[D5]

LVCANS
Pharſalia.

The third Booke.

The Argument.

aire Iulia's *Ghoſt a dreame to* Pompey *ſhewes.*
rio *for corne into Sicilia goes.*
Rome comes Cæſar *with vnarmed Bands,*
ere though Metellus *all in vaine withſtands,*
robbs the Treaſury. Each Nations name
st to the Warre in aid of Pompey *came.*
ſar *thence haſts to Spaine, and by the way*
es cruell ſiege to true Maſſilia,
ſtayes not there himſelfe: Brutus *maintaines*
ſiege, and Cæſars *firſt Sea-conqueſt gaines.*

NOw had the wind-ſtuffde ſailes brought out the Fleet,
And all the Nauy on the Ocean ſet:
The Saylers all look'd to the Ionian ſea,
Onely great *Pompey* neuer turn'd his eye
m the Italian coaſt, his Countreys ſhore,
d Ports, that he ſhall neuer viſit more:
l the high cliffes no more for cloudes he ſees,
d the hilles leſſening vaniſh from his eyes:
eet ſleepe did then his weary limbes compoſe,
hen *Iulia's* ghoſt through the cleft ground aroſe

In

In wofull wife, and with a funerall brand
Seem'd fury-like before his face to ſtand.
From the bleſt ſoules abode, th'Elizian field,
To Stygian darkneſſe, and damn'd Ghoſt exill'd
Since this ſad warre, I ſaw the Furies fire
Their brands (quoth ſhe) to moue your wicked ire
Charon prepares more boates for ſoules to come,
And hell's enlarged for tormenting roome.
Three ſiſters ſpeedy hands cannot ſuffiſe,
For breaking threads has tyr'd the Deſtinies,
Pompey, whileſt mine, a life triumphant led:
Thy Fortunes changed with thy marriage bed:
Strumpet *Corneliſa*, damn'd by deſtiny
To mine her great Lords, could marry thee,
My funerall fire ſcarſe out. Let her in flight
Attend thee now, and through this ciuill fight
Follow thy Standard, whiliſt I ſtill haue power
To breake your reſt at euery ſleepy hower.
No howre giues freedome to your loues delight;
The day holds *Cæſar*, *Iulia* holds the night.
Lethe's dull waters made not me forget
Thee husband, and hell princes did premit
That I ſhould follow thee; through both the hells
Ile ruſh, while thou art fighting: *Iuliaes* ghoſt
Shall tell thee ſtill whoſe Sonne in law thou art;
Thinke not that warre ſhall this alliance part:
This warre ſhall make vs meete againe. This ſed
She through her ſearefull lords embraces fled.
He, though the gods by ghoſts doe threaten, ſtill
Madder of warre, with ſure preſage of ill,
Why are we ſcarr'd (quoth he) with fancies vaine?
Either no ſenſe doth after death remaine,
Or death is nothing. Now the ſetting Sunne
To drowne as much of his bright Orbe begunne,
As the Moone wants, when after full ſhe waines,
Or growes neere full. *Dyrrachium* entertaines

auy now; the Saylers make to shore,
lowne the sailes, and labour at the oare.
Sar perceiuing all the Ships were gone
ight with prosperous windes, and hee alone
Lord in Italy, no ioy receiu'de
e honour of great *Pompey's* flight, but grieu'd
oes fled safe along the Ocean;
o: tune could suffice this eager man.
rring of the warre to him seem'd more
n this small conquest; but he now giues ore
es care awhile, entent on peace againe,
knowing how the peoples loues to gaine,
corne most stirres their hate, most drawes their (loues,
onely Famine to rebellion moues
s, and feare is bought, where great men feede
sloathfull Commons; nought starude people dread.
is sent to the Sicilian Townes,
re once the violent Sea did either drowne,
t the land, and made it selfe a shore
e mid-land, the waters euer roare,
struggle there, lest the two hills should close.
of the Warre into Sardinia goes:
famous Ilands for rich fruitfull fields,
and to Italy more harueft yeelds,
with more Corne the Roman Garners fills:
Libia these, as Granaries, excells,
n *Boreas* blasts (the Southwindes ceasing) teare
showring clowdes, and make a fruitfull yeare.
hese things prouided thus, with peacefull showes,
Troopes vnarm'd to Rome the Conquerour goes.
had he but come home with victory
ly of *Brittaine*, *France* and *Germany*,
t long triumphant pompe, what honour than,
t stories had he brought? How th'Ocean,
the Rhine both his Conquests brideled,
noble *Gaules*, and yellow *Brittaines* led

Behinde

Behinde his lofty Chariot; winning more
He loſt thoſe triumphs were deſerú'd before.
No flockes of people now his comming greet
With ioy; all feare his lookes; none ſtand to meet
His troopes; yet proud is he ſuch feare to mooue,
And would not change it for the peoples loue.
Now Anxurs ſteepeſt hills he had orepaſt,
Where a moiſt path ore Pontine fennes is plac'd;
Where the high wood does Scythian *Dian'* ſhow:
Where to long *Albas* feaſts the Conſuls goe.
From an high rocke he viewes the towne afarre
Not ſeene before in all his Northren warre.
Then thus (admiring his Romes walls) he ſpake,
Could men not forc'd by any fight forſake
Thee the gods ſeate? What City will they dare
To fight for? here the gods their loues declare
That not the furious Eaſterne nations,
Pannonians, or ſwift Sarmatians,
Daci, or Getes inuade thee: fortune ſpares
Thee Rome in this to ſend thee ciuill warres
Hauing ſo faint a cheife. Then feareſull Rome
He enters with his Troopes; they thinke him come
To fire and ſacke the citie, not to ſpare
The gods themſelues; This meaſure had their feare
They thinke hee'le doe what ere he can; no ſongs,
No ſhoutes they counterfet in ioyfull throngs;
They ſcarſe haue time to hate; the fathers meet
In *Phœbus* Temple by no lawfull right
Of conuocation, from their houſes ſet
And lurking holes: the Conſuls ſacred ſeate
Was not ſuppli'de; next them no Prætor fills
His roome, but empty ſtand thoſe honor'd Sells.
Cæſar was all, the Senate ſit to beare
Witneſſe of priuate power, and grant what ere
He pleaſe to aske; Crownes, Temples, their own blo
Or baniſhment; fortune in this was good

lusht more to command, then Rome t'obey,
iberty in this durst make assay
ne, if law could ouermaster force;
ellus seeing the vast massy doores
aturn's temple ready to fly ope;
ning enrag'd breaking through *Cæsars* troope,
re the yet vnopen'd doore he stay'd.
y the loue of gold is not afraide
eath and threatning swords; the lawes are gone
broke without one conflict: wealth alone
worst of thinges had power this iarre to make)
ing the rapine thus the Tribune spake
ud to *Cæsar*; though this brest of mine
temple opes; no treasure shalt thou finde
ber, but what thou buyest with sacred blood;
s office wrong'd will finde a vengefull God.
Tribunes curse pursuing *Crassus*, made
tall Parthian warre; but draw thy blade:
not the peoples eyes scarre thee from this
wickednesse; the towne forsaken is;
wicked souldier from our treasuryes
ll pay himselfe; finde other enemyes
spoile, and conquer, other townes to giue.
neede can thee to this foule rapine driue;
ne alone, *Cæsar*, thou find'st awarre.
ese words incens'd the angry Conquerer;
aine, *Metellus*, hop'st thou to obtaine
oble death (quoth he) we scorne to staine
hand in such a throat; no Dignity
kes thee worth *Cæsars* ire; must liberty
sau'd by thee? the fates confound not so
things, but that the lawes, rather then owe
thee their preseruation, would be broke,
d tane away by *Cæsar*; thus he spoke;
when the temple doores the Tribune stout
t not, more angry growne, he lookes about

On

On his keene swords, to play the gowne man now
He had forgot; when *Cotta* ganne to woo
Metellus to giue ore his enterprise;
The freedome of men subiugated dyes
By freedomes selfe (quoth hee) whose shadow thou
Shalt keepe, if all his proud commands thou doo.
So many vniust things haue conquer'd wee
Already suffred, and this now must be
Th'excuse our shame, and most degenerate feare
That naught can be deny'd; now let him beare
Away from hence these seeds of wicked warre.
Losse hurts those people that in freedome are.
Worst to the Lord is seruing pouerty.
Metellus is remoon'd, and open'd be
The temple doores; all the Tarpeian hill
With horrid noyse the broken hinges fill,
And from the bottome of the temple there
The Roman peoples wealth, which many a yeere
Had not been toucht, which Carthage warres to vs,
And the two Kings, *Philip*, and *Perseus*
Both conquer'd brought, is ransackt; gold they tea
Which flying *Pyrrhus* to thee, Rome, did leaue,
For which *Fabritius* would no traitour be.
What ere the vertuous frugalitie
Of our forefathers had yet kept vnspent,
And Asias wealthy tributaries sent.
What ere *Metellus* brought from conquer'd Crete,
And ore the seas from Cyprus *Cato* fett.
The spoiles of all the East, and treasures proud
Of captiue Kings, which *Pompey's* triumphs show'd
This temples impious robbing brought to passe
That Rome then first then *Cæsar* poorer was.
Now had great *Pompey's* fortune drawne from
The world strong nations with himselfe to fall.
Aide to the warre so neere first Græcia lends,
And Cyrrha on the Rocke; Amphissa sends

ler Phocian bands; Parnassus learned hill
rom both her tops sends men, Bæotians fill
he campe, neere whom th'oraculous waters flow
f swift Cephissus; men from Pisa too,
nd Theban Dirce, and where vnder sea
lphæus sends his streames to Sicily.
h'Arcadians leaue their Mænalus, and from
erculian Oeta the Trachinians come.
he Thesprots came, and their now silent oake
h'Epirots neere Chaonia forsooke.
thens, though wasted now with musters quite,
et leuies men, and to this civill fight
hree Saliminian shippes sends from her fleet
o *Phœbus* dedicated: *Ioue*-lou'd Crete
rom Gnossus, and Gortina sends to'th field
rchers, that need not to the Parthians yeeld:
ouldiers from out Dardanian Oricum,
rom Athamas, and from Encheleæ come,
am'd for transformed Cadmus funeralls:
rom Colchos, where Absyrtus foaming falls
nto the Adrian: those where Peneus flowes:
e that Iolchos in Thessalia plowes:
hence was the sea first try'd, when Argo bore
hose that first sailed to a forreine shore,
nd first of all committed fraile mankinde
o mercy of the raging sea and winde:
hat ship taught men a way vnknowne to die:
rom Thracian Æmus, and from Pholoe
eely'd with Centaures, and from Strymon too,
rom whence the birds to Nile in winter goe:
rom barbarous Cone, where into the seas
ixe headed Ister doees one channell ease
t Peuce, souldiers come: the Mysian,
nd cold Caicus-washt Idalian,
arren Arisbe helpes, and Pirane:
elenæ by Apollos victory

Condemn'd that curst Mineruaes fatall guift;
Where into crook'd Mæander Marsyas swift
Falling, there mingled backe againe dooes flow;
The land, that from gold-mines letts *Hermus* goe,
And rich Pactolus; those of Ilium
With Ilium's fate to falling *Pompey* come;
The tale of Troy, and *Cæsars* pedegree
Drawne from *Iulus* could no hindrance be.
The Syrian people from Orontes goe,
Windy Damascus, happy Minos too.
Gaza, and Idumæa rich in Palmes;
Instable Tyre; Sidon, whom purple fames:
These ships bound to the warre the Cynosure
Guides straight along the sea, to none more sure;
Phænicians, that (if fame we dare beleeue)
To humane speech first characters did giue.
The riuers yet had not with paper seru'd
Ægipt; but caru'd beasts, birds, and stones preseru'd
Their magicke language. Taurus lofty wood
Forsaken is; Tarsus, where Perseus stood;
From Coricus digg'd from an hollow rocke,
Mallos, and Ægæ the Cilicians flocke
No Pirates now, but to a iust warre prest.
Fame of this warre had stirr'd the farthest east
Where Ganges is, that only crosse dooes runne
Of all earth's riuers to the rising Sunne,
And roules his waues against the easterne winde.
Philips great Sonne there stay'd was taught to finde,
The world more large, then his ambitious mind
Conceiu'd it: and where double channell'd Inde
Feeles not Hydaspes mixture: Indians,
That sucke sweete liquor from their sugar canes:
And those, whose haire with saffron is bedy'd,
Whose garments loose with colour'd gemmes are ty'd;
Those that aliue their funerall piles erect,
And leape into the flames helping t'effect

Fates worke; what glory 'tis, content to liue
No more, the remnant to the gods to giue;
Fierce Cappadocians, th' hardy Nations
Neare to Ammannus, the Armenians
Neare strong Niphates; the Coastre from
Their lofty woods, and the Arabians come
Into an vnknowne world, wondring to see
Shaddowes of woods on the right hand to be.
Farthest Olostrians come to Romane Warre;
Carmanian Captaines too; who Southward farre
See not the set of the whole Northerne Beare;
By night but little shines *Bootes* there.
The Æthiopian land not seene at all
By any of the signes *Septentrionall*
But crooked *Taurus* hoofe; those people too
Whence great *Euphrates*, and swift *Tygris* flow
From one spring *Persis* sends them; 'tis vnknowne
What name, should those two Channells meet in one,
They'd beare. *Euphrates* flowing on the fields
That profit there, that *Nile* in Ægypt yeelds.
But *Tigris* swallow'd by the gaping earth
Long hides his course: but at his second birth
Denies not to the Sea his new-borne flood.
Betwixt both Campes fierce *Parthians* neuters stood,
Content that they alone had causde this warre.
With poyson'd arrowes wandring *Scythians* farre
Come to the Campe, whom *Bactros* icy flood
Encloses, and Hyrcania's desert wood.
The valiant Heniochian Horsemen there
Sprung from the Spartan race: Sarmatians neere
To the fierce *Moschi*, where cold Phasis glides,
And Colchos richest pasture fields diuides.
Where Halys fatall to the Lydian King
Does flow; where Tanais, that drawes his spring
From the Riphæan hills, and doth diuide
Europe from *Asia*, giuing to each side

The name of ſeuerall words, and (as he bends)
Now to this world, now that encreaſe he lends.
Where ſlow Mœotis driuen into the ſeas,
Takes from the pillars of great *Hercules*
Their fame; denying that the *Gades* alone
Admit the ſea. Scythonian nations,
The valiant Arians, Arimaſpians
With gold deck'd lockes, and ſwift Gelonians.
The Maſſegets, their thirſt that ſatisfie
With the ſame horſes bloods, whereon they fly.
Not *Cyrus* leading th'Eaſterne troopes, nor when
Xerxes by darts numbring his armed men
Came downe; nor *Agamemnon* bound to fet
His brothers rauiſht wife with that fam'd fleet,
So many Kings brought vnder their commands,
So many nations drawne from ſeuerall lands
Different in language, and attire; nor ere
Did Fortune bring ſo many men to beare
Part in a mighty ruine, making all
Sad obſequies at *Pompeys* funerall.
Marmaricke troopes the horned Ammon preſt,
And all ſcorcht Affricke from the farthest Weſt
To th'Eaſterne ſhore, ſend ayde, as farre as ly
The Syrtes gulfes; leaſt *Cæſar* ſeuerally,
And oft be troubled, here all nations
Pharſalia brings to be ſuddu'de at once.
Cæſar now leauing fearefull Rome in haſt
With his ſwift troupes the cloudy Alpes orepaſt:
But though his fame all people elſe affright,
Phocian *Maſſylia* dares yet keepe aright
Her faith, and farre from Greekiſh leuity
The cauſe, the lawes, not Fortune followes ſhee:
But firſt of all they labour to aſſwage
With peacefull parley his vncurbed rage,
And ſtubborne minde: and to their foe now nigh
They ſend an Oliue-bearing Embaſſy.

As *Latiums* annalls can true mention make,
Massilia still was ready to pertake
The fate of Rome in any forreine warre:
And now if triumphs ouer nations farre
Cæsar, thou seeke, to such a conflict take
These hands, and liues of ours; but if you make
Sad ciuill warre, then giue vs leaue to bend
To neyther side, and naught but teares to spend.
Let not our hands, in wounds so sacred be:
If th'heauenly gods had ciuill enmity,
Or earth-borne Giants should assault the sky,
No ayde to *Ioue* durst human piety
By armes or prayers lend; their states aboue
We know not, but are bound to thinke that *Ioue*
Has thunder still; besides how many from
All nations now doe voluntaryes come?
The slothfull world dooes not vice so abhore
That you should need forc'd swords to ciuill warre,
Would euery people would this cause refuse,
And this sad warre no hands, but Roman vse.
Some hands would faulter at their fathers sight,
And brothers faintly would 'gainst brothers fight.
The warre will soone haue end, if forreine states
You vse not t'exercise their ancient hates.
Our humble suite is, that within our wall
Thou 'ldst trust thy selfe, and leaue behinde thee all
Thy threatning Eagles; let vs this obtaine
To shutt out warre, and *Cæsar* entertaine.
Let this place free from guilt safely receiue
Thy selfe and *Pompey*, if fates please to giue
Peace to vnconquer'd Rome; here both may meete
Vnarm'd; but why, when danger did inuite
Thy warres to Spaine, turn'dst thou to vs aside?
Wee are of no auaile to turne the tide
Of your great warres; our armes haue prooued still
Vnfortunate, when fortune did exile

Vs from our first plantation, heere we sate,
And Phocis sackt towers hither did translate:
Here in a forreine coast, and weake wall'd towne
Safe haue we liu'd; our faith is our renowne.
If thou intend seidge to our walles to lay.
Or through our gates t'enforce a speedy way.
In the defence we are resolu'd to dye,
And fury of the sword, and fire to tryt.
If thou diuert our waters course, the ground
Weele digge, and licke the puddle we haue found:
If foode should faile, flesh of our children slaine
(Fearefull to touch or see) our iawes should staine:
For liberty to suffer weele not feare
What once Saguntum, when besiedg'd, could beare:
In Carthage warre our babes in vaine shall strine
To sucke their mothers dry'd-vp breasts; weele giue
Freely to th'fire: a wife shall sue for death
At her deare husbands hand; a souldiers breath
A brothers hand shall stop; this ciuill warre
Weele choose o'th'two; so spoke th'embassadors.
But *Caesar's* troubled looke his anger speakes
Before his words; but this at last; these Greekes
Vaine hope of our departure has possest;
Though we were marching to the farthest West,
Yet haue we time to sacke Massilia.
Souldiers reioyce, fate meetes vs in the way
With warre; as windes in th'empty aire doe loose
Their force, vnlesse some strong growne oake oppose
As mighty fires for want of fuell dye,
So want of foes, breedes our calamity.
Our strength were lost vnlesse some durst stand out
To be subdu'd; but if I come without
My armes, they will receiue me; they desire
Not to exclude, but take me prisoner.
But they (forsooth) would faine that guilt esche w
That followes ciuill warre; Ile make them me

Their

Their asking peace, and know that nought can be
Safer then warre to those seruе vnder me.
Then on he marches; the towne feareless shutt
Their gates, and souldiers on the rampiers put.
Not farre off from the walles a hill there stood,
Whose top was like a field leuell and broade;
Which *Caesar* in surueying iudg'd to be
Safe for a campe, and fitt to fortify:
The townes neer'st part did an high castle raise
Aequall to th'hill; in midest a vally was.
Caesar resolues on a laborious thing,
To fill the valley, and together bring
Both hills; but first to shutt vp quite the towne
By land, from both sides his high campe brings downe
A long worke to the sea, a bulwarke rais'd
Of turfes, with rampiers on the top, and plac'd
In length, to cut all conuoyes from the towne.
This was a thing for euer to renowne
This Greekish towne, to stay the violent course
Of this hot warre, not tane by suddaine force
Or feare; when *Caesar* all the rest orerunne,
This Cityes conquest ask'd him time alone:
T'was much to stay his fates: fortune in hast
To make him lord of all the world did wast
Time at this seidge: now round about the towne
The loftly woods are fell'd; large Oakes hew'n downe,
To fortify with posts the bulwarkes side,
Least earth too brittle of it selfe should slide
A way, not able the towers weight to beare.
A wood vntoucht of old was growing there,
Of thicke set trees, whose boughs spreading and faire,
Meeting obscured the enclosed aire,
And made darke shades exiling *Phœbus* rayes.
There no rude Fawne, nor wanton Siluan playes,
No Nimph disports, but cruell Deityes
Claime barbarous rites, and bloody sacrifice:

Each tree's defil'd with humane blood: if we
Beleeue traditions of antiquitie,
No bird dares light vpon those hallowed bowes:
No beasts make there their dennes: no winde there (blowes
Nor lightning falls: a sad religious awe
The quiet trees vnstirr'd by winde doe draw.
Blacke water currents from darke fountaines flow:
The Gods vnpolisht Images doe know
No arte, but plaine and formelesse trunks they are.
Their mosse, and mouldinesse procures a feare:
The common figures of knowne Deities
Are not so fear'd: not knowing what God tis
Makes him more awfull: by relation
The shaken earths darke cauernes oft did grone:
Fall'n Yew trees often of themselues would rise:
With seeming fire ost flam'd th'vnburned trees:
And winding dragons the cold oakes embrace:
None giue neere worship to that balefull place
The people leaue it to the Gods alone.
When black night reignes, or *Phœbus* guilds the noone,
The Priest himselfe trembles afraid to spie
Or find this woods tutelar Deitie.
This wood he bids them fell: not standing farre
From off their worke: vntoucht in former warre,
Among the other bared hills it stands
Of a thicke growth; the souldiers valiant hands
Trembled to strike, moou'd with the maiestie,
And thinke the axe from off the sacred tree
Rebounding backe would their owne bodies wound:
Th'amazement of his men when *Cæsar* found,
In his bold hand himselfe an hatchet tooke,
And first of all assaults a lostie oake,
And hauing wounded the religious tree,
Let no man feare to fell this wood (quoth he)
The guilt of this offence let *Cæsar* beare.
The souldiers all obey, not voide of feare,

But

ut ballancing the Gods, and *Cæsars* frowne.
he knottie Holmes, the tall wild Ashes downe,
nes sacred Oake, ship building Alder falles,
nd Cypresse worne at great mens funeralls
oosing their leaues are forst t'admit the day;
he falling trees so thicke each other stay.
he Gaules lament to see the wood destroy'd:
ut the besieged townesmen all oreioy'd,
ope that the wronged Gods will vengeance take;
ut Gods oft spare the guiltiest men, and make
oore wretches onely feele their vengefull hand.
hen wood enough was fell'd, waines they command
rom euery part; plowmen their seasons loose,
hilst in this worke souldiers their teames dispose.
But weary in this (*a*) lingring warre to stay
efore the walles *Cæsar* goes farre away
o meet his troupes in Spaine; his army stayes
efore the towne: there loftie forts they raise,
nd bulwarkes equalling the height o'th towne,
hich had in earth no fixt foundation,
ut rowled to and fro, the cause vnknowne:
he townesmen viewing this strange motion,
hought it some earthquake, where the strugling wind
rom the earth cauernes could no passage find:
ut much they wonder their owne walles stand fast:
rom thence against the towne their pyles they cast;
ut the Greeks missill weapons did more harme
o *Cæsars* men, sent from no feeble arme.
ut mighty engines with a whirlewinds might;
hese not content one breast alone to split
hrough many bodies, bones, and armours cleaue,
ot loosing in one wound their strength, and leaue
ehind them many deaths; but when they throw
reat massie stones, the mortall force is so
s from a mountaines top a falling rocke,
hich the winds force, and ruining time has broke;

Not

Not only killes what man ſo ere it daſh,
But euery limme dooes into pieces paſh.
But when with fence of ſhields conioyned all
The ſheltred ſouldiers could approach the wall,
Their heads all couer'd like a fiſhes ſhell,
Thoſe darts, and ſtones flye ouer them, which fell
With danger on their heads before; but now
The Greekes at ſuch ſmall diſtance could not throw,
Nor th'engine change; content with weight alone
On their foes heads they roule downe heauy ſtone:
But while the fence did laſt, hurtleſſe did all
Their ſtones, and darts, like haile on houſes fall;
Vntill the townesmens teaſed valour broke
(When *Cæſar's* men were tir'd with often ſtrokes)
The fence, and did their ioyned ſhields diuide:
Then did a thin earth couer'd worke proceede;
Vnder whoſe couert thoſe that lay did fall
To worke in vndermining of the wall.
Sometimes the back-forc'd ramme did ſtrongly drive
Forward, the well compacted wall to riue.
But from aboue with fires, with often ſtroakes
Of broken barres, ſtakes and fire-harden'd oakes
They force the fence; the worke broke downe & ra
The ſouldiers tir'd fly to their campe againe
The Greekes then ſally forth, not ſatisfi'd
That their walles ſafely ſtand, and fire workes hide
Vnder their armes; no mortall bow nor ſpeare
Armes the bold youth, but flaming fire they beare,
Which with ſwift wings into the Romane trench
The ſtrong windes carry: nought has power to que
Or ſlacken it, the wood though greene diſſolues,
And in blacke clouds of ſmoke the aire inuolues,
But fire all pieces of the buildings take,
Not onely wood, but ſtones, and rockes doe cracke,
And moulder into aſhes: greater now
The falling bulwarkes in their ruines ſhow.

The conquer'd now loosing all hope by land
solue the hazard of Sea fight to stand:
heir ships fore decke no guilded names adorne;
t timber plaine, such as the woods had borne
owing, make stations firme for Nauall fight,
ow downe the streame of Rodanus the fleet
om Stæchas comes to sea, and there attends
rutus Prætorian ship: Massilia sends
er ytmost strength to triall of the Warre,
d men, and beardlesse boyes all armed are.
he Fleet then ready on the Ocean
Vas rigg'd, and old worne ships repair'd againe.
ow when the sky is cleare, and his bright rayes
n the calme Sea the rising Sunne displayes:
he North and Southerne windes their fury spare,
nd leaue the calmed Ocean fit for warre:
oth nations rowing from their stations meete,
ere the Cæsarian, there the Græcian Fleete.
Vith oft and lusty strokes of Rowers from
he hauens trembling the great Gallies come.
he hornes of Cæsar's fleete Gallies that bore
hree Oares aside, and some that went with foure
r more did make themselues opposing so
front, behinde them smaller vessels goe,
iburnian Gallies with two Oares content.
onioyn'd in forme of an halfe Moone they went.
rutus Prætorian galley swept the Sea
ike a vaste house, then th' rest more high was shee
ndrow'd with sixe strong Oares on a side.
ut when so little Sea roome did diuide
oth Fleetes, as that one stroak would make them meet,
umberlesse voyces the vaste ayre did greet,
owing the Seas, Souldiers loud shouts quite drown'd
he noise of rowing, and shrill trumpets sound.
hen sweepe they the blew waues: the rowers seat
hēselues, & 'gainst their breasts strong stroaks they set

Ship,

Ships againſt ſhips, beakes meeting beakes reſound
And runne a ſterne; the ayre is darkned round
With flying darts, which falling th'Ocean hide.
Then turning their forecaſtles farre more wide
They make their Hornes t'engirt the aduerſe Fleet
As when ſtrong windes with tydes repugnant meet
One way the Sea, the waues another go,
Theſe Ships vpon the furrow'de Ocean ſo
Make different tracts, and waues vpon the maine,
Which oares raiſd, the Sea beats down againe.
But the Greeke veſſels were more nimble farre
Either to flye, or turne about the warre,
They could without long tedious turning weild
Themſelues, and quickly to the ſterne could weeld:
The Roman ſhips ſlow keel'd would firmely ſtand,
And lend ſure footing like a fight by land.
The maſter then of his Prætorian ſhip
Brutus beſpake, why dooſt thou let them ſlip?
Leaue thy Sea-tricks and ioyne the barrells cloſe,
'Gainſt the Phocaicke ſtemmes our ſhips oppoſe:
He ſtraight obeyes, and turnes his owne broad ſide
Againſt their ſtemmes; what ſhip ſo ere they tride
To encounter her, with her owne ſtroke orecome
Stickes faſt, and is ſurpiſde; they hooke in ſome,
With oares ſome, ſome they with chaines hold faſt
On the ſeas couer'd face the warre is plac'd.
No brandiſht Iauelins manage now the warre,
No darted ſteele beſtowing wounds from farre
Hands ioyne with hands, and in this Nauall fight
The ſword acts all: in their owne ſhips vpright
They face their foes prone ſtrokes; ſome fall down
In their owne ſhips; dy'd is the Ocean,
And the waues ſtiffen'd with congealed blood:
Ships hook'ttogether could not meet withſtood
By falling carcaſſes; ſome halfe-dead ſinke,
And their owne bloud mixt with ſalt water drinke.

e that desire their strugling liues to keepe
in the ruines of their broken ship.
elins, that mist the aime they did entend
in the sea, and finish there their end
ding there bodies to receiue a wound
Romane shipp by Greeks enuiron'd round
nts stiffely still, on left hand, and on right
ntaining long 'gainst all a doubtfull fight;
n whose lofty decke whilst *Tagus* bold
ued a seazed Græcian flagge to hold,
o darts together sent together splitte
breast and backe, and in the middle meete:
e blood not knowing yet which way to runne
kes stand; but out at last both darts are throwne:
in two wounds his dying soule diuides
her his shippe whilst haplesse *Telo* guides,
en whom no berter on a boistrous sea
uld guide a ship, none better knew then he
morrow's weather, if the Sunne he spy'de,
Moone, and could for future stormes prouide.
with his stemme a Romane ship had broke,
through his heart a trembling iauelin stroke;
e shippe turnes off following his dying hand;
areus leaping to his friends command
ight with a Roman iauelin strongly flung
as slaine, and to the ship fast nailed hung.
Two twinnes stand vp their fruitfull mothers fame,
at from one wombe with fates farre different came,
eath parts them: their sad parents reft of one
ithout mistaking know their liuing sonne,
hose lookes the cause of lasting sorrow keepe,
d make his friends for his slaine brother weepe.)
e of those twinnes from his Greeke ship was bold
on a Romane keele to lay strong hold:
t from aboue a stroke cuts off his hand,
hich in the place did still fast bended stand,

And

And kept the hold; the nerues more stiffe became
By death, his courage by this noble maime
Was rais'd, and greater by this accident
His valiant left hand' gainst his foes he bent,
And rushes on his lost right hand to reach,
But that (alas) another sword did fetch
Off by the shoulder: now both hands were gone,
Nor sword, nor target could he weild; yet downe
He did not sinke, but naked breasted stood,
Formost to saue his armed brothers blood,
And there all darts, all wounds that were ordain'd
For many deathes, one dying breast contein'd,
And then his soule fleeting so many wayes
He recollects; and in his tir'd limmes stayes
That little strength, and blood was left, to skippe
Before his death into the Roman shippe
His enemies by weight alone t'oppresse:
Fo now the ship laden with carcasses,
A d full of blood, bor'd through the side had beene,
And through her leakes drinking the water in
Was fill'd vp to the hatches, sinking than
It turn'd the face of the neere Ocean:
The waters to the sinking shippe gaue wa y,
And in her roome clos'd vp againe. That day
Miraculous fates the Ocean did behold.

An iron hooke throwne to lay violent hold
Vpon a shippe, on *Lycidas* did light:
Drown'd had he beene, but his friends hinder'd it,
And on his lower parts caught hold, in two
The man was pluckt: nor did his blood spin slow
As from a wound, but gushing in one spout
From all his broken vaines at once let out:
Into the Sea falls his life-carrying blood.
Neuer so great a passage open stood
To let out any soule, life straight forsakes
His lower halfe, since virall parts it lackes;

t in his vpper halfe (since in that part)
y the soft lungs, and life susteining heart,
ath staies a while, and findes repugnancy,
r at one time could all his members dy.
The men, that mann'd one ship, eager of fight
pressing to one side leaue empty quite
e other side: whose weight oreturn'd the ship,
hich topsie turuy sinking downe did keepe
e Saylers vnder water, all of them
ere drown'd, nor could their armes haue roome to
e horrid kind of death that day was seene, (swimme.
ong man swimming was, whose breast betweene
vo meeting Ships sharpe stemms was bored through
e brazen stemms through bones, and flesh did goe,
d made a noise; his squeezed belly sent
through his mouth blood mixt with excrement.
t when the ships diuide themselues againe,
e body throwne into the Ocean,
e water through his bored bosome came,
w in the Sea shipwrack'd Massilians swame
wards their fellowes ship to saue their liues:
t that already ouer burden'd striues
keepe her friends (though thus distressed) out,
d from aboue with swords the Souldiers cut
eir armes, when hold vpon the ship they lay,
en downe againe into the Sea fall they
auing their hands behinde, the Ocean
n now no longer their maim'd trunkes sustaine.
t now when all the souldiers darts were gone
ry finds weapons, Oares by some are throwne
gainst their foes: with a strong arme. The mast
o some teare downe, and in their fury cast:
me teare the Saylers seates, bords from the decke
me throwe: for weapons they their ships do breake.
me wanting swords their friends dead bodies spoile:
om his owne breast one drawes the mortall Pile,

With

With the left hand holding the wound, so long
To keepe in blood and strength, till he had flung
The lauelin at his foe, then lets it runne.
But nothing wrought so much destruction
At Sea as Seas opposed Element,
The fire, which wrapt in vnctuous stuffe was sent,
And sulphur balles, the ships apt fuell were,
Their pitch, and melting waxe tooke easily fire:
Nor now could water quench th'vnruly flame,
Fragments of broken ships still burning swamme:
Into the sea to quench his fire one skips,
For feare of drowning to the burning ships
Another cleaues: that death, that was most neare
Among a thousand deaths, they most did feare.
Nor did their shipwrackt valour idly liue:
Darts floating on the waues they take and giue
Their fellowes in the ship, or on the seas
Themselues those darts (though feebly) exercise.
When weapons want, the seas their weapons be:
Foes grasping foes together gladly die.
But in that fight one Phocian did excell:
To search the seas he vnder water well
Could keepe his breath, diue to the lowest sands,
And loosen fastned anchors with his hands.
He grapling with a foe downe in the maine
Had sunke and drown'd him, and himselfe againe
Safe, and a conquerour rose: but rising found
Ships in his way, and so at last was drown'd.
Some with their armes on their foes oares lay hold
To stay their flight: deare as they could they sold
Their liues: some wounded, to keepe off the blowes
From their friends ships, their bodies enterpose.
Tyrrhenus standing on the decke aloft,
Lygdamus with a Balearicke shaft
Wounded: the ponderous lead his temples broke,
His falling eyes their hollow seate forsooke,

The Opticke nerues, and ligaments were broke:
He now ſtarke blinde amazed at the ſtroake
Thinks this to be deaths darkneſſe; finding than
That all his limmes their perfect ſtrength retaine;
Fellowes (quoth he) place me where I may throw
A Pile, and plant me as you vſe to doe
Engines of warre: this little life that now
Remaines, *Tyrrenus*, on all hazzards throw;
This body, though in part already dead,
Will ſerue for warrelike vſes, and inſtead
Of men aliue take wounds; Thus hauing ſpoke
In his blind aymeleſſe hand a Pile he ſhooke,
And threw it not in vaine, which as it light
Below his belly noble *Argus* hit,
Whoſe weight now falling made it further glide.
Argus vnhappy Sire on t'other ſide
The beaten ſhip then ſtood (to none would he,
When he was young, in feates of Chiualry
Giue place, his ſtrength is now by age decay'de,
And he no Souldier but a parterne made)
He ſeeing his Sonne fall with trembling ſtep
Stumbling along came to that ſide the ſhip,
And finding there the body panting yet
No teares fell from his cheekes, nor did he beat.
His wofull breaſt; His hands now ſtiffe were growne,
And all his ioynts cold numneſſe ſeizes on:
A ſuddaine darkneſſe cloſes vp his eyes,
That he diſcernes not *Argus*, whom he ſees.
Argus his dying head began to reare,
And feeble necke ſeeing his Father there
Speachleſſe, yet ſeem'd in ſilence to demand
A kiſſe, and to inuite his Fathers hand
To cloſe his dying eyes; but the old man
Free from amaze, when bloody griefe began
To recollect his ſtrength, I will not looſe
That time (quoth he) that angry Fate beſtowes.

Pardon thy wretched father that from thee
Argus, and from thy last embrace I flee;
Thy wounds warme bloud yet signes of life do giue;
Th' art but halfe dead, and yet a while mayest liue:
Ile goe before thee Sonne: these words exprest,
And with a bloody sword piercing his brest
He leapt into the sea, hasting to death
Before his dearest Sonne: his fletting breath
Vnto one single kinde of destiny
He durst not trust. Now great Commanders dy;
And now no longer doubtfull is the fight,
Some of the Greekes are sunke: by hasty flight
Some get into the heauen; others beare
(Changing their loade) the Roman Conquerer.
But now sad Parents mournings fill the towne:
The shore with mothers lamentation
Did ring; instead of her deare husbands face
A weeping wife mistaken did embrace
A Roman; Fathers funerall rites to giue
About their Sonnes deformed bodies striue.
But *Brutus* Conquerer on the Ocean
To *Cæsar's* side first natuall honour wann.

FINIS Libri tertii.

Annotations on the third Booke.

(*a*) Cæsar *had sent* Caius Fabius *his Lieutenant, with three Legions into* Spaine, *to dislodge* Affranius *a Lieutenant of* Pompey's *in the* Pyrenæan *straights. And now himselfe, leauing* Caius Trebonius *to besiedge* Massilia *by land, and* Decius Brutus *to besiedge it by Sea, goes with* 900. *horse into* Spaine *to* Fabious *his Campe.*

Bk IV 79

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE ROBERT, Earle of *Essex*, and *Ew*, &c.

WHat name can fitter Patronage affoord,
To this fourth Booke, which keepes
th'admir'd record
Of truth and faithfull loue. Showne past belief
By valiant Souldiers to a valient Chiefe,
Then you most loued Lord? Here reade and see
How to th'amaze, of all Posterity
With his whole Cohort bold Vulteius *dyes*
Scorning to yeeld to Cæsar's *enemies,*
Or liue a vanquish,d man, a thing vnknowne
In Cæsar's *troopes; how* Curio *ouerthrowne*
Disdaines both flight, and life, and strikes the foe
Into astonishment that Souldiers so
Should prize a Generall. If loue of men
Be happinesse, bee happy Essex *then,*
As now you are, in loue, and publike fame;
And be in England still an honour'd name.

LVCANS
Pharsalia.

The fourth Booke.

The Argument.

Cæsar *in Spaine neere high Ilerdaes walls*
Encampes 'gainst two Pompeyan generalls.
By suddaine floods his campe endanger'd is.
Cæsar *diuides the streame of Sicoris,*
Oretakes Petreius *flight, who bloodily*
Breakes of his souldiers new-made amity;
But by extremity of thirst compell'd
Afranius, *and himselfe to* Cæsar *yeild.*
Famish'd Antonious *yeilds t' his enemy.*
Vulteius, *and his valiant cohort dy.*
By their owne swords, Curio *on Libyan sands*
Is slaine by Iubaes *Mauritanian bands.*

BVt now sterne *Cæsar* in Spaines farthest coast
Makes war: on which, though little blood it (*a*) cost,
The fortunes of both generalls much did stand.
Affranius (*b*) and *Petreius* did command
Those campes with æquall power, but concord made
Their gouernement more firme: their men obay'd

Alternally both generalls commands.
Heere besides Romans bold *Asturian* bands,
Light *Vettones*, and *Celtæ* (*c*) were, that came
From France, and with th' *Iberi* mixt their name.
A little hill not steepe of fertile lands
Swells vp, on which the old Ilerda stands;
Before the towne flowes Sicoris soft streame,
Among Spaines riuers of no small esteeme;
On which a bridge of stone high arched stood
T'endure the violence of a winters flood.
The next hill the *Pompeyans* campe did beare;
Æquall to which *Cæsar* his tents did reare.
The riuer in the middst both campes diuides,
From whence the champion fields vpon both sides
Extend themselues beyond the kenn of man.
Swift Cinga bounds them that to th' Ocean
Carryes no name, (*d*) Iber, where you two ioyne,
That giues the land her name, takes from thee thine.
The first day they encamp'd from fight was free;
The captaines stood each others strength to see
Numbring the Eagles; shame did then begin
To damne their rage, and hold their fury in;
One poore dayes respite to their countrey thay
And broke lawes gaue; but *Cæsar* when the day
Declin'd did with a suddaine trench enclose
His campe about, and to deceiue the foes
His army in the front kept station
To hide the worke; and when the morne drew on
He sends swift troopes the next hill to surprise
That twixt the foes campe, and Ilerda lyes;
Thither the foes with shame and terror make,
And by a neerer way the hill they take.
The fight growes there; on sword, and valour one
Relyes, the other on possession.
Laden with armes march *Cæsar's* souldiers vp
Gainst the steepe hill: their following fellowes proppe

Their

Their backes with targetts vp to keepe them so
From falling backe; their Piles against the foe
They could not vse: Piles guide their faltring steppes:
Hold, as they clime, they catch on shrubbs and slips:
Their swords serue not to fight, but cut their way.
This danger *Cæsar* saw, and sent away
His horse to wheele charging in flanke the foe,
And all his foot retreat in safety so.
The skirmish ended thus, and neither side
Obtain'd the conquest. Thus farre fighting try'd.
What other fates were added to this warre
Grew from th' vnconstant motions of the ayre,
For by cold winters dry North-windes the raine
The clouds congealed bowells did containe.
Snowes on the hills, and tops of mountaines lye,
And frosts, that at the Sunne's appearance fly.
All lands within those Westerne climates are
Hardened by Winters dry conicaling aire.
But when the Sunne row wexed warmer came
To take possession of the heauenly Ramme,
Making the æquinoctiall againe,
When day t'exceede the night in length began,
When Cynthia from the Sunne's coniunction
But newly come could hardly yet be knowne;
Boreas sh' excludes, and fire from Eurus takes:
He all the cloudes that his whole quarter makes
Throwes to the West with Nabathæan blasts,
The foggs that India, that Arabia casts
Exhal'd, and growne vnder the rising sunne,
Sky darkening Corus exhalation,
Which cooles the Indian aire, now blowne away
From thence, make hott the Easterne countreys day.
Nor could the loades of those thicke clouds fall downe
On the midd world, strong tempests driue them on
From North and South; alone dooes Calpes ground
Drinke the moist aire; the farthest Westerne bound,

Where heauens bow'd hinge dooes with the Ocean
The cloudes driuen thither could no further get: (meete
Their vastnesse hardly could inuolued be
In such strait roome, as twixt that earth and sky.
Those clouds then crusht together by the pole
Contract in th'ayre, and downe amaine they roule
In rushing showres; lightenings though thicke retire
No flashing fire, extinguisht by the raine,
Iris no colours can distinctly show
Circling the ayre with an imperfect bow:
Shee drinkes the sea, and to the Ocean
The ponderous waues fall from the sky againe.
The Pyrenæan snowes, which Titan yet
Could neuer melt, flow downe: the rockes are wett
With broken ice: riuers their wonted way
Forsake; as channells the whole fields display
Themselues: and now as Shipwrack'd on the seas
Flote *Cæsars* tents, and drenched companyes.
The streame breakes downe his campe: riuers oreflow
His trench, and workes, nor can the souldiers goe
To forrage: the drown'd fields no vittaile leaue:
The wayes by water couer'd all decejue
The fetchers of prouision, then came on
A famine still the sadde companion
Of other woes: the souldiers by no foes,
Besidg'd are pin'd, one his whole wealth bestowes
Vpon a crust of bread not dearely sold;
(Oh meagre thirst of gaine) for ready gold
An hungry seller is not wanting there,
The waters now haue all, no hils appeare,
The ioyned riuers like ore-spreading fenns
Couer high rockes; transported are the dens
Of beasts; the streame carryes the strugling horse
Not touching ground, and as of greater force
Then th'Ocean, repells the Oceans tide.
The darkened pole dooes Phæbus lustre hide,

And

nd the blacke skies all colours doe confound.
lyes the farthest part of the worlds ground,
Which the cold zone, and frosts perpetuall
ouer: those countreys see no starres at all:
heir barren ice breedes nothing: good alone
o temper with their cold the torrid zone,
let it be, great *Ioue*, so let it be
eptune, whose three fork'd sceptre rules the sea
hou, *Ioue*, with stormes perpetuall fill the ayre:
hou, *Neptune*, let no riuers home repaire,
et no streames finde prone passage to the maine,
ut with the Oceans tide turne backe againe.
ake the strooke earth to deluge peruious:
hese fields let Rhine oreflow, and Rhodanus,
ither their course let all great riuers bend:
ither Riphæan snowes, lakes, fountaines send;
ither all standing pooles from farre command
nd saue from ciuill warre this wretched land.
But *Cæsars* fortune, with this little feare
f his content, returnes greater then ere:
he gods gann fauour, and deseru'd t'obtaine
ardon: the clowded aire clear'd vp againe:
he master'd waters *Sol* in fleeces spread:
he night presaging a faire morne look'd red:
hings keepe their place: moisture the sky forsakes:
Vater (late high) her owne low center takes:
rees, and emergent hills t'appeare began:
he fields at sight of day grow drie againe.
When *Sicoris* to his owne bankes restor'd
ad left the field, of twiggs, and willow bord
hey made small botes couer'd with bullockes hide,
n which they reacht the riuers further side.
o saile the Veneti if Padus flow,
he Brittaines saile on their calme Ocean so.
o the Ægyptians saile with wouen boates
f papery rushes in their Nilus floates.

The

The army in these boates transported now
Build vp a bridge, and fearing the ouerflow
Of the fierce streame, their worke they doe not end
Vpon the banke, but ore the fields extend.
And least againe Sicoris should oreflow,
In seuerall channells cut, he suffers now
For his first crime: but when *Petreius* spy'd
That *Cesars* fortune did all actions guide,
Ilerda he forsakes trusting no more
The strengrh of that knowne world, but seeking for
Vntamed nations fierce with warres dire loue,
To that worlds end the battell to remooue.
When *Cesar* saw the hills and campe forsooke,
He bids his men take armes, and neuer looke
For bridge, or ford, but with their hardy armes
Swimme ore the streame: the souldiers his alarmes
Obey with speed, and rushing on to fight
Venture those wayes, that they would feare in flight
Then taking armes cherrish their bodies wett,
And their benummed ioynts with running heat,
Till noone made shadowes short; the horsemen then
Oretake the hindmost of *Petreius* men.
Who doubtfull are whether to fight or fly.
Two rocky hills lift their proud tops on high
Making a vale beneath: aboue the ground
Is ioyn'd: below safe passages are found
Through windings darke; which straights if once the
Had in possession, *Cesar* well did know
He might from thence carry the war as farre,
As Spaines remote, and barbarous nations are.
Runne without ranke (quoth he) pursue your foes:
Turne backe the war, that by their flight you loose:
Make them turne face to face: though they would fly,
Giue not the cowards leaue basely to dy,
But on their breasts let them receiue our blowes.
This said, with swiftnesse they preuent their foes

ght to the hills, encamping close beside.
rrow trench did both the campes diuide,
of so little distance was the place,
y might distinctly know each others face.
re finding fathers, brothers, sonnes, they see
wickednesse of ciuill enmity.
first for feare standing a little mute
h nods, and swords lift vp, frends, frends salute;
when deare loue conquer'd the law of warres,
r the trenches leape the souldiers
mbrace each other: some their old hosts meete,
e their schoolefellowes, some their kinsemen greete.
was no Roman, that no enemy knew:
s breake their kisses, teares their armes bedew,
though no act of blood were yet begun,
y feare the mischife that they might haue done.
y mourn'st thou foole? why dooft thou beat thy
d weepe in vaine? why hast thou now confest (breast,
ou 'gainst thy will to wicked warre dooft goe?
nd'st thou in such great feare of him whom thou
y selfe mak'st dreadfull? let his trumpets sound,
gle & the cruell noise, let none be found
beare his Eagles, and the warre there ends;
Ar and *Pompey* priuate men are frends.
w concord come, that all things dooft enfold
hy white armes, and the worlds safety hold,
e earths blest loue: future impietyes
r age may feare; the ignorance heere dyes
their misdeeds: and from excuse dooes barre
eir guilt, they know, their foes their kinsemen are
ister fates, that will by this short peace
eir future woes, and wickednesse encrease.
was peace, and in both campes mixt souldiers stray'd,
d on the grasse their friendly banquets made:
the same fire together Bacchus rites
ey celebrate, and spend the watchfull nights

In

In ſtorryes of the warre as louingly
Togither they in ioining lodginges ly.
Where firſt they did encampe, from what hand fled
Each Pile, and boaſt of euery valiant deede,
Denying much they grant the wiſh of Fate,
And loue the wretched Souldiers renouate.
This loue their future wickedneſſe encreaſt,
For when *Petreius* ſaw their frendly feaſt,
Thinking himſelſe and campe to ſale betray'd,
Hee armes his houſhold ſeruants to inuade
Dire warre: and guarded with a troope of thoſe
Out of his campe th'vnarm'd *Cæſarians* throwes,
The ſword, as in embraces ioin'd they ſtood.
Diuides them, and diſturbes the peace with blood.
Then wrath theſe warre prouoking ſpeeches gaue,
Souldiers vnmindefull of the cauſe you haue,
Though *Cæſars* conqueſt you cannot beſtow
Vpon the Senates cauſe, this you can doo,
Fight till you are orecome: whileſt you haue ha
And blood, and whileſt the warre yett doubtfull ſta
Will you go ſerue, and traitrous Eagles take?
And begge of *Cæſar* hee no odds would make
Betweene his ſlaues, and at his hands deſire
Your captaines liues? our ſafetyes treaſons hire
Shall neuer be; nor make we ciuill warre
To liue: by name of peace betray'd wee are.
People for veines of braſſe, which deepe-hidd ly
Would neuer ſeekenor townes would fortify:
No ſtately horſes to the warre ſhould pace,
No tower like ſhipps oreſpread the Oceans face,
If liberty for peace were ere well ſold.
Shall *Cæſar's* Souldiers damn'd obedience hold
Bound by a wicked oath, and you make light
Your faith, becauſe in a good cauſe you fight?
But pardon's hop'd: oh ſhames dire funerall,
Not knowing this, great *Pompey* thou ore all

orld art muſtring, and each fartheſt King
ing to ſight, whileſt wee are articling
y about thy ſafety. This feirce ſpeech
'd backe their mindes, & ſtirr'd warrs wicked itch;
hen wild beaſts wean'd from the woods, and ſhutt
loſe to tame, haue off their wildeneſſe put,
earn'd t'endure a man, if blood once ſtaine
r iawes, their wildeneſſe ſtraight returnes againe,
r iawes grow hott, and their new boiling rage
trembling keeper hardly can aſſwage.
y runne on wickedneſſe, and what might ſeeme
blinde warre the gods or fortunes crime,
ciued truſt makes ours; at bord, and bedd
late embraced breaſts are murthered;
though vnwillingly at firſt they draw,
when their wicked ſwords drawne out they ſaw,
ſtriking were, their frends they truly hate,
d with the ſtroke themſelues they animate.
reius campe is with ſtrange tumult fill'd,
d horrid murther: ſonnes their fathers kill'd:
d as if hidden miſcheife loſt ſhould bee,
ey boaſt their guilt, and lett their captaines ſee.
Caſar, though robbed of thy men, yet ſee
e gods high fauour: not ſo much for thee
n Ægypt, or Maſſilias ſeas is done,
or ſomuch honour in Pharſalia wonne.
r this ſole crime of ciuill warre dooes make
hat thou at length the better cauſe ſhalt take.
he Generalls now their blood-ſta n'd Souldier
o more dare truſt within the cam e ſo neere.
ut by ſwift flight toward Ilerda make,
om whom all paſſage *Cæſars* horſmen take,
nd there in thoſe dry hills ſhutt vpp their foes,
Vhome *Cæſar* ſtriues with a deepe trench t'encloſe
utting all water off, he lets them take
o ſpringes, nor tents neere to the riuer make

They

They seeing the way of death, conuert their feare
To rage; their horses, that vnusefull were,
To men beseidg'd, they kill, and since in flight
Twere vaine to hope, addresse themselues to fight.
Caesar perceiues them comming, and well knowes
That death is sought by his deuoted foes.
Containe your Piles, and swords, Souldiers (quoth he)
Ile loose no blood to gett this victory.
That for, that meetes the sword, nere gratis dyes:
Hating their liues, and cheape in their owne eyes
They come to mixe our losses with their death:
They 'll feele no wounds, but ioy in losse of breath.
But let this heate forsake vm, this madd fitt,
They 'll loose their wish of death. *Caesar* the fight
Forbids, and letts their choller spend in vaine,
Till Sol descended to the Ocean,
And starres appear'd; then when no hope's at all
Of fight, their feircenesse does by little fall,
Their mindes grow cold. So is most courage found
In late hurt men, whilest freshnesse of the wound,
And the blood hott giues nimble motion
To euery nerue, and muscles guide the bone:
If the wound-giuer hold his hand, and stay:
Then a cold nummnesse, (strength beeing tane away)
Seiees the minde, and the stiffe members tyes,
The wound growne cold (the blood congealing) dryes.
The Souldiers wanting water through each creeke
Of the digg'd earth for hidden fountaines seeke.
Not only now the mattocke, and the spade,
But swords earth digging instruments are made.
Downe from the topps of mountaines as profound
They goe, as lyes the lowest marish ground.
Farther from day, and deeper in earths mould
Driues not the searcher for Assyrian gold.
But no sought riuers hidden course is showne:
No springs appear'd opening the Pummice stone:

bubbling brooke rowles little pibble ſtones:
ſweating caue makes diſtillations.
ary with digging then the ſweating men
from thoſe rocky pitts drawne out againe:
l this vaine ſearch of water the dry aire
kes them leſſe able to endure; nor dare
ey feede their weary bodyes, eating nought,
medicine 'gainſt thirſt is hunger ſought.
he ſoft earth doo moiſture yeld, they bring
e clodds, & ore their mouths with both hands wring.
e blacke vnſtirred mudd, that euery ſinke
ſords, by ſtrife the greedy Souldiers drinke:
d what to ſaue their liues they would haue ſtucke
take, now dying drinke; like beaſts ſome ſucke
aſts dugges, and when milke failes, with greedy iaw
ere blood from their exhauſted udders draw.
arbs, and greeue leaues they wring: bedewed twiggs
ey licke, and inice of bleeding vines: ſmall ſprigges
trees they for their tender ſapp doo ſqueeze:
Oh happy men, whome barbarous enemyes
ying by (e) poiſoning all the riuers kill'd:
t, *Cæſar*, though theſe riuers ſhould be fill'd
ith poiſons, carrions, and pale Aconite
rowing on Cretan rockes: yet knowing it
heſe Romans then would drinke, heir bowells now
reſcorcht, their mouths, & tongs dry'd rougher grow
heir veines ſhrinke vpp: their lungs in this diſtreſſe
ot moiſt contract the breathing paſſages.
reathings hard drawne their ulcer'd palates teare
hey ope their thirſty mouthes, to drink nights aire
nd wiſh ſuch ſhowres, as all did lately drowne,
nd the dry cloudes their lookes are fixt vpon.
ut that which moſt encreaſ'd their miſery,
hey were encamp'd not on dry Meroe,
or where the naked Garamantes plow
ott *Cancers* tropicke: but betweene the flow

Of

Of swift Iberus, and full Sicoris:
The thirsty campe two neighbouring riuers sees.
Now both the generals yeild; *Afranius* layes
Downe armes, and peace (become a suppliant) prays
Into the enemies campe his starued bands
Drawing before the conquerors feete he stands:
Then begging pardon with a carelesse breast
He lost no Maiesty; but twixt his last,
And former state he beares himselfe in all,
A conquer'd man, but yet a generall.
Had I fall'n vnder a base enemy,
I had not lack'd an hand my selfe to free:
Know then the cause that now I beg to liue,
I thinke thee *Cæsar*, worthy life to giue.
For no sides fauour, nor as foes to thee
Did we take armes; both generalls were we
Before this ciuill war, and haue maintain'd
The former cause: now wee'll not fate withstand.
Spaine we deliuer vp, and ope the East:
Of all the world behind thou now mayst rest
Secure: nor has much bloods effusion,
Sharpe swords, or weary'd armes this conquest won:
Onely thy foes, that thou hast conquered,
Forgiue: nor beg we much, grant vs to lead
Vnarm'd those liues, that thou hast now bestow'd:
Suppose that all our slaughtered troopes lay strow'd
Ouer the fields: to make vnfortunate
With happy armes, and we perticipate
Thy tryumphs were vnfit: our fates we know:
Compell vs not with thee to conquer now.
But *Cæsar* gently, and with smiling cheare
Both pardons, and dismisses them from war.
But when the league was firmely agree'd vpon,
The souldiers to th' vnguarded riuers run,
Fall on the bankes, troubling the granted streame,
But long continued draughts in many of them,

ot suffering aire through th' empty veines to fly,
hut vp their liues: nor could they easily
ease this dry plague: but though their guts they fill,
he couetous disease is crauing still.
t last their nerues, and strength againe it brings.
h luxury too prodigall of things,
ontent with no prouision easily brought;
mbitious hunger for things dearely sought
re land, and sea, pride of a sumptuous table:
ee what small store to cherrish life is able,
nd nature please: these souldiers fainting soules
o vnknowne Consuls noble wine in bowles
f mirrhe, and gold restores: from fountaines pure
Vater, and bread their fleeting liues assure.
Vretches that follow warres. These souldiers
eing now disarm'd are made secure, from cares
xempt, and innocent returne againe
o their owne townes. When peace they did obtaine,
ow much they grieu'd that euer they had cast
ne pile, or suffer'd thirst, or euer askt
he gods in vaine to grant them prosperous warres?
or to the happyer fighting souldiers
What toiles through all the world, what doubtfull fields
emaine to fight? Though fortune alwayes yeilds
Happy successe, yet must they oftentimes
Conquer, spill blood throughout all lands, and climes,
And follow *Cæsar*, through all fates of his.
When the world's ruine's neare, he happy is,
That knowes his setled place. Their weary armes
No warre calls forth: their sleepes no loud alarmes
Disturbes; their wiues children, and houses they,
And lands (though no deducted colony)
Enioy; by fortune from this burden free'd
No fauour dooes their mindes disquiet breed:
One generall saw'd their liues: tother their owne
Commander was. Thus happy they alone

Free'd from desires the ciuill warres behold
But through the world this fortune did not hold;
Shee durst act some what against *Cæsar's* side.
Where long (f)Salonæ's beaten with the tide
Of th' Adriaticke sea; where Zephyre blowes
Vpon the warme Iader's gentle flowes,
Antonius there trusting the warrelike bands
Of his Curetes, whose enuiron'd lands
The Adriaticke sea encircles round
Was straight beseidged in the vtmost bound,
Safe from warres reach, if famine, that alone
Conquers the strongest fortresses, were gone:
The ground no pasture for their horses yeilds,
Nor yellow Ceres cloaths the fallow'd feilds.
The men eate grasse, and when the feilds grow bare,
The grasse from off their camps dry'd turffes they tear.
But when their frends on th'aduerse shore they spy'd,
And *Basilus* the admirall, they try'd.
New wayes of flight by sea; for their sterne end
They did not hoist, nor did their keele extend
(As custome was) but with vnusuall sleight
Firme timber boates to beare a mighty weght
They made. These empy boates on euery side
Susteine the shipp; whose double rancke was ty'd
With chaines acrosse. Nor were the oares dispos'd
On the open front to the foes darts expos'd:
Only that sea, that was enclosed round
By those conioyned boates, their oares did wound.
A miracle of silent slight it show'd;
Shee bore no sailes, or sea discouer'd row'd.
Now they obserue the tides, till th' ebbing seas
Leaue the sands bare, and make the shore encrease;
Then from aboue into the Ocean prone
The shipp falls by two galleyes waited on:
Ore which a lofty threatning tower was rear'd,
Where spires, and trembling pinnacles appear'd.

Tauius keeper of th' Illyrian sea
Would not assault this shipp too suddainly:
But his swift vessells thought it good to stay
Till the easy passage might encrease his prey,
And father on to sea by peace inuites
His rashly enter'd foes; such are the slights
Of huntsmen, when their toiles they haue dispos'd:
And fearefull deere in plumed nets enclos'd:
Their dogges of Crete and Sparta they containe,
And their wide mouth'd Molossians restraine:
No dogge is trusted in the wood, but hee,
That can vpon a full cent silent bee,
And neuer open when he findes the game,
Content alone to signify the same
By wagging of the string; then presently
The Souldiers leaue the Ile, and eagerly
Come a boord the shipp, when day's last light
Haue place to the approach of dusky night.
But the Cilicians of great *Pompey's* side
According to their old sea-craft, had ty'd
Chaines through the midst o'th'sea, of which no show
Appear'd aboue, but loosely lett them flow:
The chaine was fasten'd to th' Illyrian shore.
The first, and second shipps not staid gott ore:
The third was caught of burden much more vast,
And to the rocke by a drawne rope was cast.
The rocke hangs ore the sea (a wonder tis)
Hollow, and still (though falling) stands, with trees
Making a shade: hither the sea by tides
Oft driues: and in those darkesome cauernes hides
Shipps broke by Aquilon, and drowned men:
Which hidden store the rocke restores againe;
And when the cauernes belch it vpp, in heate
Sicilian Charybdis cannot gett
Preheminence. Heere did the great shipp stand,
That was with valiant Opitergians mann'd.

Her from all hauens did all ſhips encloſe:
Some from the rocke, ſome from the ſhore oppoſe,
Vulteius found this vnder-water traine
(The maſter of the ſhip) who all in vaine
Striuing to cut the chaines, did then deſire
Without all hope, to fight: where to retire,
Or how to conquer is not ſeene: but here
As much as ſnared valour could appeare,
It did: againſt ſo many thouſand wights,
That did encloſe, ſcarſe one full cohort fights,
Not long endeed, for night in her blacke ſhade
Shutt vp the day, and peace the darkeneſſe made.
Then ſtout *Vulteius* thus gan animate
The cohort fearing ſad enſuing fate.
Yong men, that but for one ſhort night are free,
Prouide in time for fates extremity:
There's no man's life is ſhort, that dooes allow
Him time to ſeeke his death: nor thinke it now
Leſſe glorious that we meete a fate at hand.
The times of future life none vnderſtand.
Tis æquall praiſe of minde to giue away
Our liues laſt moment, and the hoped ſtay
Of many yeeres, ſo we the actors bee:
No man can be compell'd to wiſh to dy.
No way for flight is left: at euery hand
Bent 'gainſt our throates the ſterne Cilicians ſtand.
Let feare be baniſht then: reſolue to dy
And let your wiſhes meete neceſſity.
Nor ſhall we fall in a blinde cloud of warre,
As when two battells ioyn'd in darkneſſe are,
When heapes of carcaſſes beſtrow the field,
Valour lies buried, all are æquall held.
But in a ſhip the gods haue placed vs
Both to our friends and foes conſpicuous:
The Ile, the continent, the ſeas allow
Witneſſes to vs, and two parties now

rem diuers ſhores behold vs: in our ends
Vhat great, and rare example Fate entends
know not. What ere Chronicles afford
f truſt, of ſouldiers faith maintain'd by ſword
Ve ſhall excell: tis a ſmall thing to die
pon our ſwords, *Cæſar*, we know for thee:
ut greater pledges in this ſadd diſtreſſe
Vee want, our great affections to expreſſe;
nd enuious Fates vs of much praiſes barre,
hat not our parents, nor our children are
eere with vs. Let our foes our valour finde,
nd feare our force, and death-contemning minde:
et them be glad that no moe ſhips were caught.
erchance they'll try by leagues what can be wrought,
roffering baſe life: would they would promiſe vs
ardon, to make our deaths more glorious,
eaſt when wee fall our killing ſwords vpon
ur foes ſhould call it deſperation.
uch valour muſt deſerue that *Cæſar* may
ccount the loſſe of vs a fatall day
mong ſo many thouſand. Should fate giue
greſſe from hence, I would not wiſh to liue;
haue already caſt away my breath,
rawen by the ſweetneſſe of approaching death.
fury tis, which none but they can know,
o whom nere Fates ſuch knowledge doo allow;
he Gods deaths ſweetneſſe doo conceale to make
en liue. A noble courage ſtraight did take
he young mens minds; though all with weeping eyes
efore the Captaines ſpeech) had view'd the skies,
nd fear'd to ſee the turne of *Charles* his waine:
ut now their valiant minds wiſh day againe
fter this ſpeech; nor was day ſlow t'appeare:
ol leauing *Gemini*, and drawing neare
is height in *Cancer*, when the ſhorteſt night
rg'd the Theſſalian Archer. Day growne light,

Discouer'd warrelike Istrians on the land,
The fe rce Liburnians, and Greeke fleete, that stand
Couerin: the seas, They first suspending fight
Striue to orecome by couenants; and inuite
The shipp to yeild by granting life, but they
Deuoted, scorning life stand in array,
Secure in sighr, resolu'd what end to take:
No stormes their strong resolued mindes could shake
And though but few, by land, and sea they fought
(Such confidence deaths resolution brought)
Against innumerable hands; but when
Warre had drawne blood enough, their fury then
Turn'd from their foes. The Captaine first of all
Vulteius offring his bare throte gan call
Seeking for death, is there no Souldier here
Worthy to shedd my bloud? lett him appeare,
And killing mee shew that himselfe dares bleede.
With that of life his wounded breast was free'd
By many swords; *Vulteius* thankes bestow'd
On all; but dying him, to whome hee ow'd
His first kinde wound, hee thankfully againe
Requites with death. Thus meeting all were slaine,
And on one side the warres whole mischiefe hung.
So the serpentine brood by *Cadmus* Sprung
Fell by each others hand, a dire presage
Of the ensuing Theban brothers rage.
So those of th'waking dragons teeth once fram'd
In Colchos feilds, by magicke spells enflam'd
With kindred blood the feilds plow'd furrowes dy'd;
Which mischiefe wrought by hearbs before vntry'd
Medea fear'd her selfe. So fell these men
By bargain'd fate; and in the death of them
To dy was the least valour: they both fall,
And kill at once: no right hand mist at all
Though at the point of death: nor to their blads
Ow'd they their wounds: a breast the sword inuades,

Their throates inuade their hands; and if blinde chance
A brothers sword 'gainst brother did aduance,
Or sonnes 'gainst father, with vndanted hand,
And all their strength they strike; in this did stand
Their piety alone, that at one blow
They would dispatch them; on the hatches now
Halfe dead they draw their bowells, and much blood
Ream'd downe into the sea; it did them good
To see the scorned day, death to preferre,
And with proud lookes despise the conquerer.
Now on the ship the heapes of bodyes show'd
The slaughter made: on which the foes bestow'd
Fit funeralls, admiring much to see
To any captaine such fidelity.
Fame flying through the world did neuer raise
Any one ship with such resounding praise.
Yet will not coward nations since such braue
Examples, learne to know, that death to saue
Their liberty is not a price so deare:
But kingdomes arm'd with power of sword they feare:
Liberty can vse armes, and swords should bee
(As men should know) to keepe their liberty.
Oh would the fates would let the fearefull liue,
That valour only death to men might giue.
Nor was that warre that did in Libya grow
Lesse terrible then this: bold (g) *Curio*
By a milde Northren winde was wafted ore
From Lilybæum to that well knowne shore,
Where Clupea seated is, and where he sees
Great Carthages halfe ruin'd ædifice:
And pitching his first tents farre from the maine,
Where Bagrada furrowes the sandy plaine,
Those hills, and eaten rockes goes to behold,
Which were *Antæus* kingdome call'd of old;
Asking the cause of this old name, a clowne
Thus tells the taile by long Tradition knowne:

For giants births earth yet not barren made
In Libyan caues a feared issue had,
Which to his mother brought as true a fame,
As *Typhon*, *Tityus*, and *Briarcus* name.
'Twas good for heauen *Antaus* was not borne
At Phlegra; but this guift did more adorne
His mighty strength: into his limmes (though tir'd,
His mothers touch a vigour fresh inspir'd.
This caue his dwelling was, this mountaine heere
He lurckt about, his foode slaine lions were:
His bed no leaues of trees, no skinne of beasts:
His strength by sleeping on the ground encreast.
By him th'inhabitants of Libya dy'd,
And strangers all, that to our coast apply'd.
His strength (not vsing a long time to fall)
Needed not earths rich guift: too strong for all
He was, though standing vp; at length through fame
Of this dire plague the great *Alcides* came,
Whose hand both sea and land from monsters free'd,
And for th'encounter each puts off his weede,
One's *Nemean*, tother's Libyan Lions skinne:
Hercules oiles his limmes ere he begin
According to th' Olimpiacke rites: but he
Rubb'd ore his limmes with sand: it could not be
Enough to touch his mother with his feete.
They grapple then, and armes, armes folded meete,
Striuing each others necke with heauy hand
To bend; yet both fixt, and vnbended stand.
Both wonder much to meete their match at length:
But *Hercules* vs'd not his vtmost strength
At the first bout, but weary'd out his foe,
Which his oft blowing, and cold sweates did show:
His shaking necke, nor breast could firmely stand:
His bending hammes yeild to *Alcides* hand:
Alcides then about his short ribbs cast
His conquering armes, and grip'd his yeilding wast.

hen tripping vp his leggs he fairely layes
s foe ſtretch'd out vpon the ſand; earth ſtayes
s ſweat, and fills with freſh blood euery vaine,
s armes grow brawny, his ioynts ſtiffe againe,
d his freſh limmes vnclaſpe the others hands.
maz'd at this new ſtrength *Alcides* ſtands.
or fear'd he *Hydra* ſo in Lerna lakes
uitfull by loſſe of her reuiuing ſnakes
hough then but yong; Now both were æquall
ne in earths ſtrength, the other in his owne. (growne
ere had ſterne *Iuno* more encouragement
o hope; ſhee ſees his limmes with ſweating ſpent,
nd his necke dry'd, as when he did ſuſtaine
he heauens: but when he claſp'd his foe againe,
ntaus ſtaying not till he be throwne
lls of himſelfe, and riſes ſtronger growne:
is mother earth to his tir'd members giues
hat ſpirit ſhe has, and labours when he ſtriues.
ut when *Alcides* found earths touch to be
rengthning to him; now thou ſhalt ſtand (quoth he)
o more thou fall'ſt, nor will we truſt againe
he ground: this breaſt ſhall thy cruſht limbes ſuſteine
ither, *Antaus*, ſhalt thou fall: this ſpoke,
im ſtriuing to fall downe aloft he tooke,
nd graſp'd his middle faſt: earth could not lend
trength to her dying ſonne, nor ſuccour ſend
ut till his foes breaſt ſtarke and cold he found
lcides durſt not truſt him on the ground.
rom hence ſelfe-lou'd antiquity, and fame
ld times recorder gaue this place a name.
ut to theſe hills a nobler name gaue he,
hat drew the Punicke foe from Italy.
cipio arriuing on our Libya, heere
itch'd his firſt campe: the ruines yet appeare
f that old trench; this place of all the reſt
Was firſt by Roman victory poſſeſt.

Curio

Curio, as if the place were fortunate
And still retaind those former captaines fate
In warre, reioyc'd, and in this lucky place
Pitch'd his vnlucky tents, which did deface
The places Omen: and prouok'd sterne foes
With strength vnæquall; Affricke all that owes
Obedience to the Roman Eagles then
Was vnder *Varus*, who, (though strong in men
Of Italy) aide from the Libyan King
Requires, to whom the worlds farre regions bring
Their force with *Iuba*; no one King alone
Was master of such large dominion:
In length th'extent of his great Kingdomes ground
Gades neighbouring Atlas, and *Iouis* Ammon bound
Neere Thera; but in breadth the torrid zone,
Betwixt the sea, and it, it coasts vpon.
So many people to his army presse,
Th' Autololes, and wandring Nomades:
Getulians horst'd without caparison:
The Mauritanians of complexion
Like Indians: poore Nasamonians,
Scorcht *Garamantes*, swift *Marmaricans*:
Massylians, that without saddles ride,
And with a wand their bitlesse horses guide:
Mazacian darts, that Median shafts excell:
Those that in empty cottages doe d well
Affrican hunters, that all darts refuse,
And their loose coates 'gainst angry Lyons vse.
Nor did the cause of ciuill warre alone,
But priuate anger bring King *Iuba* on.
Curio that yeere, wherein he did defile
Diuine, and human lawes, striu'd to exile
By tribunitiall law from Libyas throne
This King, and barre him his forefathers crowne,
Whilest he would make thee, Rome, a monarchy.
He mindfull of the wrong thinkes this to be.

e greatest guift his scepter could bestow.
is *Iuba's* fame affrighted *Curio*:
sides no souldiers firme to *Cæsar's* side
ere in his army, none that had beene try'd
Germany: but at Corfinium tane
lse to new Lords did to their first remaine
oubtfull, and thought both sides indifferent were
t when he saw all slacke through slauish feare,
hat the night-guards their trenches did forsake
ith a distracted spirit thus he spake.
Daring conceales great feare: Ile first assay
he fight, and put my souldiers in array
hile they are mine: doubt growes from rest alone:
ght shall preuent their consultation;
hen swords whett their dire wills, and helmets hide
heir blushes, who can then compare the side,
r weigh the cause? they fauour as they stand:
s no old hate dooes on the stage command
word-players to meete: they hate by faction.
his said, in open field he leades them on;
hom the warres fortune, meaning to deceiue
fter, at first does prosperously receiue.
or *Varus* he defeated following on
heir flying backes in execution
uen to the campe. When *Iuba* first did know
f this sad field, and *Varus* ouerthrow,
lad that the glory of the warre did stay
or him, by stealth he leads his troupes away:
nd without noise (commanding silence) goes,
earing he should be feared of his foes.
abara next in honour to the King
ith a small troope is sent before to bring
urio on by prouocation,
s if the warre were left to him alone:
imselfe with all his kingdomes strength below
eepes in the valley. The Ichneumon so

Prouoking

Prouoking by his tailes deceitfull shade
Th'Ægiptian Aspe, dooes at the last inuade
(Free'd from the deadly venoms danger quite)
The serpents throate stretch'd out in vaine to meete
A flyinge shade: out the lost poison goes,
And all about the Aspes iawes vainly flowes.
Fortune assists this fraud: feirce *Curio*
Descrying not the strength of his hidd foe,
Enioines his horsemen all to issue out
By night, and range the vnknowne feilds about:
And after them himselfe by breake of day
Withall his Eagles spread marches away,
Much (but in vaine) entreated to suspect
Libyan deceite, and fraudes that still insect
The Punicke warres: but to his funerall
Fate gaue him vpp, and ciuill warre did call
Her author on: ore rockes and mountaines high
They march; when on the hills from farre they spy
The foe: who cunning seemes to fly away
Till hee haue sett his battells in Array
Vnder the hill; this *Curio* did not know,
But thought it flight, and like a conquerour now
Brings forth his troopes into the open plaine:
Then first discouer'd they this guilefull traine:
The seeming-fledd Numidians they espy'd
On the hills topps enclosing euery side:
Curio, and his lost troops astonisht quite;
The feare full could not fly, the valiant fight:
The horses now not feirce at trumpetts sound
Chaw not their foaming bitts, beate not the ground
Spread not their manes, nor doe their eares aduance,
Nor with their wonted spright curuett and prance:
Their sweating shouldiers fum'd, their tir'd necks hung
And their dry'd mouth thrust out their weary tongues
Their breasts, and throates hoarse with oft blowing
Their heauy pulse far their spent bowels drew: (grew

e foamings dry and hote grew hard vpon
e bloody bitts : no ſtrokes could force them on,
r often ſpurrings make them mend their ſpeed ;
unds make them goe : to haſten on the Steed
tes not the Rider, for the weary horſe
comming on wants courage, ſtrength and force:
e onely brings his Rider to the foes,
d does his breaſt to all their ſpeares expoſe.
when the Lybian horſe came courſing nigh,
e ground did ſhake, and clouds of duſt did flie
s great as Thracian whirlewinds blew about)
e the skies couer'd face, and darkeneſſe wrought.
t when warres miſerable fate did fall
on the foot, no doubtfull field at all
as fought : the battell in that time was done,
at men could die : for forth they could not runne
make their flight, enclos'd on euery ſide
om farre by darts directly throwne they dy'd,
liquely neere : not wounds alone they feele
ewhelm'd with ſtormes of darts, & weight of ſteele:
nt vp in a ſtraight roome the army's kept :
hoſe that for feare neer'ſt to the middle crept,
mongſt their fellowes ſwords are not ſecure,
r the forefront not able to endure
he foes aſſault, ſtept backe, and ſtra'ghter made
he globe : no roome to weild their armes they had :
heir crowded limmes are preſt : one armed breaſt
gainſt another driuen to death is preſt.
he conquering Mauritanian could not haue
glad a ſpectacle, as fortune gaue;
ee ſaw no bodies fall : no ſtreames of blood
ept ſo by crowde vpright the bodies ſtood.
Let Fortune this new parentation make
or hated Carthages dire ſpirits ſake:
et bloody *Hanniball*, and Punicke ghoſts
f this ſad Romane expiation boaſt.

Let

Let not in Lybia, gods, a Roman fall
For *Pompey* or the Senate make at all:
Vs rather for her selfe let Affrica
Conquer: his men ore'throwne when *Curio* saw,
And the dust lay'd with blood gaue leaue to see,
Scorning t'out-liue such a calamity,
Or hope in flight, he meetes his death, to dy
Forward, and valiant by necessity.
What now auailes thy place, and troubled barrs,
From whence a Tribune to seditious warres
Thou stirr'dst the people, and the Senates right
Betray'dst and could'st to ciuill warre encite
The sonne, and father in law? thy death is wrought,
Before these Lords haue in Pharsalia sought.
To see that field is not permitted thee.
This satisfaction in your bloods giue ye
Great ones, to wretched Rome, and pay for warre;
Oh happy Rome, and Romans happyer farre,
Would but the gods aboue as carefull be
To keepe, as to reuenge our liberty.
Vnburied *Curio's* noble flesh is food
For Libyan birds: but (since t'will doe no good
To conceale that, which from times iniury
Fame still will vindicate) we'll giue to thee
The praise that to thy life dooes appertaine.
Rome neuer nurtur'd a more able man,
Nor one to whom (whilest good) the lawes ow'd more
But vice then hurt our city, when the store
Of wealth, Ambition, riot had declin'd
To the worst part his yet vnsetled minde,
And changed *Curio* the states fate controul'd
Brib'd by the spoiles of France, and *Cæsars* gold.
Though potent *Sylla*, and fierce *Marius*,
Cinna, and *Cæsars* line gott rule ore vs
By sword: to whom did such power euer fall?
This man sold Rome, the other bought it all.

FINIS libri quarti:

Annotatio

Annotations on the fourth Booke.

(a) *For this conquest much auailed* Cæsar, *hauing quie-* *l Spaine hee might securely prosecute the rest of the* *rre, hauing debarr'd* Pompey *of those legions on which* *most relyed; this conquest cost little blood, for* Afranius *d* Petreius *forced by famine yeilded to* Cæsar.

(b) Afranius *and* Petreius *with equall power, with* *tuall loue and care gouerned fiue legions for* Pompey *Spaine, and chose Ilerda by the appointment of* Pompey *a conuenient seate for the warre.*

(c) *The Celta leauing France and passing the Pyrena-* *mountaines seated themselues by the riuer Iberus, and* *re called Celtibery.*

(d) *Cinga falling into Iber looses his name to Iber,* *ich also giues name to all Spaine.*

(e) *It was a policy had often beene vsed by barbarous* *emies against the pursuing armies of the Romans, to* *son all their riuers: it was done by* Iugurtha *King of* *umidia,* Mithradates *King of Pontus, and* Iuba *King of* *auritania.*

(f) *Fortune yet presumed to doe some what against* *æsar in his absence about Illyrium; for* Dolabella *and* *ntonius commanded by* Cæsar *to possesse the Sreights of* *e Adriaticke sea, encamped one on the Illyrian, the o-* *er on the Corcyraan shore. Pompey farre and neere* *as master of the seas, whose Liuetenaut* Octauius *and* *ibo with great strength of Shipping besiedged* Antonius, *nd by famine forced him to yeild.* Basilus *from the other* *ore sent ships to ayde* Antonius, *which were caught by* *e Pompeyans in a strange snare casting ropes crosse the* *a vnder water not to be spi'd. Two of the ships escaped,* *nd gott ouer the ropes; the third which carryed the men* *f Opitergium was ensnared, and held fast. The Opiter-* *ians in thet place left an example memorable to all pos-* *rity; for being scarse a thousand men, they endured from*

morning

morning to night the assaults of a great Army round bout them, and at last when valour could not possible release them, rather then yeild themselues into the enemy hands, by the exhortation of their captaine Vulteius, *kill'd themselues.*

(g) *In Affrica also the side of* Cæsar *enduring the like calamity shewed the like valour.* Curio *sent by* Cæsar *winne Libya, having vanquished, and put to flight* Varus *was enclosed on the suddaine by the vnexpected horse and army of* Iuba *King of Mauritania.* Curio *might haue fledd when he saw the day lost, but much ashamed and scorning to returne to* Cæsar *after the losse of his legions, he dyed with all his men.*

V

B.K.V.

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE ROBERT, Earle of *Lynsey*, Lord Great Chamberlaine of ENGLAND.

THis Booke, brave Lord, is yours, which best of all
Defines the vertues of a General,
And most of all the Bookes sets Cæsar forth,
His confidence, his wisdome, and his worth;
His Souldiers mutiny, which tride him more
Then all his dangers after, and before.
This search'd great Cæsars depth, and made it (knowne
The Honors, which he wore, were all his owne.
His confidence (if not too great) was showne
Crossing the stormie seas by night alone
In a small Barke, when his great spirit strove
With his good fortune, which should greatest prove
Vouchsafe to read it, valiant Lord, and finde
Fit recreation for your active minde.

TO
THE RIGHT
HONOVRABLE
ROBERT, Earle of Leycester,
Lord Great Chamberlaine
of ENGLAND.

THis Booke, Great Lord, is yours, which
beg'st of all
Defends the Vertues of a General,
And most of all the Booke for Scalar forth,
His confidence, his wisdome, and his worth;
His Souldiers mutiny, which strake him more
Then all his dangers after, and before. (Knowne
His fatherlie great Scalars kept, and made it
The Honors, which by worth, were all his owne,
His confidence (if not too great) was showne
Coming the Forraine Fort by night alone
In a small Barke, when his great spirit frame
With his good fortune, which should greatest prove
Touchsafe to read it, valiant Lord, and finde
Th' Interpretation for your noble minde.

LVCANS
Pharsalia.

The fift Booke.

The Argument.

Romes flying Senate mett at Epire, chose
Great Pompey *generall; faint* Appius *goes*
To Delphos oracle to seeke aduise,
Which his owne death obscurely signifies.
Cæsar return'd from Spaine with victory
Quiets his souldiers dangerous mutiny;
Dictator then, and Consul both at Rome
He makes himselfe; sailes from Brundusium
To Greece: but vex'd with Anthony's *delayes,*
In a small boate himselfe alone assayes
By night the stormy sea, and crosses ore,
His legions all mett on the Grecian shore
Addresse themselues for triall of the day.
Pompey *to Lesbos sends his wife away.*

THus fortune kept (mixing her good with ill)
The two (a) warre-wounded generalls æquall still
For Macedonia; when with winter's snow
The Pleiades did Oemus top bestrow:

And

And when the times new-naming day drew neare
Old *Ianus* feast beginner of the yeere:
Then both the Consuls at the vtmost date
Of their expiring honour conuocate
To Epire the fled fathers; where a plaine
And forraine seat Rome's Nobles did containe:
A borrowed court in forraine land heard all
The secrets of the State. For who can call
That place a campe, where all Romes Fascets were,
And axes borne? The reuerend order there
Taught all the people 'twas not *Pompey's* side,
But *Pompey* there a member did abide.
Silence possessing the sad Senate than
From an high seat thus *Lentulus* began:
If you retaine a strength of minde as good
As Roman spiritts, and your ancient blood
Befitts; then thinke not in what land you are
As banisht, from surprised Rome how farre:
But know the face of your owne company:
Fathers, that gouerne all, this first decree,
Which yet all kingdomes, and all people know,
We are the Senate. For if fortune now
Should carry vs vnder the frozen waine
Of *Vrsa maior*, or where dayes remaine
Æquall in length with nights, the torrid zone,
Thither the Empire and dominion
Would follow vs. When Rome by *Gaules* was fir'd,
And that to Vey *Camillus* was retir'd:
There then was Rome; this order neuer lost
Their right by changing place. *Cæsar* can boast
Only of mourning walls possession,
And iudgement seates by sad vocation
Shut vp, and silenc'd, empty mansions.
That court those fathers only sees, whom once,
When full, it banisht; of that ranke, who ere
Is not a banisht man, is sitting here.

We that long peacefull, free from guilt haue stood,
At warres first fury were dispers'd abroad:
Now to his place each part returnes againe;
And for the losse of Italy and Spaine
The gods the strength of all the world bestow.
Th'Illyrian sea has ouerwhelm'd one foe:
And Libyan fields dooes slaughtred *Curio*
No little part of *Casars* Senate strow.
Aduance your Eagles, follow fate, and grant
The gods you hope: doe not that courage want
In this good fortune, which when first you fled,
Your cause stirr'd vp. The yeere has finished
Our power: you fathers, whose authoritye
No time shall end, for th'publike good aduise:
Command great *Pompey* to be generall;
His name with ioyfull cryes the Senate all
Receiue, imposing vpon *Pompey* straight
His countrey's and his owne most wretched fate.
Then faithfull kings, and nations had their praise:
Phebus sea-powerfull Rhodes rewarded was,
And Spartans rough; prais'de were th'Athenians:
(b) *Phocis* made free with her Massylians.
Faithfull (c) *Deiotarus*, young *Sadalis*,
The valiant (d) *Cotys*, and (e) *Rhasipolis*
Of Macedon were prais'd; *Iuba* to thee
The Senate giues all Libya by decree;
And (oh sad fate) ignoble *Ptolemy*
Worthy of treacherous subiects, vnto thee
The crime of all the gods, and fortunes shame
Is granted the Pellæan diadem.
A tirants sword ouer thy nation
Thou tak'st, proud boy, would 'twere ore them alone,
Ore (f) *Pompey's* throate it is; thy sisters crowne
Thou tak'st and *Casars* impious action.
The Senate now broke vp, the troopes all take
Their armes: the people, and the captaines make

For warres vncertaine preparation.
But (g) *Appius* feares warres doubtfull chance alone
Solliciting the godds th'euents to heare,
And Phœbus Temple, that for many a veare
Had beene shutt vpp at Delphos, opens hee.
Parnassus with two topps reaching the sky
Twixt East, and West æqually distant lyes
To Bacchus, and Appollo's deityes
Sacred: to whome in mixed sacrifice
The Theban wiues at Delphos solemnize.
Their trieterickes; this one hill alone
Appear'd, when all the world was ouerflowne,
And stood as middle twixt the sea and sky.
One topp, Parnassus, then contented thee:
For one alone did aboue water shew.
Young Phæbus there with shafts vnused slew,
The speckled Python, that in waite longlay
His Banisht mother great with childe to slay,
Themis the Kingedome then, and *Tripos* held.
But when (h) *Apollo* the cleft ground beheld
T'inspire oraculous truth, and further findes
The gaping earth exhale prophetike windes:
Downe in that sacred caue himselfe hee hides
And now turn'd Prophett there *Apollo* bides.
Which of the godds lurkes here? what deity
Shott downe from heauen vouchsafes to dignify
This caue? what heauenly godd dwells heere below,
That dooes the fates æternall courses know,
And things to come? and telling people sure
Vouchsafes the touch of woman to endure?
Wither this powerfull godd barely relate
The fates, or his relation make them fate?
Perchance that spiritt, that all the world maintaines,
And the poiz'd earth in empty aire susteines,
Through these Cirrhæan caues dooes passage gett,
Striuing with his æthereall part to meete.

This spiritt once entered the virgins breſt,
Striking her humane ſoule, ſounds forth expreſt
With hideous noiſe; ſo vrging flames come from
Sicilian Ætna's ouerburden'd wombe:
Typhaus ſo throwes vpp his ſtones abroade
Preſt with *Inarime's* æternall loade.
This godd expos'd to all, deny'd to none,
Is free'd from hearing human crimes alone.
To him no man whiſpers vnlawfull prayers?
For hee things fixt vnchangeable declares
Forbidding men to wiſh: and gratiouſly (bee,
Giues iuſt men dwellings, though whole townes they
As once to *Tyre*, hee teaches vs warres ſlight,
As to th' Athenians in their nauall fight
At Salamine; hee cleares, the cauſes ſhownе,
Earths barrenneſſe, and aire's infection.
Our age no guiſt of heauen wants more then this
Of Delphos oracle, which ſilent is,
Since Kings afraide to haue their fates expreſt,
Forbidd the godds to ſpeake; nor is the prieſt
Of Delphos, for the godd's long ſilence ſadd:
This oracle's ceſſation makes them gladd.
For to that breaſt, where ere hee doo inſpire,
Vntimely death is puniſhment or hire
Of his reception; the fitt's vehemence
Too much orecomes the ſtrengh of human ſence;
And their fraile ſoules the godd's high motion ſhakes.
Appius, whileſt too too neare a ſearch hee makes
To know Rome's fate, to th' vnſtirr'd Tripodes,
And ſilent cauernes dooes his ſtepps addreſſe.
The preiſt commanded t'ope that dreadfull ſeate,
And for the godd a propheteſſe to gett,
Findes young Phemonoe, as ſhee careleſſe roues
'Mongſt the Caſtalian ſprings, and ſilent groues,
And makes her breake the Temple doores. The maide
To ſtand in that moſt horrid place afraide,

Thought by a vaine deceit *Appius* to bring
From his desire of knowing future things.
Why hop'st thou, Roman, truth should here be shew
The hill (quoth shee) is mute, the god is gone.
Whether the spirit haue left these caue nes quite,
And to the worlds farre regions tane his flight
Or *Pytho* burnt by barbarous *Brennus* vp
Did with the ashes fill this hole, and stop
Great *Phœbus* way: or that the gods decree
Make *Cirrha* mute, thinking it prophecy
Enough that *Sibyll's* Bookes among you liue:
Or *Phœbus* wont from out his temple driue
All wicked persons, now no mouth haue found
Worthy enough his Oracles to sound.
The Maids deceit appear'd; her feare imply'd
She falsely had the present gods deny'd.
Then a white fillet ties her lockes behinde
With Delphian Bayes; and wreathed garlands binde
Her haire before. The Priest thrusts on the maid,
Who fearefull still about the entrance staid,
And durst no neerer to the god to come,
Nor to approach the temples inmost roome,
There counterfeiting that shee was possest
Shee vtters from an vndisturbed brest
Fain'd words with no confused murmure flowing,
Nor the least signe of diuine fury showing.
Her words so deepely could not *Appius* wound,
As great *Apolloes* truth; no trembling sound
That broke her speech, there was, no voice so shrill,
As all the caues capacious throat might fill:
Her Lawrell fell not from her frighted haire:
The temple and the wood vnshaken were.
These signes betray'd her fearfull to receiue
The god; when angry *Appius* did perceiue
That 'twas no Oracle, Thou wretch, quoth hee,
Both I, and these abused gods will bee

Reuenge

neng'd for this, vnlesse thou straight descend,
d truely tell what all these stirres portend
the affrighted world; with that the maid
scends downe to the Oracle afraid,
d standing ore the vault, the god possest
ith a full spirit her vnaccustom'd brest.
The rockes so many yeeres vnwasted spirit
fills her with, and comming to inherit
Delphian brest, nere fill'd he Prophetesse
ler: her former minde he banishes,
d bids all woman from her breast be gone.
ee raging beares in this distraction
her owne necke; her haire vpright throwes downe
e sacred ornaments, and *Phœbus* crowne:
r necke turnes wildly round; & downe she throwes
tripodes shee meets with as shee goes.
d with an inward fire shee burnes, which shewes
ee, *Phœbus* wrath: nor dooft thou onely vse
y prickes, thy flames, and incitations now,
bridles too, the Prophetesse shall know
ore then she must reueale; all times are heapt
in one heape, and many ages crept
o her wretched breast; things orders too,
d all contend out into light to goe.
e Fates desiring vtterance striue within:
hen the world ends, and when it shall begin
e prophetesse can tell, and vnderstands
e Oceans depth, and number of the sands.
the Cumæan *Sibyll* in a scorne
r prophecies should serue all nations turne,
m the vast heape of vniuersall Fate,
ith a proud hand tull'd out the Roman States
now the *Phœbus*-fill'd *Phemonoe*
iues, obscure *Appius*, where to find out thee
ongst all the Delphian inspirations:
en first from her mad mouth the foaming runnes,

And

And in the horrid caue were heard at once
Broke-winded murmurs, howlings, and sadd groan
At last these words fall from the maide orecome:
Great threates of warre, thou only freed from,
Shalt in Eubœa's pleasant valleys rest;
And there shee stopt; Phœbus her speech suppreſt.
Yee Tripodes keepers of fate, that know
All the world's secrets, and *Apollo* thou
Skill'd in all truth, from whome the godds conceale
No future times, why fearst thou to reueale
That action, that our Empire's ruine brings,
Great Captaines deaths, and funeralls of Kings,
And all the people that with Rome shall bleede?
Haue not the godds this mischiese yett decree'd?
Or stay those fates, whilest planetts are at strife
And doubt about condemning *Pompey's* life?
Or hid'st thou, fortune, to effect more sure
Our libertiesreuenge, and *Brutus* cure
Of monarchy againe? then the maides breast
Shoou'd ope the temple doores, and out shee prest.
Her madd fitt holds, nor had shee all explain'de,
Part of the godd within her still remain'd.
And round about her wandring eyes hee rowl'd;
Nor dooes her face one constant posture hold:
But sometimes threatning, sometimes fearefull tis,
Sometimes a firy redd her countenance dyes:
Sometimes her pallid cheekes anger exprest,
Not feare: nor can her wea yed heart finde rest;
But as a while after the windes are ceas'd,
The Ocean murmur's, so oft sobbings eas'd
The maidens breasts. But twixt this inspir'd light,
And her plaine humane vnderstandings sight
A darknesse came; Phœbus obliuion sent;
Then from her breasts the godds high secretts went,
And diuinations to the Tripodes
Return'd againe. But when her fitt gan ease

falls. Nor didst thou, beguil'd (i) *Appius*, feare
n doubtfull oracles thy death so neare;
in that tottering world with hopes most vaine
ought st quietly *Euboa* to retaine.
foole what god but death could set thee free
of the world's generall calamity,
warre? there shall thy hearse entombed ly,
so possesse *Euboa* quietly,
ere th'sea by marble-fam'd Carystos is
ighta'd and pride-reuenging Nemesis
mnus adores; a straighten'd current strong
t channels holds, and Euripus along
res ships by violence, changing oft his tide,
m Chalcis to ill-harbouring Aulis side.
y this time *Cæsar* come from conquer'd Spaine
th his victorious Eagles was againe
rching (k) another way: when fate almost
e prosperous course of his whole war had crost,
conquer'd in no fight the generall
his owne campe gan feare the losse of all
treason's fruit; those hands, that faithfull still
d seru'd his warres, now glutted with the fill
blood, began to quit their generall.
alarmes tragicke sounds not heard at all
while, and cold sheath'd swords their thirst of war
d cool'd, or else the greedy souldier
mning for gaine both cause and generall
uld set his blood-stain'd sword at higher sale.
ar not more in any danger try'd
w tottering and vnfirme a propp his pride
l lean'd vpon, and well might stagger, rest
ll those souldiers hands, and almost left
his owne sword; he, that so many lands
drawne to war, knowes now the souldiers hands,
his must doe the deede. Their plaints now be
dumbe, nor timorous is their mutiny.

That

That cause, that dooes suspitious mindes restrain
Whilest each one feares, where hee is fear'd again
And thinkes that hee himselfe distasts alone
His rulers tyranny, in this was gone.
Their number to secure their feare is able.
Where all offend, the crime's vnpunishable.
They poure out threats; now *Caesar* lett vs cease
From wicked warre; thou seek'st by land and sea
Swords for these throates, and vpon any foe
Wouldst our too cheape esteemed liues bestow;
Some of vs slaine in warre in Gallia ly,
In Spaine ly some, and some in Italy;
Ore all the world thy army's slaughtered
While thou orecom'st, what bootes our blood shed
'Gainst Gaules and Germans in the North so far
For all thou pay'st vs with a ciuill warre.
When Rome wee tooke, and made the Senate fly,
What spoiles from men or temples gathered wee
Guilty in swords and hands, all villany
Wee goe vpon: vertuous in pouerty
Alone; what end is there of warre at all,
Or what can be enough, if Rome too small?
See our gray haires, weake hands, & bloodlesse arms
Our vse of life is gone; in warres alarmes
Our age consum'd; send vs now old at least
To choose our deaths, this is our badd requeste:
Our dying limmes on hard ground not to lay,
Nor strike steele helmetts till our dying day:
To seeke some frends to close our eyes in death;
To gett oure proper piles; our last to breath
In our wiues armes; lett sicknesse end our dayes;
Lett's vnder *Caesar* finde some other wayes
Of death then sword; why hoodwinkt leadst thou
With a vaine hope on acts portentuous?
As if in ciuill warre wee were not able
To know what treason is most profitable?

warres haue taught him nothing, if not this
wee can doo; nor is this enterprise
dd by law; hee was our generall
German warres: here wee are fellowes all:
me treason soiles, it makes of æquall state.
es in his vnthankefull æstimate
valour's lost, and whatsoere wee doo
l'd his fortune; but lett *Cæsar* know
are his fate. Though frended by the godds,
is nothing, if with vs at odds.
saide, about his tent they muster all
angry lookes seeking their generall.
lett it goe, yee godds, since piety
kes vs, and our hopes on vice rely,
discord make an end of ciuill warre.
t generall would not such a tumult scarre?
Cæsar; that the fates still suddaine tryes,
loues through greatest dangers t'exercise
fortunes, comes; nor till their rage abate
es hee, but meetes the fury of theire hate.
es, and Temples spoiles to them hee were
y'd, though *Ioue's* Tarpeian house it were,
tors wiues and daughters to deflower.
villanyes would *Cæsar* from his power
e them aske freely, and warres guerdon loue:
nothing feares, but that his men should proue
est. Ah *Cæsar* art thou not asham'd
t ciuill warre by thine owne souldiers damn'd
uld bee allow'd by thee? shall they first bee
ary of blood, and hate impiety,
ilest thou runn'st headlong on through wronge & (right?
e ore, and learne to line out of a fight;
e thy guilt leaue to end. Why to these warres
ost thou enforce vnwilling souldiers?
e ciuill warre flyes from thee; on the topp
a turfe mount stands *Cæsar* feareless vpp,

Deserving

Deseruing feare by his vndaunted looke;
And thus, as angre prompted him, he spoke.
Whom you with hands and lookes did absent bra
Souldiers, vnarm'd, and present now you haue.
Here sheath your swords, if you would end the wars.
Sedition, that no act of valour dares,
Faint hearted fooles, and flying spirits declares
Tir'd with their matchlesse Captaines conquering fa
But goe; leaue me to war with mine owne fate:
These weapons will finde hands, when I cashiere
All you, as many men, as swords are heere,
Will fortune send me; shall all Italy
In such a fleete with vanquisht *Pompey* fly?
And shall my conquests not bring men to share
The wealthy spoiles of this neere finisht warre,
Reaping the profit of your toile, and so
Vnwonnded with my laurell'd chariot goe?
You an old worne, and bloodlesse company
(Then Rom's plebeians) shall my tryumphs see.
Can *Cæsars* fortune feele the losse of you?
If all the streames, that into th'Ocean flow,
Should threaten to withdraw themselues; the seas
Would by the losse of them no more decrease,
Then now they fill. Thinke you that such as ye
Can any moment to my fortunes be?
The gods care neuer will so low descend,
That fates your deaths or safeties should attend;
The fates attend on great mens actions:
Mankind liues for a few; and you, whom once
Spaine fear'd, and all the North, whilst vnder me;
If *Pompey* were, your generall would fly.
Whilest *Labienus* did with *Cæsar* stay,
He was a man; now a base runaway
Flyes with his chosen cheife ore sea and land.
Nor shall your faith in my opinion stand

etter, though me ye make nor enemy
or generall; he that reuolts from me,
nd does not *Pompeys* faction straight maintaine
e neuer will my souldier be againe.
he gods themselues ouer my campe haue care,
nd would not venture me in such a warre
re I haue chang'd my men. A burden maine
as fortune from my weary shoulders taine;
may disarme those hands now lawfully,
hose boundlesse hopes earth could not satisfy.
ut of my campe; I'le for my selfe make wars:
esigne those Eagles vp to souldiers
ase citizens: but those that authors were
f this sedition, punishment shall heere
etaine, not *Casar*; fall vpon the ground,
eild your disloyall heads and neckes to wound;
nd you, which now my campes sole strength shall be
oung souldiers, learne to strike, and learne to dy
eiwing their deaths; the foolish people than
an tremble at his anger; and one man
ade all them feare, who had it in their hand
o ruine him, as if he could command
he swords themselues, and without souldiers make
is warres, but in this punishment to lacke
ssisting swords he feares: they patient all
xceede the hope of their sterne generall;
ot onely swords, but throates they offer; he
eares nought but 'batement of their cruelty.
A (*l*) couenant dire this quarrell doues decide,
ith punishment the army's pacify'd.
n ten dayes march to reach Brundusium
e bids them straight, and call all shipping home,
hat on crookt Hydrus, and old Taras then,
eucas close shores, and the Salapian fenn
isperſed were, and Syprus, ore which stands
ruitfull Garganus on Italian lands

Reaching the Adriatike, and their tasts
Dalmation North, Calabria Southerne blasts.
Caesar without his troupes goes safe alone
To trembling Rome now taught to serue a gowne;
And (kind forsooth) yeilds at the peoples prayer
To be dictator (m) honour's highest staire,
And ioyfull Calendars, being Consul, made.
For all those words (n) then their beginning had,
With which ere since our Emperours we claw.
But *Caesar* that his power might want no law,
Falsely the name of magistrate purloines,
And to his swords the Roman axes ioynes,
Fasces t'his Eagles, and with fitting shame
Signes the sad times; for by what Consuls name
Will the Pharsalian yeere be better knowne?
A fain'd assembly in the field is (o) showne;
The people giue their suffrages compell'd,
Not lawfully admitted, th'urnes are held,
The tribes are cited; voices throwne in vaine
Into the vrne; the Augurs deafe remaine
Though loud it thunder, and are fore'd to sweare
That birds auspicious, though sad owles, appeare.
Thence that once honour'd power her dignity
First lost; but lest the times vnnam'd should be,
Our Calendars doe (p) monethly Consulls fill.
That god that dwells on Troian Alba's hill
Though not deseruing (Latium conquer'd) sees
The Consuls solemne nightly sacrifice,
Caesar departing thence runs forward right
Swifter then whelpe-robb'd Tyger, or the flight
Of lightening ore Apulia, where the field
Vnplow'd no corne, but slothfull grasse does yeild,
And come to Cretan crookt Brundusium findes
The sea vnsaileable for dangerous windes,
And the fleete fearefull of cold winters face.
He thinkes it shame thus to delay the space

Of warre, and keepe the hauen, when the sea
Lies ope to men lesse fortunate then he
And thus perswades his men to try the seas;
The Northerne winds more constantly possesse
Both ayre and Ocean, when they once begin;
Then those which the vnconstant spring brings in.
We haue no turnings different shores vpon,
Our way's forth right; the North winde serues alone.
Would he would stuffe our sailes bending our masts
And force vs vpon Greece with furous blasts,
Left *Pompey's* gallys from Dyrrachium meete
With their swift oares our becalmed fleet.
Then cut the cables, that our fleete doe stay,
We loose the stormes, these clouds will passe away.
Now in the Sea bright *Sol* had hid his head,
And starres appear'd the moone her shadowes spread:
The fleet at once weigh'd anchor, and drew out
The sailes at length, which straight they turn'd about
To the ships length and spread the topsailes too,
To loose no gust of wind what euer blow.
When a soft gale had made the sailes to swell
For a short space, downe to the mast they fell
Againe; that winde, that put them from the shore,
Was able now to follow them no more.
The seas flat face now all becalmed lyes
Like standing pooles; no waues, no billowes rise.
So bridled is the Euxine sea, whose course
Ister, nor Thracian Bosphorus can force:
The frozen sea lets goe those ships no more,
That once it takes; the horses trample ore
Safely where ships haue saild; the Bessians
Furrow Mæot is frozen backe with waines,
This cruell calme does the sad Ocean make
(As if the seas their nature did forsake)
Like standing pooles; th'Ocean obserues no more
His ancient course; he had forgot to rore:

No tides flow to and fro; nor seemes the sun
To dance vpon the waters motion.
To many dangers this becalmed fleete
Is subiect; on one side they feare to meete
Pompey's swift galleys; on the other side
Detain'd at sea a famine to abide.
From these new feares arose a new desire:
They wish the Ocean would collect his ire
And all the windes would wrestle, so it were
No calme; but no such signes, no cloudes appeare:
The skies, and seas conspir'd to take away
All hope of shippwracke; but th'ensuing day
All clouded ore did confortable prooue: (mooue.
Waues from th' seas bottome rose; hills seem'd to
The shipps were borne away, and as they swimme
The waues in crooked furrowes follow them.
With prosperous windes, and seas they reach the land,
And anchor cast vpon Palestes sand. (pitch
The place, where first both generalls (q) campes did
Neare to each other, was that region, which
Swift Genusus, and gentle Apsus round
Encompasse; Apsus, because slow, profound,
And nauigable is: the other flowes
(Encreast by showres, and sun-dissolued snowes)
More swift; both channells are but short, not farre
From sea the springs of both these riuers are.
Heere fortune first those two famed Heroes brought
Together; the vaine-hoping world had thought
The generalls now no farther off remoou'd
This wicked warre would both haue disaprou'd;
Each ot hers face they saw, and well might heare
Each others voice; ah *Pompey*, many a yeare
Not nearer did thy once lou'd father in law,
Since that deare pledge the death of *Iulia*,
And her young sonne, see thee, till stain'd with gore
Hee saw thy face on Ægypts cursed shore.

But

But part of *Cæsar's* (r) forces left behinde
Made him protract the battell, though his minde
Were feirce on fight; those bold (s) *Antonius* ledd,
In ciuill warres now vnder *Cæsar* bredd
For *Leucas* fight; whom making long delay
With threats, and prayers thus *Cæsar* calls away:
Thou mischeife of the world, why doest thou wast
The godds, and fates good will? my prosperous hast
Has done all hitherto; fortune from thee
Requires the last hand to this speedily
Successefull warre; doo Libya's quicksands ly,
Or her deuouring gulfes twixt thee and mee?
Haue I commited thee to vnknowne seas,
Or sent thee on vntryed casualtyes?
Cæsar commands thee not, coward, to goe,
But follow him; my selfe heere, where the foe
Incamped lyes, am first arriued now.
Fear'st thou my campe? wee loose what fates bestow:
And to the windes, and seas I bootelesse plaine.
My forward souldiers doo not thou detaine,
That would take any seas, if I iudge right,
They'd come through shippwracke vnder mee to fight.
Now I must speake in greife, the world I see
Is not diuided twixt vs æqually,
In Epire *Cæsar*, and th' whole Senate rest,
Thou art alone of Italy possest.
But hauing often vs'd such words as those,
They still delaying, *Cæsar* gan suppose
The godds not wanting vnto him, but he
To them; and rashly did resolue to try
By night those seas, which they for feare forbore
Although commanded, finding euermore
Bold actions thriue; and hopes in a (t) small bote
Ouercome those waues whole nauyes ventur'd not.
Now weary night warres toilesome cares did end:
Poore men tooke rest, whose meane estates could lend

Their breasts sound sleepe; the campe all silent proon'd
When the third houre the second watch had moou'd.
With carefull stepps through this vast silence then
Caesar, what not the meanest of his men
Would doo, entends; leaues all, and goes alone
With none but fortune his companion:
And passing through the courts of guard, hee finde
All fast asleepe, complaining in his minde
That hee could passe; but at the water side
Hee found a boate with a small cable ty'd
Fast to a recke: the man, that ow'd, and kept
of his boate, not farre from thence securely slept
In a small cottage of no timber trees,
But wouen reedes, and barren bulrushes
Built vpp: a boate's turn'd bottome did suffice
To fence his wall. Here *Caesar* twice or thrice
Knockt with his hand that all the cottage shak'd:
From his soft bedd of sedge *Amyclas* wak'd. (whom
What shippwrackt man, quoth hee, knockes there, or
Has fortune driuen to my poore house to come
For shelter? speaking thus hee rose from bedd,
And his fir'd match with better fuell fedd;
Secure from feare of warre: such houses are
(Full well hee knowes) no spoile for ciuill warre.
Oh safe blest poore mans life, oh guist of all
The godds, not yett well knowne: what city wall,
What temple had not fear'd at *Caesar's* stroke?
But when the doore was ope, thus *Caesar* spoke:
Enlarge thy hopes, poore man, expect to haue
More wealth from mee then modesty can craue:
Only transport mee to th' Italian shore,
This trade of liuing thou shalt neede no more,
No more shall labour thy poore age sustaine.
Yeild to they fate; a godd is come to raine
Downe showres of wealth thy little house vpon.
Thus *Caesar* though disguis'd forgetts the tone

Of priuate men, when poore *Amyclas* made
This answere; many things (alas) dissuade
My minde from trusting of the seas to night.
The sunne sett pale, his beames dispers'd; whose light
Partly to North, and partly South inclin'd.
The middle of his orbe but dimmely shin'd;
And dazled not the weake beholders eyes:
With dulled hornes did the pale moone arise,
Not free from cloudes her middle part shee had:
Her pointed ends no horne directly made:
First redd betokening windes, then pale shee was,
And in darke cloudes obscur'd her mourning face.
But the shores noise, the murmur of the woods,
The Dolphins playing vpp and downe the floods
With course vncertaine I mislike; no more
Like I the Cormorants flocking to the shore:
Nor that the Herne on her smooth wing relying
Presumes to reach the skyes with lofty flying;
Nor that the crow waggling along the shore
Diues downe, and seemes t'anticipate a showre.
But if affaires of weight require mine aide,
To vse my skill I will not bee afraide;
Either the windes, and seas shall it deny,
Or I will reach the shore of Italy.
This saide, loosing his vessell hee putts on,
And spreads his sailes, at whose first motion
Not only th' vsuall falling starres did make
In the darke aire a long and fiery tracke,
But euen those starres, which make their fixt abode
In th' high est *Spheres*, did seeme to shake and nodd.
The seas blacke face a terrour dooes diffuse;
The threatning waues in trackes voluminous
Boile vpp; the seas by blasts vncertaine blowne
Betoken many windes conception.
Then thus the master spake; behold how great
A danger the sea teemes withall: as yett

Vncertaine tis what winde rough East or West:
Shall come; the barke's on euery side distrest
With seuerall waues; the cloudes, and skies expresse
The Southwindes rage: the murmur of the seas
The Northwestwinde, in such a storme to shore
Not safe, nor shippwrackt can wee ere gett ore;
No course but one of safety dooes remaine
Hopelesse to steare our courses backe againe.
Lett's sett our danger'd barke a land, before
Wee are too farre gone from the Græcian shore.
Cæsar presuming that all dangers great
Would yeild to him, contemne, quoth hee, the threat
Of raging seas; spread sailes, and if the sky
Warrant thee not to goe for Italy,
Ile warrant thee; the iust cause, why thou fear'st
Is this, because thou know'st not whom thou bear'st
Him whom the godds neuer forsake; to whom
Fortune accounts it iniury to come
After his wish; breake through the waues; alone
Thinke thy selfe safe in my protection.
These are the troubles of the seas and skyes,
Not of our barke: this barke, where *Cæsar* is,
Her cariage shall protect; nor long shall this
Storme last: but happy for the Ocean tis
This barke is heere. Oh turne not backe thy hand,
Nor thinke vpon Epire's adioining land;
Thinke on Calabria's shore safe to arriue,
Since no land else to mee can safety giue.
Alas thou knoweft not why these terrours rise,
In all these tumults of the seas and skyes
Dooes fortune striue to pleasure mee. No more
Hee spooke; when straight a furious whirwinde tore
From the rent barke her shrowdes, and downe it flung
The sailes, that on the trembling mainemast hunge.
The ioint-dissolued vessell sounds, when lo
Windes full of danger from all quarters blow:

First from th' Atlantike Ocean *Corus* blowes
Rowling the waues and raised billowes throwes
With violence against the rockes amaine:
Him Boreas meetes, and turnes them backe againe;
The sea stands doubtfull to what winde to yeild,
But Scythian Boreas fury winnes the feild;
But though high waues hee from the bottome reare,
Yett to the shore those waues hee cannot beare;
They meete with those that Corus brings, and breake.
The seas thus rais'd (though now the winds were weak)
Would meete themselues. Nor must you now surmise
Eurus is still, or showre-blacke *Notus* lyes
Imprison'd close in *Æol's* rocky caue.
They from their seuerall quarters rush to saue
With furious blasts their lands from beeing drown'd,
And keepe the sea within his proper bound.
For oft (they say) small seas by violent winde
Haue beene transported: so th' *Aegæan* ioin'd
With the *Tyrrhene*: so with th' *Ionian*
The Adriatike met. How oft in vaine
That day the sea seem'd mountaines topps t'oreflow,
And yeilding earth that deluge t'vndergoe.
But such high waues on no shore raised bee,
But from the worlds farre parts, and the maine sea
They rowle; the earth-embracing waters bring
Their monstrous waues, so when the heauēs high King
Help'd his tir'd thunder with his brothers mace
To mankinds ruine, earth then added was
To Neptunes Kingdome, when the sea confounded
All lands, and *Tethys* by no shore was bounded,
Contented with no limitt but the skyes.
Then also would those swelling seas arise
Vpp to the starres; had not great *Ioue* keept downe
Their waues with cloudes, nor sprung that night alone
From naturall causes; the thicke aire was growne
Infected with the dampes of *Acheron*,

And clogg'd with foggy stormes; waues frō the maine
Fly to the cloudes, and fall like showres againe.
The lightnings light is lost; it shines not cleare,
But shootes obscurely through nights stormy aire.
The heauens then trembled; the high pole for feare
Resounded, when his hindges mooued were.
Nature then fear'd the old confusion:
The elementall concord seem'd vndone;
And night, that mixt th' ætheriall deityes
With the infernall, seem'd againe to rise;
Their hope of safety was that in this great
Wracke of the world they were not perisht yett.
As farre as you from *Leucas* topp may see
The quiet sea, so farre could they descry
From waues high topps the troubled Ocean;
But when the swelling billowes fall againe,
The maine mast top scarce aboue water stands:
The toppsailes touch the cloudes, the keele the sands.
For ground is seene from whence the seas arise
In hills; in waues the seas whole water is.
Feare conquers art: the master does not know
Which weaue to breake, which waue to yeild vnto.
But the seas discord only aides them now;
The Barke one billow cannot ouerthrow
Lett by anothers force, which still susteines
The yeilding side; the barke vpright mainteines
Her course, supported by all windes, no more.
Low *Sasons* gulfes, Thessalia's crooked shore,
Or the Ambracian dangerons ports they fear'd,
But ore the high Ceraunia to bee rear'd
By billowes; *Caesar* thinkes it now to bee
A danger worthy of his destiny;
Are the godds troubled so to ruyne mee,
Whom sitting heere in a small barke (quoth he)
They haue assaulted with a storme so lowd?
If on the seas, not warres they haue bestow'd

The glory of my death, feareless I come
Yee godds, to any death that yee can doome:
Though this too hasty fate great actes breake off,
I haue already done things great enough;
The Northren nations I haue tam'd, and quell'd
My foes at home by armes: Rome has beheld
Great *Pompey* my inferiour; honours stay'd
From mee in warre, the people forc'd haue pay'd,
All Roman honours in my titles bee.
Lett it bee knowne, fortune, to none but thee
(Though full of honour to the shades below
I both Romes Consul, and Dictator goe)
I dy a priuate death, ô godds I craue
No funerall: lett the seas inmost waue
Keepe my torne carkasse: lett mee want a tombe,
And funerall pyle, whilest lookt for still to come
Into all lands I am, and euer fear'd. (rear'd
Thus hauing spoke (most strange) the tenth waue
His barke aloft; nor from the billowes topp
Did shee fall downe, kept by the water vp,
Till on the rocky shore shee stood at last.
His fortune, and so many kingdomes (cast
On shore) and townes againe hee did receiue.
Casar's returne next morne could not deceiue
His souldiers so, as his stolne flight had done,
About their generall flock they euery one
Assaulting him with lamentations,
And not ingratefull accusations;
Whither did thy rash valour carry thee
Too cruell *Casar?* to what destiny
Didst thou leaue vs poore soules, venturing vpon
Th' vnwilling seas, and stormes thy selfe alone?
In thee to seeke for death was cruelty,
When all the world esteemes thy head so high,
And on thy life so many liues of ours
Depend; did none of vs deserue t'haue power

Not

Not to suruiue thee? sleepe did vs detaine,
While thou wert tost vpon the watry maine.
Was this the cause thou wentst to Italy?
(Alas it shames vs) it was cruelty
To venture any man on such a sea;
For the last act of things such hazards be.
Why doost thou tire the gods so much to goe,
And venture the worlds greatest captaine so?
From fortune's worke, and fauour thus t'haue sent
Thee safe a shore to vs, be confident
Of the warres issue. This vse doost thou make
Of the gods fauour to escape a wracke,
Rather then gaine the worlds sole soueraignety?
Thus while they talke, night past, the Sun they see,
And a cleare day; his waues, the tired maine
(By the windes leaue) compos'd, and smooth'd againe.
The Captaines also on th'Italian side
When the tir'd Ocean free from waues they spy'd
By the pure Northwinds rising; thence conuay'd
Their ships, which their skill'd marriners had stay'd
So long for feare while winds auspicious fail'd.
Like a land army their ioyn'd nauy sail'd
On the broad sea; but the chang'd windes by night
Fill'd not their sailes, but broke the order quite.
So Cranes in winter Strymon's cold forsake
To drinke warme Nile, and in their first flight make
(As chance directs) of letters various formes;
When their spread wings are by the violent stormes
Of strong South-windes assailed, by and by
In a confused globe all mingled fly:
The letter's lost in their disranked wings.
But the next morne when rising Titan brings
A stronger winde to driue the nauy ore,
They passe the vaine-attempted Lissus shore,
And to Nymphæum come: Southwinds, that blow
The hauen on them (the Northwindes fled) below.

When *Casars* legions all collected were,
And *Pompey* saw the war was drawne so neere
To his owne campe, he thinkes best to prouide
For his wiues safety, and in Lesbos hide
Thee faire *Cornelia* from the noise of warre.
Alas in iust and noble mindes how farre
Preuailes true loue? true loue alone had power
To make great *Pompey* feare wars doubtfull houre;
His wife alone he wisht free from that stroke,
That all the world, and Romes whole fortune shooke.
But now a ready mind wants words in him:
He yeilds to sweete delayes; from fate steales time.
But when th'approching morne had banisht rest,
And faire *Cornelia* his care-wounded breast
Clasping, from her auerted husband seekes
A loving kisse, wondring to feele his cheekes
Moistened with teares; the hidden cause she feares,
And dares not find great *Pompey* shedding teares.
He then thus mourning spake: oh dearest wife
Dearer to me then life, not now, when life
I loath, but in our best prosperity,
That sad day's come which too too much haue wee,
Yet not enough differr'd. *Casar's* addrest
For fight; thou must not stay; Lesbos the best,
And safest place will be for thee to hide;
Doe not entreat me sweet; I haue deny'd
It to my selfe; nor absent long shall we
Remaine, for swift will this wars tryall be;
Great things fall speedily. To heare, not see
Thy *Pompey's* danger is enough for thee.
Thy loue deceiues me, if thou couldst endure
To see this fight; for me to sleepe secure
With thee (this war begun) and from thine armes
To rise, were shame, when the wars loud alarmes
Shake all the world, and that thy *Pompey* came
Sad with no losse to such a warre were shame.

Nor

Nor shall thy husband's fortune altogether
Oppresse thee, farre remoou'd saferthen either
People or king. And should the gods contriue
My death, let *Pompeys* better part suruiue,
And a place be, whither I may desire
If fate and *Casar* vanquish, to retire.
Her weakenesse could not such great griefe containe,
Her sences fled, she did amaz'd remaine.
At length when sad complaints these words could frame,
My Lord, quoth she, I haue no cause to blame
Our wedlockes fortune, or the gods aboue:
No death, no funerall diuides our loue:
We part the common, and plebeian way,
For feare of warre *Cornelia* must not stay.
Let's be diuorc'd to gratifiy the foe,
Since hee's at hand. *Pompey* esteem'st thou so
My faith, or think'st thou any thing can be
Safer to me then thee? Depend not we
Vpon one chance? canst cruell thou command
Thy absent wife this ruines shocke to stand?
Or think'st thou it a happy state for me
(While thy chance yet does doubtfull stand) to dy
For feare of future ill? I will attend
Thy death; but till sad fame the newes can send
So farre, I shall be forced to suruiue.
Besides thou wilt accustome me to grieue,
And beare so great a sorrow, as I feare
(Pardon that I confesse) I cannot beare.
And if the good gods heare my prayers now,
I last of all the happy newes shall know.
I on the rockes, when thou art conquerer,
Shall carefull sit, and euen that ship shall feare,
That bringes the happy newes: nor will my feare
Haue end, so soone as I thy conquest heare;
So farre remoou'd from thee, that *Casar* may
(Though flying) seize *Cornelia* as a pray.

My banishment will Lesbos shore renowne,
And make the towne of Mitylene knowne,
Where *Pompey's* wife abides. My last request
Is this, if thou be conquer'd, and nought rest
To saue thy life but flight, to any bay
Rather then that turne thy vnhappy way.
Vpon my shore thou wilt be surely sought.
This said, from bed she leapt with griefe distraught,
Her woes with no delayes to enterlace;
Nor could she then her Lord's sad breast embrace,
Nor hang about his necke; the last fruite's gone
Of so long loue: their griefes they hasten on:
And at the parting neither had the power
To say farewell. Neuer so sad an hower
In all their life had they. Succeeding woes
Their mindes by custome hardened could compose.
She fainting falls, and in her seruants hands
Lifted is borne to sea; but on the sands
She falls, as if that shore she faine would keepe,
At last perforce shee's carry'd to the ship.
From her deare countrey's shore not so distrest
Fled she, when *Cæsar* Italy possest,
With *Pompey* then she went: now all alone
Wanting that guide, she from her Lord is gone.
Sleepelesse she spent in her now widow'd bed
Cold; and alone the night that followed.
That side that naked vs'd not to be left,
And of a husbands company bereft.
Oft would she, when her sleepy armes she spread,
With hands deceiu'd embrace the empty bed,
Seeking her Lord, her flight she would forget;
Nor, though loues flame fed on her marrow, yet
Ore all the bed she would not tumbling spread.
Fearing to misse her Lord, that part of bed
She kept; but fate did not so well ordaine;
The howr's at hand that bringes her Lord againe.

FINIS.

Annota-

Annotations on the fift Booke.

(a) Pompey's *losses, as we saw before in the* 2. 3. *and* 4. *Bookes were these, all his garrisons beaten out of Italy, and himselfe driuen from thence; Massilia sackt: all Spaine lost, togither with his army vnder the conduct of* Afranius *and* Petreius. Cæsars *losses a cohort of Opitergians, which kill'd themselues on the Illyrian sea with their captaine* Vulteius, *and* Curio *kill'd by king* Iuba.

(b) *Phocis was then made free as well as Massilia her colony, which* Cæsar *besidg'd.*

(c) Deiotarus *king of Galatia brought to the army of* Pompey *sixe hundred horsemen.*

(d) Cotys *king of Thracia sent to the Army fiue hundred horsemen vnder the conduct of his sonne* Sadalis.

(e) Rhasipolis *brought from Macedonia two hundred horsemen.*

(f) Ptolemey *defrauded his sister* Cleopatra *of her share in the kingdome, and in killing* Pompey *saued* Cæsar *the doeing of that impious act.*

(g) Appius *the Gouernour of Achaia desirous to know the euent of the ciuill warre, compelled the chief Priest of Delphos to descend to the oracle, which had not of a long time beene vsed.*

(h) *In the midst of the hill there was a deepe hole into the earth, out of which came a cold spirit, as it were a winde, and filled the Prophetesses with a fury so that they instantly prophesied of things to come,*

(i) Appius *thinking this oracle had warned him onely to abstaine from this war, retired himselfe into that country which lyeth betweene Rhamnus, and Carystus called Cala Euboa, where before the battle of Pharsalia*

lia hee dyed of a disease, and was there buryed, and possest quietly the place which the oracle had promised him.

(k) Cæsar was now returned to Placentia from Spaine where he had conquered Afranius and Petreius two of Pompey's Lieutenants, and was going from thence into Italie and Macedonia against Pompey; in the meane time this mutiny happened.

(l) Cæsar cashiered with ignominy all the ninth legion at Placentia; and with much adoe after many prayers receiued them againe, but not without taking punishment of the chiefe mutenyers.

(m) Cæsar made himselfe Dictator at Rome without any lawfull election, that is neither named by the Senate or Consul; but eleuen dayes after he left his Dictatorship hauing made himselfe and Publius Seruilius Consuls.

(n) Then beganne all those names of flattery, which they afterward vsed to their Emperours, as Diuus, Euergetus, Father of his countrey, Founder of peace, Lord, and the like.

(o) After all gouernement was in the hands of Cæsar alone, all the ancient rites in creating of magistrates were quite taken away, an imaginary face of election was in the field of Mars; the tribes were cited, but were not assorted distinctly, and in the true forme to giue their suffrages, the other orders were but vaine; for the Emperour commended him to the Centuries whom he would make Consul; or else designed him, and chose him himselfe. The Augury also was abused, and the Augurers interpreted euery thing as they were compelled.

(p) Vnder the Emperours, Consuls were oft chosen for but an yeare for 1. 2. or 3. moneths.

(q) Pompey was then in Candauia; but when he heard that Cæsar was come, and was possest of Oricum, and Aulonia; hee hasted to Dyrrachium. Cæsar pitched his

his tents at one side of the riuer Apsus, and Pompey at the other.

(r) Cæsar hauing landed his men the same night sent backe the ships to Brundusium for Antonius to transport the rest of his legions, and his horsemen, whose slow comming made Cæsar deferre the fight.

(s) This Marcus Antonius after the death of Iulius Cæsar had warre with Augustus, by whom he was vanquished in a sea fight neere Leucas.

(t) When part of the army for want of ships stay'd at Brundusium, vnder Antonius, Gabinius and Calenus Cæsar impatient of delay resolued to goe himselfe a messenger to call them in a stormy night, and a little vessell, some say a boate that would beare twelue oares; he vnknowne to all his army hee past in a disguised habit through all the courts of guard, and went to sea.

BK vi

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE WILLIAM Earle of *Deuon: &c.*

TO your most noble censure (honor'd Lord,
Great in your vertues, as your fortunes, stor'd
With all things, which first made Nobilty)
Lucan *appeales from the bold iniury*
Of cruell Criticks, who deny the name
Of Poet to him, and presents this same
Sixt Booke to be his plea, this Booke of all
His fam'd Pharsalia, *most Poeticall.*
Here if Eriothoes *horrid height, in spells*
Blacker then night, or her imagin'd hells,
Passe not the rites, which Horace *has bestow'd*
On dire Canidia, *or* Medea *ow'd*
To Ouid's *witt; If this excell not all,*
Under a noble Judge let Lucan *fall.*

LVCANS
Pharſalia.

The ſixt Booke.

The Argument.

Cæſar *encloſing* Pompey *with a fence,*
And trenches of a vaſt circumference
Endures a famine, Pompey *peſtilence,*
Who breaking through eſcapes a conquerer thence.
Braue Scæua's *valour, and admired fight.*
Into Theſſalia Cæſar *takes his flight;*
Great Pompey *followes: the deſcription,*
And Poets tales, that Theſſaly renowne.
To the dire witch Erictho Sextus *goes*
This fatall warres ſad iſſue to diſcloſe:
She quickens a dead carcaſſe, which relates
To Sextus *eare, his, and his fathers fates,*
And crauing then deaths freedome to obtaine
Is by a magick-ſpell diſſolu'd againe.

WHen on neere (*a*) hils both Generalls fierce (*b*) of fight
Had pitch'd their tents, and drawne their troopes in ſight
And the gods ſaw their match: *Cæſar* in Greece
Comes to take townes, or ow the deſtinyes

For any conquest, but his sonne in law's.
The worlds sadd howre, that to a tryall drawes
This warres maine-chance, hee wishes for alone,
That cast of fortune, that must ruine one.
Thrice on the hills his battell hee array'd,
And all his threatning Eagles thrice display'd,
Shewing that hee would neuer wanting bee
T'orethrow the Roman state. But when hee see
No prouocations could his sonne in law
(Who close entrenched lay) to battel draw,
From thence (*c*) hee march'd by woody passages,
And close, to take Dyrrachiums fortresses.
Thither a nearer way great *Pompey* takes
Along the shore, and on high Petra makes
His campe, to guard from thence Dyrrachium towne
Safe (without men) by her owne strength alone.
No human labour, no old structure made
Her fence, which would (though nere so lofty) fade
By force of warre, or eating time oretaken.
A strengh, that by no engine can bee shaken,
Her scite, and nature giue; the sea profound,
And steepe waue-breaking rockes enclose it round;
But for one little hill an Iland 'twere:
Shipp-threatning rockes susteine the walls, and there
Th' Ionian sea rais'd by the southwindes blasts
Her temples shakes, and frothy foamings casts
Ore houses topps. Warre-thirsty *Cæsar* then
Conceiu'd (*d*) a cruell hope, spreading his men.
Round on the hills from euery side t'enclose
With joined trenches his vnwary foes:
And all the ground surueying with his eye
Is not content alone to fortifiy
His workes with brittle earth but weighty stone
From quarryes diggs, vast rockes, houses torne down
And Greekish walls brought thither make a fence
Able the rammes assaulting violence,

And all warres furious engines to withstand;
Hills leuell'd, valleyes rais'd make euen land
In *Cæsars* workes, with trenches wide enclos'd
And towred castels on the hills dispos'd.
With a vast circuite hee takes in the ground,
About the pastures, woods, and shelters round
As'twere for deere, spreading a wide-stretch'd toile.
Pompey no roome, nor pasture wants; for while
Hee thus enclos'd by *Cæsars* trenches is,
Hee remooues campes; (so many riuers rise,
And their whole course within this circuite runn)
And *Cæsar*, tir'd going to looke vpon
His workes, makes often stayes. Lett ancient tales
To the godds worke adscribe the Troian walls;
Lett flying Parthians still admire alone
The brittle earth-built walls of Babylon.
As farre as Tigris, and Orontes runn,
As the Assyrian Kings dominion
Stretch'd in the East, a suddaine worke of warre
Encloses heere. Lost those great labours are.
So many hands would to Abydos putt
Sestos: fill vp the Hellespont: and cutt
Corinth from Pelops land: and from the seas
Take long Malea for the sailers ease:
Or mende some part (though nature should deny)
Of the worlds structure. Here warres quarters ly:
Here feedes that blood that in all lands must flow,
The Libyan, and Thessalian ouerthrow.
Warres ciuill fury boiles kept straitly in.
The workes first structure *Pompey* hadd not seene,
As whoo in middest of Sicily safe dwell,
When rough Pelorus barkes, can neuer tell:
As Northren Brittaines cannot heare the rore
Of flowing seas against the Rentish shore.
But when himselfe beguirt so farre hee knew
By a vast trench, hee from safe Petra drew

His troopes: and ore the hills dispos'd them so
To keepe the rankes of his beseidging foe
More thinn: and tooke of the enclosed ground
As much in lengh, as is true distance found
Twixt lofty Rome, and th' Aricinian wood,
Where Scythian Dian's ador'd image stood:
As farre as Tyber's streame from Romes walls ends
By straight account, not as the riuer bends.
No trumpetts sound: piles vncommanded fly:
Mischeise's oft done as they their iauelins try.
Both cheifes are kept from fight by greater care:
Pompey because his pasture feilds are bare;
The ground hee had, by horse oretrampled was,
Whose horny hooses trood downe the springing grasse.
The warre-like steed weary'd in those bar'd feilds,
When the full-racke prouinder farre brought yeilds,
Tasting his new-brought food falls downe and dyes
Treading the ring, fail'd by his trembling thighs.
Their bodyes wast by dire consumption;
The vnstirr'd aire drawes moist contagion
Into a pestilentiall cloud; such breath
Nesis exhales from her darke caues beneath;
Such poison'd aire, where bury'd *Typhon* lyes,
The ground sends forth; apace the army dyes.
The water from the aire infection taking
With costiuenesse torments the bowells aking:
Dry's theire discolourl'd skinn: their blood-swolne eyes
Doo breake: the fiery plague with botches flyes
All ore the face: their heauy heads fall downe.
Now more and more suddaine their death was growne:
Twixt life and death the sickenesse has no roome;
But death doues with the first faint symptomes come.
By carcasses, which all vnburyed ly
Among the liuing growes mortality.
T'was all the souldiers buriall to bee cast
Out of the tents. This plague was staide at last

By

By blasts of strong aire-stirring Northren winde,
Shipps fraught with corne, the shore, and sea behinde.
But *Cæsar* free vpon the spacious hills
No pestilence from aire or water feeles:
But (as if straight beseig'd) a famine strong
Is forc'd to suffer: corne as yett not sprong
To the full height: his wretched men hee sees
Fall to beasts food, eate grasse, and rob the trees
Of leaues, and tender twigges: and venturing more
Death-threatning herbes from rootes vnknowne they
What euer they could bite, soften with heat, (tore.
Or through their wounded palats downe could gett,
And things, that human tables nere did know,
Content to eate, besidg'd (e)their full-fedd foe.
When through the trenches *Pompey* pleas'd to make
His way, and freedome of all lands to take:
Hee seekes not th'obscure time of dusky night,
Scorning to steale a passage free from sight:
But rather force the trenches, and breake downe
The forts, and passe, where ruine leades him on,
Through swords and slaughter to enforce his way.
That part of the neere trench most fittly lay
Minutius castle call'd; trees thickly sett
Making a groue obscure or shadow'd it.
Hither his Cohorts by no dust betray'd
Hee ledd, and suddainly the walls assay'd.
So many Roman Eagles glister round
The feild at once, so many trumpetts sound,
That now to swords the victory nought owes:
Feare had discomfited th' astonisht foes.
Yett (wherin valour only could bee show'd)
That ground, where first they stood, they dying strow'd.
But the *Pompeyans* now want foes to slay:
Whole showers of piles in vaine are throwne away.
Then fire rowl'd vpp in pitchy stuffe they throw
Vpon the workes: the shaken turretts bow,

Threatning a fall, the battred bulwarks grone
Beat by the rammes impetous fury downe,
And ore the trenches *Pompeys* Eagles fly
To vindicate the Roman liberty.
That place, which not a thousand companyes,
Nor all the strengh of *Caesar* could surprise,
One man alone guards from the Conquerers,
Denying *Pompey's* conquest, whilest hee weares
A sword, and liues. His name was *Scaua*, once
A common souldier of those legions,
That seru'd in Gallia: then Centurion
By blood promoted, to all mischeiue prone,
And one that knew not in a ciuill warre
How great a crime the souldiers valours are.
Hee when hee saw his fellowes leauing fight,
And seeking out safe places for their flight,
Wither (quoth hee) base slaues, and beasts, dooes fear
(Vnknowne to all that armes for *Caesar* beare)
Driue you? can you retire without one wound?
Or are you not asham'd not to bee found
Among the heape of men? though faith were gone,
Anger (me thinkes) should make you fight alone.
Wee are the men of all, through whom the foe
Has chose to breake; lett this day bloody goe
On *Pompey's* side. I should farre happyer dy
In *Caesars* sight: but since the fates deny
Him for a witnesse, *Pompey* shall commend
My death; your breasts and throates vndaunted bend
Against their steele, and turne their weapons backe.
The dust farre of is seene, this ruines cracke
Has by this time enter'd our generalls eares.
Wee Conquer, fellowes; *Caesar* straight appeares
To challenge (though wee dy) this fort; his voice
More then th' alarums first inciting noise,
Their fury stirr'd: then wondring at the man,
And eager to behold the souldiers rann

To see if valour disaduantag'd so
Surpris'd by place and number could bestow
Ought more then death. He making good alone
The falling worke, first throwes dead bodyes downe,
From the full tower to ouerwhelme the foes.
The posts, the walls, slaughter it selfe bestowes
Weapons on him, threatning himselfe to fall
Downe on their heads, and thrusts off from the wall
The breasts of scaling foes with poles, and stakes,
And with his sword cutts off his hand that takes
Hold on the bulwarkes topp; and with vast stones
Pashes their heads in peices, breakes their bones,
And dashes out their weakely-fenced braines.
Downe on anothers haire, and face hee raines
Pitch fir'd; the fire whizzes in burning eyes.
But when the pil'd vpp carcasses gan rise
To æquall the walls height, as nimbly then
Into the middst of *Pompey's* armed men
Scæva leapes downe from thence, as Libbards feirce
Breake thorough the besetting huntsmens speares.
Then *Scæva* wedg'd in round, and by th' whole warre
Enclos'd, yett where hee striks is Conquerer.
His swords point dull with blood congealed growes,
And blunt; nor dooes it peirce, but bruise his foes.
His sword has lost the vse, and without wound
It breakes mens limmes. The foes encircling round
At him direct their weapons all, and all
Their hands aime right, and iauelins rightly fall:
Their fortune a strange match beholds, one man
'Gainst a whole warre. His strong sheild sounded than
With often strokes: his broken helmett beat
Downe to his Temples wrings with paine and heat,
And nothing else protects his vitall parts
But th' outside of his flesh strucke full of darts.
Why with light darts, and arrowes doo you striue
(Vaine fooles) such wounds, as cannot kill to giue?

Lett

Lett the Phalaricke ſtrong her wilde fire throw,
Or maſſy walls of ſtone 'gainſt ſuch a foe:
Lett battring Rammes, and warres vaſt engines all
Remooue him thence; hee ſtands for *Caſar's* wall
'Gainſt *Pompey's* courſe. His breaſt no armes now hide,
Scorning to vſe a ſheild, leaſt his left ſide
Should want a wound, and hee bee forc'd to liue
By his owne fault, what wounds the warre can giue,
Hee takes alone; and bearing a thicke wood
Of darts vpon his breaſt, now wearyed ſtood
Chooſing what foe to fall on; ſo at ſea
Doo Whales, and monſtrous beaſts of Libya.
So a Getulian Elephant clos'd in
By hunters round, all ſhafts from his thicke skinn
Beates backe, and breakes: or mooving it ſhakes off
The ſticking darts (his bowells ſafe enouhg)
And through thoſe wounds no blood hee looſes; ſo
So many ſhafts, and darts cannot beſtow
One death. At laſt a Cretan bow lett fly
A ſure Gortynian ſhaft: in the left eye
Of *Scaua* ſtrucke the ſhaft; hee voide of ſeares
The ligaments, and opticke ſinnews teares,
That th' arrowes forked iron head did ſtay,
And kick'd the ſhaft with his owne eye away.
So if a Libyan looped iauelin peirce
The ſide of a Pannonian beare, more fierce
Growne by her wound, ſhee wheeles her ſelfe about
Eager to catch the dart, and pull it out,
Which ſtill turnes with her. *Scaua's* lookes now bore
No feirceneſſe, all his face deform'd with gore.
A ſhout that reach'd the sky, the Conquerers raiſe;
So little blood (though drawne from *Cæſars* face)
Could not haue ioy'd them more. But *Scaua* now
In his great heart ſuppreſſing this deepe woe,
With a milde looke, that did no valour ſhow,
Hold Countrey-men (quoth hee) forbeare mee now?

Wound

Vounds further not my death, nor now neede I
Hoe weapons in, but these pull'd out, to dy.
nto the campe of *Pompey* carry me:
oo't for your generalls sake let *Scæua* be
ather the example now of *Cæsar* left,
hen of a noble death. *Aulus* beleft
hese fained words of his vnhappily:
nd did not the swords point against him see:
nt as to seize him, and his armes he ventures,
is throate the lightening sword of *Scæua* enters.
is valour then by this one death renew'd
Vax'd hot; who ere dares thinke *Scæua* subdu'd,
hus let him rue (quoth he,) if from this steele
mpey seeke peace, let him to *Cæsar* kneele.
hought you me like your selues, fearefull, and base?
ou loue not *Pompey*, and the Senates cause,
s I loue death. With that the dust rais'd high
aue them all notice *Cæsars* troopes were nigh,
nd from wars shame did the Pompeyans free,
est a whole troope should haue beene thought to flee
om *Scæua* only. When the fight was done
e fell, and dy'd: for fight (when blood was gone)
ent strength. His friends taking him as he falls
pon their shoulders to his funeralls
e proud to beare him, and that breast adore,
s if some sacred deity it bore,
r valours glorious image there did liue.
hen all from his transfixed members striue
o plucke the Piles; and therewithall they dreft
he gods themselues: on Mars his naked breast
eua, they put thy armes. How great endeede
d beene thine honour, if those men, that fled,
d beene the warlike Celtiberians.
ermans long-arm'd, or short Cantabrians.
o triumphs now; no spoiles of this sad warre
an decke the temple of the thunderer.

With

With how great valour, wretch, hast thou procur'd
A lord? Nor did great *Pompey* ly immur'd,
And quiet from attempting fight againe
At this repulse, no more then th'Ocean
Is tir'd, when lifted by strong Easterne blast
'Gainst the repelling rockes, and eates at last
The rockes hard side, making though late, a way.
Assaulting then (*f*) the fort that neerest lay
To th'sea, he takes it by a double war,
And spreads his men ouer the fields afar,
Pleas'd with this liberty of changing ground.
So when full Padus swells aboue the bound
Of his safe bankes, and the neere fields oreflowes:
If any land, not able to oppose
That hill of water, yeild: that it orerunes,
Opening t'it selfe vnknowne dominions.
Some owners must of force their lands foregoe,
Some gaine new lands, as Padus will bestow.
Cæsar, at first not knowing it, by light
From a towres top had notice of the fight:
The dust now lai'd, he sees his walls beat downe;
But when he found it past, and the foe gone,
This rest his fury stirr'd, enraged deepe
That *Pompey* safe on *Cæsar's* losse should sleepe,
Resoluing (though to his owne losse to goe
On, and disturbe the quiet of his foe.
First he assaults *Torquatus*, who descryes
As soone his comming, as the sailer spyes
Th' approach of a Circæan storme, and takes
Downe all his sailes, when once the maine mast shak
His men within the inner wall doth bring,
To stand more firmely in a narrow ring.
Ore the (*g*) first trenches workes *Cæsar* was gone,
When *Pompey* from the hills aboue sent downe
All his whole troopes vpon th'enclosed foe.
Th'inhabitants neere Ætna feare not so

nceladus, when the fierce Southwind blowes,
nd Ætna from her fiery cauernes throwes
er scalding entrailes forth: as *Cæsar's* men,
y the rais'd dust orecome ere they begin
o fight; and in the cloud of this blind feare
lying they meete their foes; terrour does beare
hem to their fate. Then might haue beene let out
he ciuill wars whole blood, and peace beene brought.
ompey himselfe their furious swords restrain'd.
h happy, Rome, still free hadst thou remain'd
ith all thy lawes, and power, if there for thee
lla had conquer'd; 'tis, and still shall be
esar, our griefe, thy worst of wicked deeds
o fight with a good son in law) succeedes.
h luckless fates, for *Munda's* bloody day
aine had not wept, Affricke for *Vtica*;
or had Nile borne, her streame discolouring,
carcasse (*h*) nobler then the Ægyptian King;
or *Iuba* (*i*) nak'd on Libyan sands had dy'd
or had the blood of *Scipio* pacify'd
arthage dire ghosts: nor mens society
ad lost good *Cato*. That day, Rome, to thee
ad beene the last of ills; *Pharsalias* day
n midst of fate had vanished away.
Cæsar this ill-possessed place forsakes,
nd with his mangled (*k*) troopes t'Æmathia makes.
ompey pursues his flying father in law.
hom from that purpose his friends striue to draw,
erswading him to turne to Italy
ow free from enemies. Neuer, quoth he,
ill I like *Cæsar* to my countrey come,
or neuer more vnlesse with peace, shall Rome
e my returne. In Italy I could
aue stay'd at the beginning, if I would
efore Romes temples this sad war haue brought,
nd in the midst o'th market place haue fought.

To

To draw the war fr m home, to'th' torrid zone
Or Scythiaes fartheſt cold I would be gone.
Shall I a conquerer now robbe Rome of reſt,
Who fled leaſt ſhe ſhould be with warre oppreſt?
Let *Caſar* thinke Rome his, rather then ſhe
Should ſuffer from this war. Then Eaſtely
He turnes his courſe, paths deuious marching ouer,
Where regions vaſt Candauia does diſcouer,
And to Theſſalia comes, which fate for this
Sad war ordaind. Theſſalia bounded is
By the hill Oſſa on the Northeaſt ſide;
Pelion, when ſummer's in her height of pride,
His ſhade oppoſes 'gainſt *Sols* riſing rayes;
The woody Othrys Southward keepes away
The ſcorching Lions heate; Pindus his hight
Keepes off the weſterne windes, and haſtens night
By hiding the Suns ſet; thoſe men neere feele
(That in the bottome of Olimpus dwell)
The Northwindes rage, nor all night long can ſee
The ſhining of the Beare. The fields, that ly
A vale betwixt thoſe hills, were heretofore
A ſtanding poole with water couer'd ore.
The fields kept in the riuers; Tempe then
Had no vent to the ſea: to fill the fen
Was all the riuers courſe. But when of yore
Alcides Oſſa from Olimpus tore,
And Peneus ſuddainely the ſea did fill:
Sea-borne *Achilles* kingdome (that had ſtill
Beene better vnder water) firſt was ſhowne;
And *Phylace*, that landed firſt vpon
The Troian ſhore her ſhip; and *Dorion*
For the nine muſes anger woe-begone;
Pteleos, and *Trachis*, *Melibœa* proud
Of great *Alcides* ſhafts on her beſtow'd
Baſe hire for *Oeta's* fire; and where men now
Ouer the once renowned Argos plow:

arissa potent once : and where old tales
escribe the Echionian Theban wales;
hither *Agaue* banisht, there the head,
nd necke of her dead *Pentheus* buryed,
reiu'd she had torne no moe limbes from her son.
The fens thus broke in many riuers run.
n the West side into th'Ionian sea
leare, but small Æas runs : as small as he
uns the Egyptian Isis fathers flood :
nd *Acheloüs*, whose thicke streame with mud
oiles the Echinades : Euenus ore
eleagers Calydon stain'd with the gore
f Nessus runs: Sperchios swiftly slides
nto th'Maliacke sea, whose channell glides
urely along Amphrysus pasture fields,
Where *Phebus* seru'd: Anauros, that nere yeilds
or fogge, nor wind, nor exhalation :
nd what ere riuer by it selfe not knowne
o th'sea, his waues on Peneus bestowes :
pidanos in a swift torrent flowes :
nipeus neuer swift vnlesse combin'd :
elas : and Phænix with Asopos ioin'd :
lone his streame pure Titaresus keepes,
hough in a different-named flood he creepes:
nd vsing Peneus as his ground, he flowes
boue: from Styx (they say) this riuer rose :
Vho (mindfull of his spring) scornes with base floods
o mixe, but keepes the reuerence of the gods.
When first, these riuers gone, the fields appear'd,
att furrowes the Bæbician plowshares reard :
h'Æolian husbandmen then breake the ground,
he Leleges, and Dolopes then wound
er fertile breast; the skil'd Magnetians
horsemanship: the sea fam'd Minyans.
Pelethronian dens t'Ixion there
fruitfull cloud did th'halfe-wilde Centaures beare :

Thee,

Thee, *Monichus*, that couldst on *Pholoë*
Breake hardest rockes: and furious *Rhœcus*, thee,
That vp by th'rootes could strong wilde ashes teare
On Oeta's mount, which Boreas blasts would beare;
Pholus, that didst *Alcides* entertaine:
Rauishing *Nessus* on the riuer slaine
By venom'd shafts: and thee, old *Chiron*, made
A constellation now, who seem'st t'inuade
The Scorpion with thy Thessalian bow:
Feirce warres first seedes did from this countrey grow
Heere the first horse for war sprang from a rocke,
Which mighty Neptune with his trident stroke;
To chew on the steele bitt he not disdain'd
And fom'd by his Thessalian rider rain'd.
From hence the first of ships the Ocean plow'd,
And seas hid paths to earth-bred mortalls show'd.
Itonus first of all Thessalia's King
To forme by hammer did hot mettalls bring;
Made siluer liquid, stamp'd his coines impresse
In gold, and melted brasse in furnaces.
Hence did th'account of money first arise
The fatall cause of war and tragedies.
Heere was that hideous serpent *Python* bred,
Whose skinne the Delphian *Tripos* couered;
Whence to those games Thessalian bayes are brought
Aloeus wicked brood 'gainst heauen here fought;
When *Ossa* on high Pelion's topp was set,
And the Cælestiall orbes swift motion let.
When both the generalls in this land (by fate
Destin'd) encamp'd: the warres ensuing state
Fills all presaging mindes, all saw at hand
That hower on which this warres last cast should stand
Cowards now trembled that warres fate so neare
Was drawne, and fear'd the worst; both hope and feare
To this yet-doubtfull tryall brought the stout,
But one (alas) among the fearefull rout

Was *Sextus*, *Pompey's* most vnworthy son;
Who afterwards a banisht man vpon
Sicilian seas, turn'd Pirate, and there stain'd
The fam'd sea-triumphs his great father gain'd.
He brooking no delay, but weake to beare
A doubtfull state, endeauoures, vrg'd by feare,
To find fates future course. Nor does he craue
From Delphian *Phebus*, from the Pythian caue,
Or that fam'd Oake fruitfull in akehornes, where
Iues mouth giues answere, this euent to heare.
Nor seekes aduise from them, to whom are knowne
Birds flights, beasts entrailes, lightnings motion,
Nor the Chaldæan skill'd Astrologer,
Nor any secret wayes, that lawfull were:
But magicke damn'd by all the gods aboue,
And her detested secrets seekes to prooue,
Aide from the ghosts, and feinds below to craue,
Thinking (ah wretch) the gods small knowledge haue.
The place it selfe this vaine dire madnesse helpt,
Neere to the campe th'Æmonian witches dwelt,
Whom no inuented monsters can excell;
Their arts what ere's incredible to tell.
Besides Thessaliaes fields, and rockes doe beare
Strange killing hearbes, and plants, and stones that heare
The charming witches murmurs: there arise
Plants, that haue power to force the deityes.
Medea there a stranger in those fields
Gather'd worse herbes then any Colchos yeilds.
Those wretches impious charmes turne the gods eares,
Though deafe to many nations zealous prayers:
Their voice alone beares through the inmost skyes
Commands to the vnwilling deityes,
Which not their care of heauens high motions
Can turne away; when those dire murmurs once
Enter the sky, though the Ægyptians wise,
And Babylonians their deepe misteryes

Should vtter all, th' Æmonian witch still beares
From all their altars the gods forced eares.
These witches spells: Loues soft desires haue sent
Into the hardest hearts 'gainst fates intent;
Seuere old men haue burn'd in impious loue,
Which tempred drinkes, and philtrums could not mouc,
Nor that, to which the fole his damns loue owes,
The swelling flesh that on his forehead growes.
Mindes by no poyson hurt, haue perished
By spells; those, whom no loue of marriage bed,
Nor tempting beautyes power could ere inflame,
By magicke-knot-ty'd thread together came.
The course of things has stay'd to keepe out day
Night has stood still: the sky would not obey
The law of Nature: the dull world at their
Dire voice has beene benumn'd: great *Iupiter*
Vrging their course himselfe, admir'd to see
The poles not moou'd by their swift axeltree.
Showres they haue made; clouded the clearest sky,
And heauen has thunder'd, *Ioue* not knowing why.
By the same voice, (with haire loose hanging) they
Moist swelling clouds, and stormes haue chas'd away.
The sea without one puffe of wind has swell'd;
Againe in spite of Auster has been still'd:
Ships sailes haue quite against the windes been sway'd:
Steepe waters torrents in their fall haue stay'd:
And riuers haue run backe. Nile not oreflowne
In Summer time: Mæander straight has run.
Arar has hasten'd, Rhodanus growne slow:
High hills sunke downe haue æquall'd vales below.
Aboue his head the cloudes Olympus saw:
In midst of winter Scythian snowes did thaw
Without the Sun: the tide rais'd Ocean
Æmonian spells beat from the shore againe.
The ponderous earth out of her center tost,
Her middle place in the worlds orbe has lost;

So great a weight strooke by that voice was stirr'd,
And on both sides the face of heauen appear'd.
All deadly creatures, and for mischeife borne
Both feare, and serue by death the witches turne;
The Tigers fierce, and Lyons nobly bold
Fawne vpon them: cold snakes themselues vnfold,
And in the frosty fields ly all vntwin'd:
Dissected vipers by their power are ioin'd.
Their poison'd breathings poison'd serpents kill.
Why are the gods thus troubled to fulfill,
And fearefull their enchantments to contemne?
What bargaine has thus ty'd the gods to them?
Doe they obey vpon necessity,
Or pleasure? or some vnknowne piety
Deserues it? or some secret threats preuaile?
Or haue they iurisdiction ouer all
The gods? or does one certaine deity feare
Their most imperious charmes, who, what so ere
Himselfe is forc'd too, can the world compell?
By them the starres oft from the pole downe fell;
And by their voices poison Phæbe turn'd,
Growne pale with darke, and earthly fires has burn'd;
Nolesse then it debarr'd her brothers shine
By enterposall of the earth betweene
Her Orbe, and his: these labours vndergone
Has shee, depreſt by incantation,
Vntill more nigh shie foam'd her gelly on
Their herbes. These spells of this dire nation,
And damned rites dreadfull *Erictho* scornes
As too too good, and this foule art adornes
With newer rites; in towne her dismall head,
Or houses roofes is neuer couered.
Forsaken graues, and tombes (the ghosts expell'd)
Shee haunts; by fiends in æstimation held.
To heare hells silent counsells, and to know
The Stygian cells, and misteryes below

Of *Dis*, her breathing heere no hindrance was.
A yellow leaneneſſe ſpreads her lothed face;
Her dreadfull lookes, knowne to no lightſome aire,
With heauy hell-like paleneſſe clogged are.
Laden ſhe is with long vnkemmed haires.
But when darke ſtormes, or clouds obſcure the ſtarres
From naked graues then forth *Erictho* ſtalkes
To catch the nights quicke ſulphur; as ſhe walkes
The corne burnes vp, and blaſts where ere ſhe tread;
And by her breath cleare aires are poiſoned.
Shee prayes not to the gods, nor humbly cryes
For helpe, nor knowes ſhe pleaſing ſacrifice;
But funerall flames to the altars ſhe preferres,
Frankincenſe ſnatch'd from burning ſepulchers.
The gods at her firſt voice grant any harme
Shee askes, and dare not heare her ſecond charme.
Liue ſoules, that rule their limbs, ſhe does entombe:
Death (though vnwilling) ſeizes thoſe, to whom
The fates owe yeeres; with a croſſe pompe men dead
Returne from graue, coarſes from tombes haue fled;
Yong mens hott aſhes, and burnt bones ſhe ſnatches
Out of the midſt of funerall Piles, and catches
The kindling brand in their ſad parents hand;
The funerall beds blacke ſmoaking fragments, and
Their aſhy garments, and fleſh-ſmelling coales.
But when ſhe findes a coarſe entombed whole
Whoſe moiſture is drawne out, and marrow growne
Hard by corruption, greedy hauocke on
Each limbe ſhe makes; and from their orbes doth teare
His congeal'd eyes, and ſtickes her knucles there.
She gnawes his nailes now pale, ore growne, and long:
Bites halters killing knotts, where dead men hung:
Teares from the gibbetts ſtrangled bodies downe,
And from the gallowes licks corruption.
Shee gathers dead mens limmes, which ſhowres haue (wette
And marrow harden'd in *Sols* ſcorching heate.
She keepes the nailes that pierc'd crucifi'd hands,

And gathers poiſonous filth, and ſlime that ſtands
On the cold ioynts, and biting with her fanges
The harden'd ſinewes, vp from ground ſhe hangs.
And where ſo ere a naked carcaſſe ly,
Before the beaſts, and rauenous fowles ſits ſhe;
But teares, or cuts no limbe, till it be bit
By Wolues; from whoſe dry iawes ſhe ſnatches it.
Nor ſpares ſhe murdering, if life-blood ſhe need,
That from a throat new open'd muſt proceede.
She murders, when her ſacrifices dire
Life-blood, and panting entrailes doe require:
And births abortiue by vnnaturall wayes
From wounded wombes ſhe takes, and burning layes
Them on her wicked altars; when ſhe lacks
Stout cruell ghoſts, ſuch ghoſts forthwith ſhe makes.
All deaths of men ſerue for her action.
From yong mens chinns ſhe puls the growing downe,
And dying ſtriplings haire ſhe cuts away.
Erictho oft when ore the coarſe ſhe lay
Of her dead kinſman, and did ſeeme to kiſſe,
Off from his maimed head would bite a piece;
And opening his pale lips, gelled, and clung
In his dry throat ſhe bites his cold ſtiffe tongue:
And whiſpering murmurs dire by him ſhe ſends
Her banefull ſecrets to the Stygian feinds.
By generall fame when *Sextus* notice had
Of her, in depth of night, when *Titan* made
At the Antipodes their noone of day,
Ouer the deſart fields he takes his way:
The ſeruants waiting on his folly then,
Searching through broken tombes, and graues of men,
Op'd on a rocke at laſt, where Æmus bends,
And the Pharſalian lofty hills extends,
Erictho ſitting; ſhe was trying there
Spells, which nere witch, nor magicke god did heare,
And for new purpoſes was framing charmes.
For fearing leaſt the ciuill warres alarmes

 Should

Should to some other land bee carryed thence,
And Thessaly should want that blood's expence:
Phillippi feilds with incantations stain'd,
And sprinckled with dire iuice shee did command
Not to transferre the warre, meaning t'enioy
So many deaths, and the worlds blood t'employ:
The carcasses of slaughter'd Kings to maime,
And turne the Roman ashes was her aime:
To search for princes bones, and each great ghost.
But what best pleas'd her, and shee study'd most,
Was what from *Pompey's* coarse to take away,
Or vpon which of *Casars* limmes to prey.
Whom first thus *Pompey's* fearfull sonne bespake;
Wisest of all Thessalians, that canst make
Foreknowne all things to come, and turne away
The course of destiny, to mee (I pray)
The certaine end of this warres chance relate.
I am no meane part of the Roman state,
Great *Pompey's* sonne, now either lord of all,
Or wofull heir of his great funerall.
My minde, though wounded now with doubtfull feare
Is well resolu'd any knowne woe to beare.
Oh take from chance this power, it may not fall
Vnseene, and suddaine on mee; the godds call;
Or spare the godds, and force the truth out from
The ghosts below, open Elysium,
Call forth grimme death himselfe, bidd him relate
Which of the two is giuen to him by fate.
Tis no meane taske, but labour whorthy thee
To search what end of this great warre shall bee.
The impious witch proud of a fame so spread
Replyes, young man, wouldst thou haue altered
Some meaner fate, it had beene easily done
I could haue forc'd to any action
Th' vnwilling godds. I can preserue the breath
Of him, whom all the starres haue doom'd to death:

And, though the planetts all conspire to make
Him old, the middst of his lifes course can breake.
But fates, and th' order of great causes all
Worke downeward from the worlds originall;
When all mankinde depend on one successe,
If there you would, change ought, our arts confesse
Fortune has greater power: but if content
You bee alone to know this warrs euent,
Many, and easy wayes for vs there bee
To finde out truth; the earth, the sea, the sky,
The dead, the Rodopeian rockes, and feilds
Shall speake to vs. But since late slaughter yeilds
Such choise of carcasses in Thessaly,
To raise vp one of those will easyest bee:
That a warme new-slaine carcasse with a cleare
Intelligible voice may greete your eare.
Least (by the sunne the organs parch'd, and spill'd)
The dismall ghost vncertaine hizzings yeild.
Then double darknesse ore nights face shee spredd,
And wrapping in a foggy cloud her head,
Shee searches where th' unbury'd bodyes ly;
Away the wolues, and hungry vultures fly
Loosening their tallands, when *Erictho* comes
To choose her prophett, griping with her thummes
Their now cold marrows, seeking where a tongue,
And lungs, with filletts whole, vnwounded hung.
The fates of those slaine men stand doubtfull all
Which of their ghosts shee from the dead would call.
Hadd shee desir'd to raise th' whole army slaine,
And to reuiue them for the warre againe,
Hell had obey'd: from Styx, by her strange might
The people all hadd beene drawne backe to fight.
When shee a carcas fitting hadd espy'd,
An hooke shee fasten'd in his throate, and ty'd
To it a fatall rope, by which the hagg
Ore rockes and stones the wretched carcasse dragg,

That must reuiue. Vnder the hollow side
Of an high mountaine, which to this blacke deede
The witch had destin'd, shee the carcasse layes.
A deepe, and vast descent of ground there was,
As low (almost) as the blinde caues of *Dis*:
Which a pale wood with thicke, and spreading trees
Barring the sight of heauen, and by *Sol's* light
Not penetrable, did oreshadow quite.
Within the caue was bredd by dreary night
Pale mouldy filth, and darknesse sadd; no light,
But light by magicke made, ere shined there
Within the iawes of *Tænarus* the aire
Is not so dull, that balefull bound twixt hell,
And vs; the princes, in those shades that dwell
Send without feare their spiritts hitherto;
For though this hagge can force the fates to doo
What ere shee please, tis doubtfull whither here,
Or there those ghosts in their true place appeare.
Shee putts a various colour'd cloathing on,
And fury-like her haire loose handing downe
Was bound about with vipers, her face hidd;
But when young *Sextus*, and his traine shee spy'd
Shaking for feare, and his astonisht eye
Fixt on the ground, banish those feares, quoth shee,
His lifes true figure you shall see him take,
That cowards neede not feare to heare him speake.
But if the furyes to your eyes were showne,
The Stygian lakes, and burning Phlegeton,
The giants bound, and Cerberus that shakes
Hid dreadfull curled mane of hissing snakes,
Why should you feare, cowards, whilest I am by,
To see those fiends, that shake at sight of mee?
Then with warme blood, opening freshwounds, shee
His breast: and gore to th' inward parts distills:
Of the Moones poisonous gelly store shee takes:
And all the hurtfull broodes, that nature makes:

Foame of madd doggs, which sight of water dread:
The pythe of staggs with serpents nourished
Was mixed there: the dire *Hyana's* knott,
The spotted *Lynx* his bowells wanted not:
Nor that small fish, whose strengh, thougth Eurus rise
Can stay the course of shipps: the Dragons eyes:
The sounding stone, that broodings Eagles make
Warme in their nests: th'Arabian nimble snake:
The redd sea-viper, pretious gemms that kept:
Skinns from th' aliue Libyan *Cerastes* stript:
The Phœnix ashes lay'd in Araby.
With these when vile, and namelesse poisons shee
Hadd mixt, and leaues fill'd with enchantments strong,
And herbes which her dire mouth had spitt on young,
What poison shee did on the world bestow.
Then adds a voice to charme the godds below
More powerfull then all herbes confounding noices
Much dissonant, and farre from humane voices.
There was the barke of doggs, the wolnes sadd howle,
The scriches wailing, hollowing of the Owle:
All voices of wilde beasts, hissing of snakes,
The sound that beat from rockes the water makes:
The murmur of stirr'd woods, the thunders noise
Broke from a cloud: all this was in her voice.
The rest Æmonian incantations tell,
And thus her voice peirces the lowest hell.
Furyes, and Stygian fiends, whose scourges wound
All guilty soules, Chaos, that wouldst confound
Un-number'd worlds: King of the earth beneath,
That greiu'st to see the godds exempt from death:
Thou Styx, and faire Elysium, which no spirit
Of a Thessalian witch deserues t'enherit:
Thou, that thy mother hat'st, *Persephone*,
And heauen, thou lowest part of *Hecate*,
By whom the silent tongues of fiends with vs
Haue entercourse: hells porter Cerberus,

That

That curiishnesse into our breasts dooſt putt:
You destinyes, that twice this thread must cutt:
And thou the burning streames old ferriman
Tired with ghosts brought backe to mee againe;
If I inuoke you with a mouth prophane,
And foule enough, to heare these prayers daine:
If with a breath fasting from humane flesh
These incantations I did nere expresse:
If womens wombes whole burdens vpon you
And luke-warme braines I often did bestow:
If on your altars heads of infants slaine
I sett, and bowells, that must liue againe,
Obey my voice; no ghost, that long has felt
The Stygian shades, nor long in darkenesse dwelt,
But one that lately from the liuing went,
And is but yett at pale hells first descent,
And one, which (though obedient to this spell)
Could bee but once transported ore to hell
I aske; lett some knowne souldiers ghost relate
Before great *Pompey's* sonne his fathers fate,
If ciuill warre of you haue merited.
Then lifting vpp her foaming mouth and head
Shee saw hard by the ghost of that dead man
Trembling to enter his old goale againe;
Fearing those cold pale members, and into
That wonded breast, and entrailes torne to go.
Ah wretch, from whom deaths guiſt is tane away
(To Dy no more) that fates durst thus delay
Erictho wonder'd; wrath with death, and fate
The liueles coarse with liuing snakes she beate:
And through earths crancys, which her charmes
Bark'd to the fiends, and thus hells silence shooke.
Megera, and *Tisiphone* that slight
My voice, through hell with your dire whipps
Hither that wretched spirit, or from below
By your true names of Stygian bitches you

I will call vpp, and to the sunnes light leaue:
No dead mens graues shall harbour, or receiue
Your heads, Ile follow you obseruing well,
And from all tombes, and quiett vrnes expell.
False *Hecate*, thee to the godds Ile show,
(To whom thou vsest with bright lookes to goe)
In thy pale rotten forme, and so prouide
Thou shalt not thy Tartarian visage hide.
Vnder the earths vast weight, I will relate
What food detaines thee: in what wedlockes state
Thou lou'st the nights sadd King, with such a staine,
That *Ceres* shall not wish thee backe againe.
Gainst thee, the worlds worst iudge, I will sett free
The giants, or lett in the day to thee.
Will you obey, or shall I him inuoke,
Whose name the earths foundations euer shooke?
Who without hurt th'vnuailed *Gorgon* sees:
Of whose strong stripes *Erinnys* scarefull is:
Who keepes an hell vnknowne to you; and where
You are aboue: that dare by Styx forsweare.
Then straight the clotted blood grows warme againe
Feedes the blacke wounds, and runnes through euery (veine
And th'ourward parts: the vitall pulses beare
In his cold breast: and lifes restored heate
Mixt with cold death through parts disused runns,
And to each ioint giues trembling motions,
The sinnews stretch: the carkasse from the ground
Rises not by degrees, but at one bound
Stands bolt vpright: the eyes with twincking hard
Are op'd: not dead, nor yett aliue appear'd
The face: his paleneſſe still, and stiffeneſſe stayes,
Hee stands at this reuiuall in amaze;
But his dumbe seal'd-vpp lipps no murmur made,
Only an answering tongue, and voice hee had.
Speake (quoth *Eritho*) what I aske, and well
Shalt thou rewarded bee: if truth thou tell,

By

By our Hæmonian art Ile sett thee free
Throughout all ages, and bestow on thee
Such funeralls, with charmes so burne thy bones.
Thy ghost shall heare no incantations.
Lett this the fruit of thy reuiuall bee,
No spells, no herbs shall dare to take from thee
Thy long safe rest, when I haue made thee dy.
The godds, and prophetts answer doubtfully;
But hee, that dares enquire of ghosts beneath,
And boldly goe to th' oracles of death,
Is plainly told the truth; spare not, but name
Plainly the things, and places all, and frame
A speech, wherin I may conferre with fate:
Adding a charme to make him know the state
Of what soere shee askt; thus presently
The weeping carcasse spake: I did not see
The sisters fatall threads, so soone (alas)
Backe from those silent bankes enforc'd to passe.
But what by speech from all the spiritts I gain'd,
Among the Roman ghosts fell discord reign'd:
Romes wicked warre disturb'd hells quiett rest:
Some Captaines from sadd hell, some from the blest
Elysian feilds come forth, and there what fate
Entends to doo, they openly relate:
The happy ghosts look'd sadd, the *Decii* then
Father and sonne, warres-expiating men:
I saw the *Curii*, and *Camillus* wailing,
Sylla himselfe against thee, fortune, railing:
His issues Libyan fate braue *Scipio*
Bewail'd; and *Cato* Carthages great foe
His nephew's bondage-scaping death did mone.
Among the blessed spiritts *Brutus* alone
Reioic'd, first Consul, that Romes kings exil'd?
Feirce *Catsline*, sterne *Marius*, and the wilde
Cethegi breaking chaines oreioyed were:
The popular law-promulging *Drusi* there,

d daring *Gracchi* shouting clapt their hands
tter'd for euer with strong iron bands
Plutoes dungeons; impious ghosts had hopes
blessed seates; *Pluto* pale dungeons opes,
epares hard stones, and adamantine chaines,
punish the proud Conquerour, ordaines.
ke you this comfort, in a blessed roome
he ghosts expect your side, and house to come,
d for great *Pompey* in Elysium
epare a place. The houre shall shortly come
nuy not then the glory of so small
life) that in one world shall lodge you all
ake haste to meete your deaths, and with a minde
ughty, (though from small funeralls) descen'd
tread vpon the soules of Roman gods.
r burialls is all this mortall odds;
d the Pharsalian fight must only try
ho shall by Nile, and who by Tyber ly.
t seeke not thou thy destiny to heare,
hich fate, though I bee silent, will declare:
surer prophett shall thy father bee
Sicily, although vncertaine hee
ither to call thee, whence to bidd thee flee,
in what coast or climate safe to bee,
are Europe, Assia, Affricke: fates diuide
ur funeralls, as they your triumphs did.
h wretched house, to you the world shall yeild
place more happy then Pharsalia's feild.
hus hauing spoke the carcasse did remaine
ith a sadd looke, and begg'd for death againe,
t could not dy without a magicke spell,
d herbes: nor could the fates restore to hell
is soule once sent from thence. With that the witch
uilds vpp a lofty funerall pile; to which
he dead man comes: shee layes him on the fires,
eaues him, and lets him dy, and then retires

With

With *Sextus* to his fathers campe: and now
The welkin gan *Auroraes* light to show:
But to the campe till *Sextus* take his way,
The darke charm'd night kept off approaching day,

FINIS.

Annotations on the sixt Booke.

(a) *From their campes by the riuer Apsus both generalls at one time brought forth their armies;* Pompey *intending to entercept* M: Anthonius, *and* Cæsar *intending to ioyne with* Anthony. Anthony *certified by some Greeies of* Pompey's *ambushes, kept within his campe; the next day* Cæsar *came to him.* Pompey *then fearing to be enclosed by two armies, departing thence marched to Asparagu neere Dyrrachium; and there encamped; thither also marched* Cæsar, *and encamped not farre from him.*

(b) Cæsar *wanting prouision was desirous of battel, but* Pompey *better prouided of all necessaries purposely delayed it.*

(c) Cæsar *perceiuing that* Pompey *would not be drawne out to fight, the next day by a great compasse, and difficult way went to Dyrrachium hoping to exclud* Pompey *thence, where his corne, and prouision lay, which* Pompey *perceiuing, went thither also by a neerer way.*

(d) Cæsar (*that his owne men might with the lesse danger forrage, and fetch in corne; as also to hinder* Pompey *from forraging, and to lessen his estimation amongst forreine nations*) *kept with garrisons all the tops of the hills, and fortified castles there, and drew strong trenches from castle to castle, so on euery side enclosing* Pompey

he worke extended fifteene miles in compaſſe, being ſo *rge that* Pompey *within wanted nothing, and* Cæſar *ld not man his workes round.*

(e) Cæſars *ſouldiers wanting victuall beſieged* Pompey *nding with all ſtore of prouiſion.* Pompey *ſeeing the* *ange vnheard of food, that* Cæſars *ſouldiers eate while* *y beſieged him, ſaid that he now made warre againſt* *aſts.*

(f) Pompey *vnderſtanding by ſome renegadoes that* *ſars croſſe trench betweene the two bulwarkes toward* *e ſea was not finiſhed, ſent a ſhip manned with archers,* *d other ſouldiers to aſſault the defenders of the worke* *hind. Himſelfe about the end of night came thither al-* *with his forces.* Cæſars *cohorts, that watched there* *ere the ſea, ſeeing themſelues aſſaulted both by land* *d ſea, ran away: whom the* Pompeyans *purſued with a* *at ſlaughter, till* Mar: Anthonius *with twelue cohorts* *ming downe the hill made the* Pompeyans *retreat a-* *ine.*

(g) Cæſar *to repaire that dayes loſſe aſſaulted with* *ee and thirtie cohorts the Caſtle which* Torquatus *t, and beate the Pompeyans from the trench. Which* *mpey hearing brought his fift Legion to their ſuc-* *r.* Cæſars *horſemen fearing to bee encloſed began* *to flie, which the foote ſeeing, and ſeeing* Pom- *there in perſon, fledd alſo; this victory if* Pom- *had purſued, he had vtterly ouerthrowne* Cæſar.

h) Pompey *the great ſlaine vpon the bankes of Nile.*

(i) Iuba *King of Mauritania which had ſlaine* *rio and his Legions before, in the Affrican* *re was vanquiſhed by* Cæſar, *and fearing to* *into* Cæſars *hands, hee and* Petreius *ſlew each* *r.*

(k) *For in theſe two conflicts* Cæſar *loſt nine hundred* *men, ſixty two horſemen, thirty Centurions, tenne* *nnes, and thirty two Enſignes of warre.*

BK VII

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE, AND valiant Generall, Sir HORATIO VERE, Baron of *Tillbury*.

PHarsaliaes *dreadfull feild, sung by a Muse*
High as her subiect was, this seuenth Booke shewes,
Where Romes *vast power, her liberty, & Lawes,*
Great Pompey's *fortune, and the better cause*
Were all enforc'd to yeild to Cæsar's *fate.*
This booke to you I chose to Dedicate
(Renowned Lord) whose prosperous sword did (winne
(In the great'st (a) *battell that this age hath seene)*
To Belgia *liberty, to* England *fame,*
And to your selfe a neuer-dying name.

(a) Newport

TO
THE RIGHT
NOBLE, AND
valiant General, Sir Ho-
RATIO VERE, Baron
of Tilbury.

Hardly is dreadful Fame, long by a
Muse
High in her fabled Wan, this famous
Book Lucre,
Where Romans and power, her liberty, & Laws,
Great Pompey's fortune, and the Lover rage
Were all explore'd to yield to Cæsar's face.
This book to you I object to Dedicate (whose
(Renowned Lord) whose prerogative sword did
(In the great (4) battell that this age hath seen)
To Belgia liberty, to England fame,
And to your selfe a never dying name.

(4) Newport

M

LVCANS

Pharsalia.

The seuenth Booke.

The Argument.

Great Pompey's *flattring dreame, his souldiers all*
Eager of battell, vrge their generall;
Their wish (though rash and fatall) findes defence
In Ciceroes *vnhappy eloquence.*
Against his will great Pompey's *forc'd to yeild:*
The signalls giuen: Pharsalias *dreadfull field*
Is fought; Romes liberty for euer dyes,
And vanquisht Pompey *to Larissa flyes.*

SAd *Titan* later *Thetis* lappe forsooke
Then natures law requir'd, and neuer tooke
A crosser way, as if borne backe againe
By the sphæres course, would be eclipsed faine
Attracting cloudes, not food t'his flames to yeild,
But loath to shine vpon Pharsalia's field.
That night of *Pompey's* happy life the last
Deceiu'd by flattering sleepes he dream'd him plac'd
In the Pompeyan Theater, among
Romes people flocking in vnnumber'd throng;
Where shouting to the skyes he heard them raise
His name; each roome contending in his praise.

Such

Such were the peoples lookes, such was their praise,
When in his youth, and first tryumphant dayes
Pompey but then a gentleman of Rome
Had quieted the west, and Spaine orecome,
Scattring the troopes reuolt *Sertorius* led;
And sat by th'Senate as much honoured
In his pure candid, as triumphall gowne.
Whit er the doubtfu l fancy fearefull growne
Of future fate, run backe to former ioyes;
Or prophesying by such sights implyes
Their contrary, and bodes ensuing woe:
Or else on thee fortune would thus bestow
A sight of Rome, that could not otherwise.
Oh doe not wake him from this sleepe to rise,
No trumpet peirce his eare; the next nights rest
With the foregoing day's sad war oppreſt
Will nought but fights, but blood and slaughter show.
Happy were Rome, could she but see (though so)
Her *Pompey*, blest with such a dreame as this,
And happy night; oh would the deityes
Had giuen one day, *Pompey*, to Rome, and thee,
That both assured of your destiny
Might reape the last fruit of a loue so deere.
Thou goest, as if thy Rome should thee interre:
And she, still mistres of her wish in thee,
Hopes that the fates lodge not such cruelty,
As to deprive her of thy honour'd tombe.
To mourne for thee old men, and yong would come,
Children vntaught would weepe: the Matrons all
With haire (as once at *Brutus* funerall)
Loose hung, would beat their breasts; now though they (feare
The swords of the iniurious Conquerer,
Though he himselfe relate thy death, they'll mourne
At publike sacrifice, as they adorne
Iouis house with laurell; wretched men, whose mone
Conceal'd, in sighs must vent it selfe alone,

And

And dares not ſound in publike theaters.
Now had the riſing Sunn obſcur'd the ſtarres,
When all the ſouldiers murmuring vpp and downe
(The fates now drawing the worlds ruine on)
Deſire a ſignall of the fight; poore men,
Whoſe greater part ſhould neuer ſee the end
Of that ſadd day, about their Generalls tent
(Haſtning the houre of their neere death) they vent
Their paſſions, and complaints; and franticke growne
Their owne, and publike fate they haſten on.
They call great *Pompey* ſluggiſh, timorous,
Patient of *Caſar*, and ambitious
Of ſoueraignety, deſirous ſtill to reigne
Ore all thoſe Kings, and fearing peace againe.
The Kings, and Eaſterne nations all complain'd
Warre was prolong'd, and they from home detain'd.
The godds, when they our ruine had decreed,
Would make it thus our owne erroneous deed.
Ruine wee ſought, and mortall warres requir'd,
In *Pompey's* campe Pharſalia is deſir'd.
Nor did this wiſh want *Cicero's* defence
The greateſt author of Romes eloquence;
In whoſe gowne-rule feirce *Catiline* did feare
The peacefull axes. Now turn'd ſouldier
From barres and pleadings had beene ſilent long,
And this badd cauſe thus ſtrengthens with his tongue.
Pompey, for all her guiſts fortune implores
That thou wouldſt vſe her now: thy Senators,
Thy kings, and all the ſuppliant world entreat
Thy leaue to conquer *Caſar*: ſhall hee yett
So long a warre againſt mankind maintaine?
Well may the forreine nations now diſdaine
(Who ſuddainly were vanquiſhed by thee)
That *Pompey* is ſo ſlow in victory.
Where's now thy ſpiritt, thy confidence of fate?
Canſt thou now doubt the godds (ah moſt ingrate?)

Or fea'rst thou to commit into their hand
The Senates cause? thy troopes without command
Their Eagles will aduaunce: 'twere shame for thee
To bee compell'd to conquer: if thou bee
Our generall, and ours the warre, to try
The hazard lyes in our authority. (threat?
Why hold'st thou the worlds swords from *Casar's*
They all are drawne almost, and tarry not
Thy slow alarmes; make hast, least thy command
They all forsake: the Senate dooes demand
If they thy souldiers, or companions bee.
Great *Pompey* sigh'd to see how contrary
The godds were bent, and fortune crost his minde.
If you bee all (quoth hee) this way inclin'd:
And mee a souldier, not a generall
The time require: Ile bee no lett at all
To fate: let fortune all these nations cast
Into one ruine: bee this day the last
To the great'st part of men. But wittnesse Rome
Pompey's enforc'd to this sadd feild to come. (wound
The warres whole worke neede not haue cost one
But *Casar*, without blood subdu'd and bound
Might haue beene brought to answere iniur'd peace.
What fury's this (oh blinde in wickednesse?)
To conquer without blood in ciuill warre
You are afraid. Masters o'th'land wee are:
The seas are wholly ours: the famisht foe
To fetch in corne vnripe is forc'd to goe
And 'tis become his wish by swords to dy,
And with his ruine mixe our tragœdy.
In this some part is finisht of the warre,
That our fresh water souldiers doo not feare
The fight (if that bee in true valour done)
Into extreamest dangers many runn
For feare of future ill: valiant'st is hee,
That feares not t'vndergoe a danger nigh,

Nor

Nor to differe it. Would you then commit
Your strengh to fortunes hand, and to one fight
The worlds estate, desiring all, that I
Should rather fight, then gett the victory?
The rule of Romes estate thou didst bestow
Fortune, on mee; receiue it greater now:
Protect it in this warres blinde chance: to mee
Nor crime, nor honour shall this battell bee.
Caesar thy wicked prayers 'gainst mine preuaile:
Wee fight: how dismall to all people shall
This day appeare? how many lands vndone
Shall bee? how crimson shall Empeus runne
With Roman bloud? would the first pile of all
This mortall warre would light (if I could fall
Without the ruine of our side) on mee;
For not more ioyfull can the conquest bee.
Pompey a name shall bee to euery one
Of hate, or pity, when this fight is done.
The conquer'd shall endure the worst of woe:
The worst of crimes the Conquerour shall doe.
With that the reines hee to their fury giues,
Suffring the fight. So th'artlesse sailer leaues
His helpelesse barke, when *Corus* blasts are growne
Too strong, to guidance of the windes alone.
A fearefull murmuring noise rose through all parts
Of th' campe: and diuersly their manly harts
Beat 'gainst their breasts vpon the face of some
Appear'd the palenesse of a death to come,
And ghastly lookes; that day (they thinke) fate brings
A lasting state of rule on earthly things:
And what Rome was, after this feild is fought,
Bee ask'd: no man of his owne danger thought
Amaz'd with greater feares. Who, when hee sees
All shores oreflowne, and th'vncurb'd Ocean rise
Ore mountaines topps, the firmament and sunn
Fall downe to earth; in such confusion

Could feare his owne estate? no priuate state
Has time to feare, but Romes, and *Pompey's* fate.
Nor did they trust their swords, vnlesse sharpe-sett
On stones: the points of their dull piles they whett;
Each archer fitts his bow with surest strings,
And choisest arrowes in his quiuer brings;
Horse-men sharpe spurres prouide, and strongest raines.
So when earths Giants vpon Phlegra's plaines
(If with the actes of godds our humane warres
Wee may compare) rebell'd: the sword of *Mars*
In Ætna's forge, and Neptunes three-fork'd speare
Were scowr'd, and sharpen'd: *Phabus* arrowes there
With *Python* dull'd, made sharpe: the blew-ey'd maide
Vpon her sheild *Medusa's* haires display'd:
Ioues lightning then the *Cyclops* moulded new.
Fortune foretold the woes that should ensue
By many tokens; for the stormy sky
Withstood their marches into Thessaly:
The cloudes against their eyes did lightnings throw:
Meteors like lampes, like fiery posts in show,
And beames, cloud-breaking *Typons* did arise,
And lightnings flashes dimm'd, and clos'd their eyes.
Their helmetts plumes were sindg'd; their piles did melt
Sword-blades dissolu'd runn downe the hilts they felt
Their impious swords with sulphur from the skyes
Did smoake: their Ensignes hidd with swarmes of bees
Could scarse be pluck'd from groūd: the bearers bow'd
Themselues to gett them vpp: which seem'd oreflow'd
With teares from thence euen to Thessalia:
The bull from th'holy altars ranne away,
And to Pharsalia faild directly flyes,
Whilest their sadd altar wants a sacrifice.
But what night furyes, what *Eumenides*,
What Stygian powers, or godds of wickednesse,
What hellish feinds, *Cæsar*, didst thou appease
Preparing for such wicked warres as these?

Whither

Whither the godds, or their owne feares had wrought
These wonders, doubtfull tis, but many thought
They saw Olympus meete whith Pindus hill,
And Æmus fall th'adioyning valleyes fill:
That in the night Pharsalia sounded loud
The noise of battell: that Bæbei's flow'd
Swiftly with blood. But most admired they
To see each others face show darke; the day
Grow pale: and night their helmetts ouerspread;
Their fathers ghosts and all their kinsmen dead
T'appeare before their eyes. But this alone
Comforted their sicke mindes, knowing their owne
Impious entents, brothers to kill, and ope
Their fathers throates, they hence conceiued hope,
Thinking these monsters, and portents t'imply
Th'accomplishment of their impiety.
No wonder tis if men so neere their end
Trembled with frantike feare: if fates doo lend
Presaging mindes of future ills to men,
Romans, that soiourn'd in Armenia then,
And Tyrian Gades, and in what coast soere,
Or climate they abode, lamented there,
Blaming their causelesse greife, and did not know
Their losses in Pharsalia's souerthrow.
An Augur sitting on (*a*) th'Euganean mount,
(If fame record a truth) where springs the fount
Of foggy Aponus, where Timauus dooes
First part, and thence in seuerall channells flowes;
This day (quoth hee) the action's in the height,
Pompey, and *Cæsars* impious armyes fight;
Whether *Ioues* thunder, and diuining stroke
Hee had obseru'd, or how thicke aire did choake
The iarring heauens, or on the poles did looke,
Or in the firmament had found this sight
By the Sunnes palenesse, and starres mournefull light;

But

But nature sure did differently display
From other dayes, the sad Thessalian day:
And if all men had skillfull Augurs beene,
By all the world Pharsalia had beene seene.
Greatest of men, whose fates through the earth extend,
Whom all the gods haue leasure to attend;
These acts of yours to all posterity
Whither their owne great fame shall signifie,
Or that these lines of mine haue profited
Your mighty names; these wars, when they are read,
Shall stir th'affections of the readers minde,
Making his wishes, and vaine feares inclin'd
As to a thing to come, not past, and guide
The hearts of all to fauour *Pompey's* side.
Pompey descending downe the hill displayes
His troopes reflecting rising *Phebus* rayes,
Not rashly ore the fields: in order good
And marshall'd well the hapless army stood.
The left wing first was *Lentulus* his care
With the first Legion, then the best in warre
And fourth: Thou, stout *Domitius*, lead'st the right,
Valiant, though still vnfortunate in fight:
In the maine battell with his warlike bands
Brought lately from Cilicia, *Scipio* stands
Well fortify'd: heere vnder a command,
A generall first in Affricks scorched land.
But all along the swift Enipeus side
The loose rain'd troopes of Ponticke horsemen ride:
And mountaniers of Cappadocia,
Vpon the dryer fields in rich array
Doe the earths monarchs, Kings, and Tetrarchs stand,
And all the states, that Roman swords command.
Thither from Libya came Numidians,
Itureas archers, *Crete's* Cydonians:
Feirce *Gaules* there fought against their wonted foe:
There warlike Spaniards their short shields did show

he Conquerour of all triumphs now deprive,
nd lett no people this sad l warre survive.
Caesar that day dislodging to prouide
r corne, was marching out, when hee espy'd
he foes descending downe the champion feild,
nd that so often wisht-for day beheld,
hat on one chance of warre should sett the maine;
ke of delay, and couetous of reigne,
this small tract of time condemn'd had he
he ciuill warre as a slow villany.
r when fates falling ruine shake hee saw,
nd both their fortunes to a tryall draw:
s wondrous loue of sword some languishment
n feele: his minde, though euer confident
f good successe, now doubts: from feare his owne,
Pompey fortunes from presumption,
nd keepe his minde: at last exiling feares
ith confidence hee cheeres his souldiers.
Braue souldiers, the worlds aw, *Caesars* estate,
at day of fight is come, which wee from fate
oft haue begg'd: oh doo not now desire,
t by your valours fortunes aide acquire,
hat *Caesar* is lyes in your hands alone.
is is the day, which passing Rubicon
as promist me: in hope of which we stirr'd,
nd our forbidden triumphs haue differr'd.
his is the day that shall restore to you
ildren and wiues, and shares of land bestow
e'd from warres duties: this the day, that tryes
Vitness'd by fate) whose cause the iuster is.
is field the conquer'd side shall guilty make.
you with fire, and sword haue for my sake
aulted Rome, now fight like souldiers,
nd free your swords from guilt: no hand in wars
ure in both sides iudgement: nor for me
ht you alone, but that your selues may be

Free

Free lords of all the world. I, for mine owne
Content, could liue in a plebeian gowne,
Or bee in any ſtate, ſo you obteine
A perfect freedome; by my enuy reigne.
Nor with much blood ſhall all the world bee bought
But youths of Greece in ſchooles of wreſtling taught,
Baſe ſluggiſh ſpiritts, that neuer armes did beare,
And mixt Barbarian troopes are ſtanding there,
That, when the armyes ioine, will nere abide
The trumpetts ſound, nor ſhowtes of their owne ſide
In ciuill warre few hands, alas, ſhall fight:
Moſt of the blowes vpon Romes foes ſhall light,
And ridd the world of well-ſpar'd people; goe,
Breake through thoſe daſtard nations, and orethrow
The world at your firſt onſett; make it knowne
That all thoſe nations, which ſo oft were ſhowne
In *Pompey's* triumphs, are not worthy prou'd
Of one poore triumph. Are th'Armenians moou'd
Thinke you, what Generall ſhall Rome obtaine?
With leaſt bloods loſſe would the Barbarians gaine
A ſoueraignety for *Pompey*? they abhorre
All Romans, as their lords: and hate thoſe more,
Whom they haue knowne. The truſt of my affaires
To frends, whoſe valour through ſo many warres
In France I haue beheld, dooes fortune now
Commit: what ſouldiers ſword doo not I know?
And when through th'aire a trembling pile is ſent,
Ile truly tell you from what arme it went.
Thoſe ſignes I ſee that nere your Generall fail'd,
Feirce lookes, and threatning eyes; you haue preuail'd
Mee thinkes the riuers ſwell'd with blood I ſee,
And at your feete the ſlaughtered bodyes ly
Of Kings, and Senators; nations to day
Swimme in this bloody feild. But I delay
My fortunes, in detaining from the feild
Your forward ſpiritts: pardon mee though I yeild

A wh

while to pleasing hope: I here did see
he godds so liberall, and so speedily:
tone feilds distance from our wish are wee.
hat Kings, and nations are possest of now,
hen this feild's fought, is *Cæsars* to bestow.
godds, what starres, what influence of the sky
n guen so great a power to Thessaly?
his day allotts the punishment, or gaines
all our warres: thinke vpon *Cæsars* chaines,
s wrackes, and gibbetts: thinke you see this face,
ese quarter'd limmes stand in the markett place:
emember *Sylla* in the feild of *Mars*,
r 'gainst a Syllane Generall are our warres.
y care's for you: this hand shall free mine owne,
ho ere lookes backe before the day bee wonne,
all see mee fall on mine owne sword, and dy.
u godds, whose cares are drawne downe from the sky
Romes dissentions, lett him Conquerer bee,
at to the Conquer'd meanes no cruelty:
nd thinkes his countrymen haue not in ought
isdone, because against his side they fought.
hen *Pompey* in a narrow place had shutt
ur helplesse valour vpp, how did hee glutt
s sword with blood? but this I begge of you
ldiers, lett no man wound a flying foe:
count him still your countreyman, that flyes.
while they stand in fight, lett not your eyes
e moou'd with piety, though in that place
r fathers stood, but with your swords deface
eir reuerend lookes. Who ere has sheath'd his blade
insman's breast, or by the wound hee made
done no wrong to kindred, all as one
him esteeme, kinsman, and foe vnknowne.
vpp the trencers, teare the rampiers downe,
t in full maniples wee may come on:

Spare

Spare not your campe; that campe shall be your owne
From which yon dying army is come downe.
Scarse thus had *Casar* spoke, when euery one
Fell to their charge; and straight their armour doe;
A quicke presage of happy warre they take:
Of their neglected campe hauocke they make;
Not rank'd, nor marshall'd by the generall
Confus'd they stand, leauing to fortune all.
Had all beene *Casars*; had each souldier fought
For monarchy, and Romes sole empire sought,
They could not all with more desire come on.
When *Pompey* saw them march directly downe,
That now the warre admitted no delay.
But this by heauens apointment was the day,
Hee stands amaz'd, and cold: the warre to feare
Twas fatall in so great a souldier.
But cheering vpp his men, his owne feares hiding,
On a proud steed through euery quarter riding
The time your valours wisht for, souldiers;
Is come, quoth hee, the end of ciuill warres.
This is the sword's last worke, the iudging hower
Of nations fates: now shew your vtmost power.
Hee that would see his houshold godds againe,
His country, wife, and children, must obtaine
All by the sword: the godds haue in this fight
Dispos'd them all; our iust cause dooes inuite
To hope: our swords the godds themselues shall guide
Through *Casars* breast, and in his blood prouide
Th'establishment of Roman liberty.
Had they to him decreed a monarchy,
To my old age death might long since haue come.
It was no signe the godds were wrath with Rome
Preseruing *Pompey* for her leader now,
And all helpes else, that conquest can bestow
Illustrious men, such as old times did show,
Doo willingly these dangers vndergoe.

hould the *Camilli*, th'ancient *Curii*
euiue, or the deuoted *Decii*
eere they would ſtand. Forces wee haue from th'Eaſt,
umberleſſe cityes aides : warre neuer preſt
omany hands: wee vſe all nations
fthe whole world, people of all the zones,
fall mankindetwixt North, and South that dwell
re heere : wee may encloſe that army well
With our wide ſtretch'd-out wings : the victory
sks not all hands : ſome neede but ſhowt, and cry.
eſars ſmall ſtrength cannot employ vs all.
hinke that your mothers from the city wall
earing their haire entreat your valour now,
hinke that the old vnarmed Senate bow
heir honour'd hoary heads before your feete,
rd Rome her ſelfe for liberty entreate:
hinke that this age, and our poſterity
oo both entreat : one would in freedome dy,
he other bee freeborne. And if there bee
fter theſe pledges a Rome left for mee.
with my wife and ſonnes before your feete
f th'honour of a generall would permitt)
ould fall ; vnleſſe you conquer heere, your ſhame,
nd *Ceſars* mocke is baniſht *Pompey's* name.
craue in freedome my laſt age to ſpend,
nd not bee taught to ſerue ſo neere my end.
his ſadd ſpeech fir'd the Roman ſpiritts anew,
hey wiſh to dy, ſhould, what they feare, bee true.
With æquall fury then both armyes meete,
ne for ambition, th'other freedome fight.
heſe hands ſhall act, what no ſucceeding yeare,
or all mankind for euer can repaire
hough free from warres : this fight kills men to come
nd the next age, before they enter wombe:
ll Latian names thence fabulous ſhall bee,
nd men in ruin'd duſt ſhall ſcarſely ſee

The

The *Gabii*, *Veii*, *Cora*, nor the roome
Where Alba stood; nor faire Laurentium,
A countrey desolate, which none espyes,
But the forc'd Consuls in night sacrifice
Blaming old *Numa's* institution.
These monuments times ruining hand alone
Has not defac'd: warrs ciuill crimes we see
In that so many cities empty'd be.
To what small number is mankind reduc'd?
We all, whom the whole earth has since produc'd,
Are not enough the townes, and fields to fill:
One towne receiues vs all, and bondmen till
Th'Italian lands; old houses stand alone
Rotten, and want a man to fall vpon:
And wanting her old citizens their slaine
Rome with the dreggs of men is fill'd againe.
This slaughter makes that Rome hereafter free
From ciu'll warre for many yeeres shall be.
Pharsalia is the cause of all these ills.
Let *Canna* yeild, that our blacke annalls fills,
And *Allia* damn'd in Roman Calendars.
Rome has remembred these as her small scarres,
But would forget this day; oh fatall time,
Those liues, that fortune had from euery clime
Brought heere to perish, might all losse repaire
Mankind susteines by pestilentiall ayre,
Sickenes, towne-swallowing earthquakes, or fires rage
Heere fortune showes the gifts of many an age
People, and Captaines, robbing vs of all
In one sad field: to shew, when Rome did fall,
How great she fell; the more thou did'st possesse,
Of earth, the shorter was thy happinesse.
All warrs before did land on thee bestow;
To both the poles *Sol* saw thy conquests goe:
But that a little of the East remain'd,
Thou all the sky-encompass'd globe had'st gain'd:

Thine had beene night, and day: the starres could shine
And planetts wander ore no land but thine.
But this one day thy fate as farre backe beares,
As 'twas aduaunc'd in all those former yeares.
This bloody day is cause that India
The Roman Fasces cannot keepe in aw:
That Consuls doo not with their plowes designe
Sarmatian walls, nor in their bounds confine
The Scythian *Dae*, that still Parthians ow
For the blood lost in *Crassus* ouerthrow.
That liberty nere to returne againe,
And flying ciuill warre, her flight has tane
Ore Tigris and the Rhene; and can bee brought
No more, though with our bloods so often sought:
Would wee had nere that happinesse possest,
Which Scythia, and Germany has blest:
Would Rome had euer seru'd, since that first light
When by the augury of Vulturs flight
Romulus fill'd with theeues his walls begunne,
Euen till Pharsalia's wofull feild was wonne.
Brutus wee taxe, fortune, why did wee frame
Our freedomes lawes, or yeares by Consuls name?
Happy Arabians, Medes, and Easterne lands,
That still haue liu'd vnder their Kings commands:
We last of all (though now asham'd to bow)
A monarch's yoke are forc'd to vndergoe.
No gods at all haue we: when all things moone
By chance, we falsely thinke there is a loue.
Can hee downe from the starry sky behold?
Thessalia's slaughter, and his thunder hold?
Can hee with thunder cleaue a senceless tree,
Pholoë, Oete, harmeless Rhodope?
Must *Cassius* hand rather this tirant slay?
Hee at *Thyestes* feast could shurt vpp day,
Inuolving *Argos* in a suddaine night,
And can hee lend Thessalia his light,

Where brothers fight, and sonnes 'gainst fathers are?
For mortall men no godd at all takes care.
But for this woe reuenge wee doo obtaine
As much as fitts that earth from heauen should gaine:
This warre our Emperours dooes æqualize
To godds aboue, and their soules deifyes,
Adornes their heads with thunder, rayes, and starres:
Rome by mens soules in her godds temples sweares.
When both the armyes marching on apace,
Neere mett, stood parted but a little space,
They veiw'd each others hands, striuing to know
Each others face, thinking which way to throw
Their piles, from whence their fates most threatning (show
What monstrous acts they were about to doo:
There they their brothers, and their fathers spy'd
Against them stand, yett woould not change their side.
But piety their breasts amazed held,
And the cold blood in euery limme congeal'd:
And euery souldier his prepared pile,
And ready stretch'd-out arme contain'd a while.
The godds send thee, ô *Crastinus*, not death
The common plague, but feeling after breath,
Whose pile first throwne of all the fight beganne,
And Thessaly with Roman blood did staine.
Oh frantike violence, did *Cæsar* stand
Quiett, and was there a more forward (*b*) hand?
Shrill cornetts then began the aire to wound,
Th'alarums beat, and all the trumpetts sound:
The noise, and showts of souldiers peirce the sky,
And reach the conuexe of Olympus high,
Aboue the thundring cloudes: the noise they make
The Thracian Æmus sounding valleys take:
High Pelion's cauernes eccho backe the sound,
Which Pindus, and Pangæan rocke rebound:
Th' Oetæan mountaines grone: the souldiers feare
Their showtes thus eccho'd from all hills to heare.

Numberless

Numberlesse piles with different mindes are throwne
Some wish to wound; others to light vpon
The ground, and keep their harmelesse hands from ill,
Chance rules them, and makes guilty whom shee will.
But the least part of slaughter heere was done
With darts and flying steele: the sword alone
Was able ciuill quarells to decide,
And Roman hands 'gainst Roman breasts to guide.
Pompey's great army narrowly dispos'd
In a thicke Phalanx stand with bucklers clos'd
For fence: but wanted roome (their rankes thus fill'd)
To throw their piles, their swords, or armes to weild.
But *Cesars* loose-rank'd troopes all nimbly goe,
And the thicke-armed wedges of the foe,
Making their way through men, and steele, assaile,
And through the strongest iointed coates of maile
Peirce the still guarded breasts: each stroke findes out
A breast, though nere so fenc'd with armes about.
One army suffers, tother makes the warre:
All cold and guiltlesse *Pompeys* weapons are:
All *Cesars* impious swords are reeking hott.
But fortune heere long doubting wauer'd not;
Shee swiftly bore (fitting so great a day)
A mighty ruine torrent-like away.
When *Pompey's* horse ore all the feilds at large
Had spredd their wings, the foes in flanke to charge,
The light-arm'd souldiers scatter'd all attended,
And 'gainst the foe their missile weapons bended;
With their owne weapons euery nation fought,
Yett by all hands the Roman blood was sought;
Arrowes, stones, fire, lead-headed darts were throwne,
Which melted in the aires hott motion.
There th'Ituræans, Medes, Arabians shott
Their shafts; good archers all, yett leuell'd not;
The aire before their eyes was only sought (wrought.
By their wilde aimes, yett death from thence was

But no dire crime could ſtaine the forraine ſteele:
Nought could worke miſchiefe, but the Roman pile.
The ayre was darkened with thicke arrowes flight,
Which ore the fields oreſpread a ſuddaine night.
Then (c) *Cæſar* fearing left his front ſhould yeild
To their aſſault, obliquely cohorts held,
Which ſuddainly from the right wing he ſent,
Whither the wheeling horſe their forces bent.
But *Pompey's* horſe vnmindeſull now of fight
Nor ſtay'd by ſhame at all, take ſpeedy flight;
Vnhappily (alas) were ciuill wars
Left to the truſt of barbarous ſouldiers.
As ſoone as ere ſome galled horſe had throwne
Their riders, and their limbs had trampled on,
The horſemen fled, and left the field each one,
Or turning reines vpon their fellowes run.
No fight enſues, but execution hot,
One ſide with ſword, the other with bare throat
Made war; nor could Cæſarian hands ſuffice
To execute their routed enemyes.
Oh would the blood, that barbarons breaſts did yeild
Could haue ſuffic'd Pharſalia's mortall field,
And that no other blood thy ſtreames might ſtaine:
Let thoſe bones ſcattered ore thy fields remaine:
But if thou wouldſt with Roman blood be fill'd,
Spare all the nations: Let the Spaniards wilde,
Th' Armenians, Syrians, and Cilicians,
Galatians, Gaules, and Cappadocians
Suruiue: for when this ciuill war is done,
Theſe people will be Romans euery one.
Theſe feares once raiſ'd through euery quarter fly,
Sent by the fates for *Cæſars* victory.
Then came the war o *Pompey's* Roman ſtrength,
Which ore the fields were now diſplay'd in length;
There ſtucke the war, there *Cæſars* fortune ſtay'd:
No forreine Kings fought there, no barbarous ayde

From

From seuerall nations to that place was brought:
There their owne brothers, there their fathers fought:
Mischeife, and fury rag'd: there *Caesar*, are
Thy crimes; oh fly from this sad part of war
My soule, and leaue it to eternall night:
Let no succeeding age by what I write
Learne how much ill may be in ciuill fight.
Oh rather let our teares, and sorrowes dy:
What heere thou didst, O Rome, conceal'd shall be:
Caesar th'inciting fury of his men,
And spur to their blind rage, least his guilt then
Should wanting be at all, rides through all parts
Adding new fury to their fired hearts:
Viewing their swords, looking whose points with gore
Were lightly stain'd, whose blades were bloody'd ore:
Who faulter in their blowes, who hold their hand,
Who faintly strike, who fight as by command,
And who with greedinesse; who changes looke
To see a Roman slaine; himselfe then tooke
Suruey of bodyes gasping on the ground,
To let out all the blood crushing their wounds;
As fierce *Enyo* shakes her bloody lance,
And *Mars* incites his warlike Thracians,
Or driues with furious lashes ore the field
His horses starting at *Minerua's* shield.
Blacke nights of slaughter, and dire deedes arise;
Like one great voyce the dying souldiers cryes,
Clashing of armed breasts falling to ground,
And swords with swords meeting, and breaking sound.
He with fresh swords his souldiers still supplyes,
To strike the faces of their enemyes,
Forcing them on, still vrging at their backe,
And with his iaueling beating on the slacke.
Against the Senate. not Plebeian foes
He guides their hands, and swords: full well he knowes

Where the lawes liue, where the states blood does flow
Where hee may Conquer Rome, and ouerthrow
The worlds last liberty. Together then
Fall Senators with Roman Gentlemen.
Those honour'd names *Metelli*, *Lepidi*,
Coruini and *Torquati* slaughter'd dy,
That oft commanders ore great Kings haue been,
And, except *Pompey*, still the best of men.
In a Plebeian helme disguised there
What weapon, noble (d) *Brutus*, didst thou beare?
The Senates highest hope, Romes greatest grace,
The last of all thy ancient honour'd race?
Through the arm'd foes rush not too rashly on,
Nor seeke out thy Philippicke fate so soone:
Fate will to thee a Thessaly allot.
In vaine thou aimest there at *Casars* throte:
Hee has not yett mounted the topp of fate,
And reach'd that height, that gouernes humaine state
To meritt that braue death; no, lett him reigne,
That hee, as *Brutus* offring, may bee slaine.
Heere all Romes honour dyes: here heap'd on high
The slaughter'd Senate with Plebeians ly.
But 'mongst those nobles, that to Styx were sent,
Warrelike *Domitius* (e) death was eminent.
Whom fates had carry'd through all ouerthrowes;
Nere without him did *Pompey's* fortune loose:
Vanquisht so oft by *Casar*, yett dyes now
With liberty, and gladly falls into
A thousand wounds, proud that hee shall no more
Bee pardon'd now. Him weltering in his gore
Casar espy'd, with taunts vpbraiding thus,
Now my successor proud *Domitius*,
At length thou shalt forsake thy *Pompey's* side,
And warre is made without thee. Hee reply'd
With that last breath, which in his dying breast
Struggled; thou, *Casar*, hast not yett possest

The dire reward of all thy wickednesse:
Butt yett art doubtfull of thy fate, and lesse
Then *Pompey*: vnder whom secure I. goe.
And a free ghost downe to the shades below:
And dying hope that thou subdu'd to day
To vs, and him for thy misdeedes shalt pay.
With this last speech away his spiritt flyes,
And night eternall closes vpp his eyes.
Wee cannot in the worlds sadd funerall
Particular teares pay to the death of all,
Nor search each priuate fate; whose breast a wound
Receiu'd; whoo spurn'd mens hearts vpon the ground;
Who through the mouth receiu'd his mortall wound,
And thence breath'd out his soule; whoo fell to ground
At the first stroke, whoo stood vpright, the while
His lopt-off limbes fell downe; whoo with a pile
Was fast nail'd to the earth; whose blood spunne out,
And sprinkled all his foes arm'd breast about;
Whoo kills his brother, and, that then hee may
Without shame riffle, throwes his head away.
Who teares his fathers face, that standers by
Coniecture by his too much cruelty
Twas not his father, whom hee robb'd of life.
No death is worthy of particular greife,
Nor haue wee time to weepe for euery wight.
No other losse was like Pharsalia's fight:
Rome there by souldiers, heere by Kingdomes dyes:
There priuate mens, heere nations tragœdyes:
Heere flow'd Assyrian, Græcian, Ponticke blood:
But all these bloods the powerfull Roman flood
Droue through the feild away. All people there
Are deeplyer wounded, then one age can beare:
Farre more then life, then safety heere is gone:
For all succeding times wee are orethrowne.
These swords subdue all ages that shall serue.
Alas what could posterity deserue

To be in thralldome borne? fought we with feare?
Spar'd we our throates? the punishment we beare
Of others slight. To vs, that since doe liue,
Fates should giue war, if they a tyrant giue.
Pompey perceiu'd Romes fate, and gods were gone,
In all this losse not mooued for his owne
Ill happe. Ascending a small hill to see
The slaughters all, that couer'd Thessaly,
Which, while the war endur'd could not be spy'd:
He thence discern'd how many people dy'd,
How many swords reach at his destiny,
In how much blood he falls; nor wishes he
(As wretches vse) all with himselfe to drowne,
And mixe the nations ruine with his owne:
But for suruiuall of most part of men
He deignes to thinke the gods worthy euen then
Of prayers from him, and makes this to be
His sorrowes comfort; spare, ye gods, quoth he
To sinke all nations: *Pompey* (if you list)
Although the world remaine, and Rome subsist,
May be made wretched; if moe wounds on me
You would inflict, a wife and sonnes haue I:
So many pledges haue we giuen to fate.
Ist nought for ciuill war to ruinate
Me, and my house? are we a losse so small
Without the world? why wouldst thou ruine all
Fortune? now nought is mine. With that he rides
Through his distressed troopes, and on all sides
Sounds a retreat, from death calling them backe,
Thinking himselfe not worth so great a wracke.
Nor lack'd he spirit their weapons to defy
With throat or breast, but fear'd, if he should dy,
No souldier then would fly, but there would fall,
And all the world dy with their generall;
Or out of *Cæsars* sight a death he sought
In vaine: thy head to *Cæsar* must be brought,

Where ere he pleaſe to ſee't. His wiues deare ſight
Another reaſon was, that caus'd his flight,
For in her ſight the fates his death decree'd.
Then *Pompey* mounted on a gallant ſteede.
Fled from the field, fearing no ſwords behind,
Fearing ſtill a fate-vnconquer'd minde:
No ſighes, nor teares he ſpent: with maieſty
His griefe was mixt, ſuch as befitted thee
Pompey in Romes calamity to ſhiew.
With lookes vnchang'd didſt thou Æmathia view.
That minde, which warres ſucceſſe could neere erect
To pride, warres loſſes cannot now deiect.
Fortun's as farre below thy wretched fate,
As ſhe was falſe to thy triumphant ſtate.
Securely now from Empires burden free
Thou goeſt; and on thy paſt proſperity
Laſt time to looke: all boundleſſe hopes are gone;
And what thou wert may now be truely knowne.
Fly this dire battell, and to witneſſe call
The gods, that none for thy ſake, *Pompey* fall,
That ſtay behind thee; in Theſſalia,
No more then Ægypt, Munda, Affrica,
The battells greateſt part fought not for thee:
Nor ſhall the honour'd name of *Pompey* be
Wars quarrell now; the foes that ſtill will be
Mongſt vs, are *Cæſar*, and Romes liberty:
And twill appeare more plaine after thy flight
The dying Senate for themſelues did fight.
Let thy flight comfort thee, thou ſhalt not ſee
Thoſe blood-ſtaind troopes, nor their impiety;
The riuers ſwell'd with blood looke backe, and ſee,
And pity *Cæſar*: with what heart can he
Reuiſite Rome, made happyer by this field?
What baniſhment in forreine lands can yeild
To thee, by thee what ere can be endur'd
Vnder th' Ægyptian tyrant, reſt aſſur'd

The godds; and fauouring fates, as best, preferre;
Twere worse for thee to bee the conquerer.
Lett all the people waile and weepe no more,
But dry their teares, and lett the world adore
As well thy ruine, as prosperity.
Looke vpon Kings with a commanding eye,
Ægypt, and Libyas Kings, whom thou hast crown'd,
And cityes built by thee, and choose a ground
Where thou wilt dy. Larissa towne beheld
(First witnesse of thy fall) fledd from the feild
Thy noble selfe vnconquer'd by the fates.
Whose citizens all issuing forth the gates
To meete thee (as if Conquerer) they went,
And guifts from loue, and sorrow did present:
They ope their temples, and their houses all:
And wish themselues partakers of his fall:
Much of his great name's left: in his owne eye
Hee seemes the least: nations would helpe him try
Once more his fortune, and renew the warre,
Hee cryes bee faithfull to the Conquerer:
What should the conquer'd doo with townes and m
Thou, *Cæsar*, in thy countreys bowells then
Wert wading through Pharsalia's bloody feild,
Whilest peoples loues to thee hee reconcil'd.
Pompey rides thence: the people sigh, and cry,
And raile against each cruell deity.
The people's fauour now is truly proou'd:
Whilest great, thou couldst not know thy selfe belou'd.
When *Cæsar* saw the feild with Roman blood
Was ouerflow'd enough, hee thought it good
His swords from execution to refraine,
And spare poore liues, that would haue dy'd in vaine.
But least the foes should to their campe in flight
Retire, and rest should banish terrour quite;
Hee straight determines to assault their wall,
Whilest fortune's hott, and terrour workes in all,

Nor does the thinke that this command appeares
Too harsh to hott, and weary'd souldiers:
Small exhortation leads them to the prey.
Our victory (quoth hee) is full to day,
And for our blood nought is remaining now
But the reward: which 'tis my part to show,
I cannot say to giue, what euery man
Shall giue himselfe; behold yon tents that stand
Full of all riches: there gold rak'd in Spaine,
There th'Easterne nations treasuryes remaine:
Pompey's, and all those Kings estates doo lacke
Possessours, souldiers: runne, and ouertake
Whom you pursue: and what so ere to you
Pharsalia giues, take from the conquer'd now.
This speech of *Cæsars*, and golds impious loue
Ouer the swords the furious souldiers droue,
To tread on Senatours, and Captaines slaine.
What trench, what bulwarke could their force sustaine?
Seeking the price of all their warres, and sinne,
To knowe for what they haue so guilty been.
Spoiling the world they found a wealthy masse,
Which for warres future charges gather'd was:
But their all-coueting thoughts could not bee fill'd
With what Spaines mines, and Tagus streames could (yeild,
Or on their sands rich Arimaspians finde;
Though all the spoiles bee theirs, yett in their minde
Their mischeife at too cheape a sale they vent,
And are bidd losse in spoiling of these tents,
When to himselfe the Conquerour Rome decree'd,
And in that hope whole mountaines promised:
Patricians tents impious plebeians keepe,
In Kings pauilions common souldiers sleepe;
On brothers, and on fathers empty bedds
The killers lay their parricidall heads;
But furious dreames disturbe their restlesse rest;
Thessalia's fight remaines in euery breast:

Their

Their horrid guilt still wakes; the battell stands
In all their thoughts: they brandish empty hands,
Without their swords: you would haue thought th
Had groan'd, and that the guilty earth did yeild (fei
Exhaled spiritts, that in the aire did moue,
And Stygian feares possest the night aboue.
A sadd reuenge on them their conquest takes;
Their sleepes present the furies hissing snakes,
And brands; their contreymens sadd ghosts appeare:
To each the image of his proper feare:
One sees an old mans visage, one a young,
Another's tortur'd all the euening long
With his slaine brothers spiritt: their fathers sight
Dants some: but *Cæsar's* soule all ghosts affright.
Orestes so, not purg'd in Scythia,
Th'Eumenides affrighting faces saw?
Not more was *Penthem* in *Agaues* fitt
Dismay'd, nor shee, when shee was free'd from it.
Him all the swords that dire Pharsalia saw,
And which the Senate in reuenge should draw,
Oppresse that night, and hellish monsters scourge.
But that, which most his guilty soule did vrge,
Was this, that *Styx*, the fiends, and furyes grimme
(*Pompey* beeing yett aliue) had seiz'don him.
But hauing suffred all, when dayes cleare light
Display'd Pharsalia's slaughter to his sight,
No dismall obiects could auert his eyes
From thence; the riuers swell'd with blood hee sees,
And heapes of bodyes æqualling high hills,
And carcasses, whence blood, and filth distills,
Hee numbers *Pompey's* people, and that place
Ordaines for banquetting, from whence each face
Hee might discerne, and know them as they ly,
Proud that Æmathia's earth hee cannot see,
Or scarse discerne the slaughter-couer'd ground.
In blood his fortune, and his gods hee found.

nd with that ioyfull ſight to feede his eyes,
o the wretch'd ſoules hee funerall fire denyes,
aking Æmathia noiſome to the aire.
arthage, that gaue our conſuls ſepulcher,
nd Libyan fire on Cannæ did conferre,
ould not teach him his enemyes t'interre:
emembring ſtill (his anger not euen then
ith ſlaughter ſlack'd) they were his countreymen.
ee doo not ſeuerall fires, or tombs deſire:
oo but to all theſe nations grant one fire;
nd lett them not on pyles diſtinct bee brent.
r if thou aime at *Pompey's* puniſhment,
yl'd vpp lett *Pindus* wood, and Oſſa bee,
hat hee from ſea Pharſalia's fire may ſee.
his anger bootes thee not; for tis all one
hither the fire, or putrefaction
iſſolue them; all to natures boſome goe,
nd to themſelues their ends the bodyes ow.
now theſe nations, *Cæſar*, bee not burn'd,
hey ſhall, when earth, and ſeas to flames are turn'd,
ne fire ſhall burne the world, and with the sky
all mixe theſe bones; where ere thy ſoule ſhall bee
heir ſoules ſhall goe; in aire thou ſhalt not fly
igher, nor better in Auernus ly.
eath frees from fortune: Earth receiues againe
hatsoeuer ſhee brought forth: and they obtaine
eauens couerture, that haue no vrnes at all.
hou that deny'ſt theſe nations funerall,
hy dooſt thou fly theſe ſlaughter-ſmelling feilds?
eath, if thou canſt, the aire this region yeilds,
r drinke this water, *Cæſar*, but from thee
he rotting people challenge Theſſaly,
nd keepe poſſeſſion 'gainſt the conquerer.
To the ſad food of this Æmathian warre
enting from farre the bloods corruption
he Thracian wolues, Arcadian lions runne;

Beares

Beares from their dens, dogs from their kennells come
And all those rauenous creatures else, on whom
Nature bestowes the strongest sents, full well
The ayre by carrion putrify'd to smell.
Hither all birds of prey assembled are,
That long had waited on this ciuill warre:
Birds, that from Thrace to Nile in winter goe,
Stay'd longer then, then they were wont to doe:
Nere did moe birds of prey in one ayre fly,
Nor did moe vulturs euer cloud the sky;
From euery wood came foule: each tree was fil'd
With bloody birds, that crimson drops distill'd.
Downe from the aire blood, and corruption rain'd
The conquerous face, and impious eagles stain'd.
Birds from their weary tallands oft let fall
Gobbets of flesh; nor were the people all
Consumed so, buryed in bird, or beast,
Which would not on their bowels fully feast,
Nor sucke their marrow all, but lightly tast,
The greatest part of Romane flesh is cast
Disdain'd away: which by the sun, and time
Dissolu'd, is mixed with Thessalian slime.
Vnhappy Thessaly, what hast thou done
T'offend the angry gods, that thee alone
So many deaths, and impious fates should staine?
What age, what length of time can purge againe
The guilt that thou hast wrought? what corne in th
And grasse with blood discolour'd shall not be?
What plowshare, but some Roman ghost shall wo
Before that time new battells on thy ground
Shall be; and impious ciuill wars shall staine
Thy fields (before this blood be dry) againe.
If all the graues of our dead ancesters
He should turne vp: their tombes that stand, and th
Whose time-consumed vrnes haue cast abroad
Th'enclosed dust: moe ashes would be trod,

d bones by harrows teeth digg'd vp, and found
the sad furrowes of Thessaliaes ground.
o marriners had sailed from thy shore,
r husbandmen had plow'd thee any more,
e Roman peoples graue; thy ghostly field
d no inhabitant for euer till'd:
heards of cattell on thy plaines had run,
r durst the shepheards feede their flockes vpon
y pasture fields, with Roman blood manur'd:
r habitable, nor to be endur d,
in he torrid, or cold icy zone)
ouldst thou haue lyen, forsaken, and vnknowne,
hou had st beene not first, but onely seat
wicked warre; Oh giue vs leaue to hate
is guilty land; ye gods, why doe you staine
e world, t'absolue it so? the blood in Spaine,
ilian seas, *Mutina*, *Leucas* spilt
s quite absolu'd Philippi fields from guilt.

FINIS

Annotations on the seuenth Booke.

(a) *The same day when this great Pharsalian field* *fought*, *an Augur* C: Cornelius *being then at Pa-*, *obseruing his rules of augury*, *told vnto them that* *d by him the very instant when the battell beganne*; *going againe to his art*, *returned as it were inspi-*, *and cryes out with a loud voice*, Cæsar *the day is* e.

(b) *This* Chrastinus *was an old Souldier of* Cæsars *y*, *and now* Emeritus, *that is free'd from the duties he warre*, *but for loue of* Cæsar *serued in this warre a untary*, *he desiring to giue the Onset spake thus to* sar; *I hope*, Cæsar, *this day so to behaue my selfe*, *that* *them*

thou shalt thanke me either alive or dead; he was slai
run through the mouth.

(c) *When* Cæsar *perceiued that his horsemen could n*
withstand the force of Pompeys *horsemen and archers,*
drew forth 3000. *men which for that purpose he had p*
ced in the right wing, they with such fury assaulted Po
peys *horsemen, that they all fled; after whose flight all*
archers wanting their defence were without resista
slaine.

(d) Marcus Brutus *was there fighting in Plebeian a*
mour, and scaped the knowledge of Cæsars *souldiers. T*
was that Brutus, *that ioining afterward with* Cassi
was with him vanquished in the Philipian fields by O
tauius *and* Antonius; *after which battell all hope of R*
man liberty was for euer lost.

(e) L. Domitius *was by the Senates decree to succe*
Cæsar *in the gouernement of France; In this warre*
king Pompeys *side he was at Corfinium by his owne so*
diers brought bound to Cæsar, *and by him pardoned: a*
terward in Massil a he was vanquished by D: Bru
Cæsars *Lieutenant, and fled.*

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, THEOPHILVS, Earle of Lincolne, &c.

TO you (most noble Patriot) I present
Lucans eight Booke, a weeping Monument
Of Noble Pompey's death; wher his great deeds
In spight of Fortunes enuy, finde their meedes;
And where life-giuing lines bytimes to come
Shall make that little, and vnworthy Tombe,
That kept great Pompey's dust, more honor'd far
Then the proud Temples of the Conquerer.
Great men, as well the good, as badd, may fall
By Fates resistlesse power; but here lyes all
The differenee; the good (though fall'n) doe ly
Great in their ruines, and Posterity (name
Paies them their due; the bad (though great) mans
Dyes with himselfe, or leaues no Heire but shame.

O

LVCANS
Pharsalia.

The eight Booke.

The Argument.

Through deuious deserts vanquish'd Pompey *flyes,*
And sailes to Lesbos; whence with weeping eyes
He takes his wife. In seuerall flying fleetes
Sextus, *and other Roman Lords he meetes.*
Deiotarus *the Gallogracian King*
Is sent to great Arsacides, *to bring*
To aide of Pompey's *side the Parthian bowes.*
The Lords consult where to retire, and chose
Ægypts base shore. Th' vnthankefull king betrayes
Old Pompey *comming: and before the face*
Of Sextus, *and* Cornelia, *ere he lands,*
By base Achillas, *and* Septimius *hands*
Great Pompey *dyes. By night poore* Codrus *comes,*
And on the shore his halfe burnt trunke entombes
Without the head. The author doth inueigh
'Gainst treacherous Ægypt, and base Ptolomey.

ORe woody Tempe, and th' Herculian straits
Following th' Æmonian woods desert retreats
(Though farre about) great *Pompey* rode; his steede
Quite spent past helpe of spurre had lost his speede.

Through deuious wayes hee turnes, & leaues behinde
No tracke of his vncertaine flight; the winde
Filling the shaken woods with murmuring noises
Made him afraide, and his owne followers voices,
That rode behinde, and by him. For (although
Fall'n from his height of former fortunes now)
Hee thinkes his blood sert at no vulgar rate:
But as high priz'd (still mindefull of his fate)
By *Cæsar*, as himselfe for *Cæsars* head
Would giue. But through the deserts as hee fledd,
His presence, and maiestike face deny'd
A safe concealment; many, as they hy'd
Vnto his campe, and had not heard his fall,
Stood in amaze to meete their generall:
Wondring at fortunes turnes, and scarse is hee
Beleft, relating his owne misery.
Hee greiues that any his low state should see,
And wishes rather in all lands to bee
Vnknowne, and through the world obscurely goe.
But fortunes ancient fauour brings this woe
His present sinking state more to depresse
By honours weight, and former happinesse.
Now hee perceiues hee did too early clime,
Blames his triumphant youth in *Sylla's* time.
And greiues to thinke vpon in these sadd dayes
His Ponticke laurell, or Pyraticke bayes.
So too long age great'st happinesse destroyes,
And life suruiuing Empire; former ioyes
Breede greife, vnlesse with them our end bee sent,
And timely death ensuing woes preuent.
Lett none, but with a minde prepar'd to dy,
Dare to aduenture on prosperity.
Now to the shore hee came, where Peneus rann
Redd with Pharsalia's slaughter to the maine.
There a (*a*) small barke vnfitt for seas, and windes,
Scarse safe in shallowest riuers, *Pompey* findes,

And

And goes aboord. Hee, with whose nauyes oares
Euen yett Corcyra shakes, and Leucas shoares,
That tam'd Cigilia, and Liburnia,
Goes fearfull now in a small barke to sea.
To Lesbos shore his sailes commanded are:
By thee, *Cornelia*, conscious of his care,
Where thou then lay'st, farre more with sorrow fi l'd,
Then if th' hadst beene in dire Pharsalia's feild.
Thy carefull breast still sadd presages shake,
And feares thy restlesse slumbers still awake.
Each night presents Thessalia; when night's done,
To th'shore, and sea-orehanging rockes begone
With woe, to weiw the Oceans face, shee hyes,
And still all shipps, that come, shee first espyes,
But dares aske nothing of her husbands state.
Lo now a shipp that comes; alas what fate
It brings, thou knowst not; but behold thy feares,
Thy cares whole summe, thy vanquisht lord appeares
Himselfe the sadd relater of warres crime.
Why now lament'st thou not, thus loosing time?
When thou may'st weepe, thou fear'st: the shipp drawne
Shee runnes, and sees the crime of destiny (nigh,
Pompey palefac'd, his hoary haires hung downe
Ore his sadd brow, his garments squallid growne.
Then greife contracts her soule; a suddaine night
Inuades her sense, and reaues her eyes of light;
Her nerue-forsaken ioints all faile: kold is
Her heart; deceiu'd with hope of death shee lyes:
But *Pompey* landed searches the shores side;
Whom when *Cornelia's* maids now neere espy'd,
They durst not on fates cruelty complaine,
More then with silent sighs, striuing in vaine
To lift their lady vpp; whom in his armes
Great *Pompey* takes, and with embraces warmes
Her key-cold breast. But when the fledd b'ood fills
Her outward parts, her husbands hand shee feeles,

And better brookes his visage; he forbid
Her yeild to fate, and thus her sorrow chid.
Why is thy noble strength of courage broke
(Woman descended from so great a stocke)
By the first wound of fate? thou hast the way
To purchase fame, that neuer shall decay;
Thy sexes praise springs not from war, or state,
But faithfull loue to an vnhappy mate.
Aduance thy thoughts, and let thy piety
Contend with fortune: loue me now cause I
Am conquerd, sweete, 'tis more true praise for thee
To loue me thus, when all authority,
The sacred Senate, and my Kings are gone,
Begin to loue thy *Pompey* now alone.
That griefe extreame, thy husband yet aliue,
Becomes thee not; thou shouldst that sorrow giue
To my last funeralls; thou art bereft
Of nothing by this war: thy *Pompey's* left
Aliue and safe. his fortunes onely gone:
'Tis that thou wail'st, and that thou loud'st alone.
Chid by her husband thus, by shames constraint
She rise, and vtter'd this most sad complaint.
Would I to hated *Cæsar* had been led
A bride, since happy to no husbands bed.
Twice haue I hurt the world: my bridall lights
Erinnys, and th'vnhappy *Crassi's* sprights
Carry'd; accursed by those ghosts I bare
Th'Assyrian fortune to this ciuill warre.
I was the cause that all these nations dy'd,
And all the gods forsooke the iuster side.
O greatest Lord, worthy of better fate,
Then my sad marrige: had dire fortunes hate
Such power on thee? why did I marry thee
To make thee wretched? take reuenge on me,
Which willingly Ile pay; to make the sea
More passable, Kings faiths more firme to thee,

And all the world more hospitable, drowne
Me by the way, oh would this life had gone
Before to get thee victory; but now
Deare *Pompey* expiate thine ouerthrow.
Where ere thou lyest ô cruell *Iulia*
Reueng'd already in Pharsalia,
Come wreake thine anger, let thy strumpets death
Appease thy wrath, and spare thy *Pompey's* breath.
This said, and sinking in his armes, her fall
Againe, drew teares from the spectators all:
Pompey's great heart relented, and that eye
Wept there, that in Pharsalia's field was dry.
The Mitylenæans then thus on the shore
Bespake great *Pompey*; if for euermore
It shall our honour be to haue preseru'd
Thy dearest pledge, if we haue so deseru'd:
To grace the city of thy seruants daine,
And heere with vs, though but one night, remaine;
Make this a place honour'd for euermore,
A place, that Roman pilgrims may adore.
Our towne before all townes thou should'st approoue;
For all townes else may hope for *Cæsars* loue:
We haue already trespast; further yet
This is an Ile, and *Cæsar* wants a fleete;
Besides, thy nobles know this place, and here
Will meete; thy fates on this knowne shore repaire:
Take our gods wealth, our temples gold, and bands
Of our yong men to serue by sea, or land:
Take thou (though conquer'd) Lesbos forces here,
Least *Cæsar* presse them as the Conquerer.
Oh cleare this faithfull land of that foule crime,
That thou, which loud'st vs in thy prosperous time,
Should'st feare our faith in thy aduersity.
Glad of these mens so wondrous piety
For the worlds sake, that some fidelity
Was left to wretched states, this land (quoth he)

That I of all the world most deare esteem'd
By this great pledge I left with you it seem'd;
She was the hostage that my loue was here,
That here my houshold gods, and countrey were;
Heere was my Rome, fled from the field, before
I came to you, I touch'd vpon no shore;
Knowing that Lesbos in preseruing her
Had purchas'd *Cæsars* ire, I did not feare
To giue you cause your pardons all to plead;
Let it suffice that I your guilt haue made:
I must through all the world my fates pursue.
Oh happy Lesbos, euer fam'd; from you
People, and Kings shall learne fidelity
To vs, or faithfull you alone shall be.
Which lands are true, which false I now must try.
Heare ô ye gods, if any gods with me
Remaine, my last of prayers, grant vs to finde
A land like Lesbos, whose still faithfull minde
Dares giue safe landing to our conquer'd state,
And parting safe, not fearing *Cæsars* hate,
His sad companion then aboord he tooke.
You would haue thought all Lesbos had forsooke
Their native soile exil'd: so great a cry
Was rais'd, and wofull hands heau'd to the sky
All ore the shore, for *Pompey* least of all,
(Though he deseru'd their sorrow by his fall)
But seeing her depart, whom they had seene
All this warr time, as their owne citizen,
The people wept; of her the matrons dry
From teares, could hardly haue tane leaue, though she
Vnto her lord a Conquerer had gone:
She so had gain'd the loue of euery one
By vertuous, courteous carriage, modesty
Of a chast looke: proud to no company;
Lowly to all; and such her life was seene
While her Lord stood, as he had conquer'd beene.

Now Titans orbe halfe drowned in the seas
Gaue part to vs, part to th'Antipodes:
When care in *Pompey's* restlesse bosome runs
Sometimes on Romes confederate states, and townes,
And Kings vncertaine faiths; sometimes vpon
The South-scorch'd regions of the torrid zone:
Somtimes, as too sad burdens, he layes by
His wearied cares of future destiny,
Asking the master of each star, and where
He guesses land: what rules heauen giues to steere
His ship at sea: what stars to Syria guide:
Which of Bootes fires to Lybias side
Directs; to this the master thus replyes:
We follow not those starrs, which through the skyes
Doe slide, and passe away vnconstant stars
In the vnfixt pole deceiue the marriners;
That pole, that neuer falls, nere drownes in sea
Famous for Cynosure, and Helice,
Doth guide our ships, when ere that starres got vp
Right verticall, iust ore the saileyards top,
Then to the Bosphorus we make apase,
And seas, that Synthiaes crooked shores embrace.
But when more low, and neerer to the sea,
Artophilax, and Cynosura be,
Then to the Syrian ports our course we steere:
Canopus then is eleuated there,
Which feares the North, and in the Southerne skyes
Remaines alone. Who thence to th'left hand plyes
(Pharos orepast) into the Syrtes falls.
But whither now shall we direct our sailes?
To whom with doubtfull thoughts *Pompey* replyes:
In all the course at sea obserue but this,
To keepe thy ship still farre from Thessaly,
And to the heauens, and seas leaue Italy,
The rest trust to the winds; I now haue tane
My deare left pledge *Cornelia* in againe.

I then

I then was certaine whither to resort,
But now let fortune finde vs out a port.
Thus *Pompey* spake; the master straightway turnes
About his sailes stretch'd out with æquall hornes,
And to the left hand guides the ship, to plow
Those waues, that twixt Chios, and Asia flow,
To the ships length he turnes his sailes about.
The sea perceiues the change: her waues are cut
By the sharpe stemme with different motion.
The skillfull Charrioter not halfe so soone
Raines round his horse, and doth with suddaine change
About the goale his wheeling charriot range.
Sol hid the stars, and land discouered,
When those, that from Pharsalia's battell fled,
To *Pompey* came; and first from Lesbos shores
He met his son; then Kings, and Senators.
For *Pompey* yet (although at that sad time
Vanquish'd, and fled) had Kings to wait on him:
Proud sceptre'd Kings, that ore the East did reigne,
Attended there in banish'd *Pompeys* traine.
Then *Pompey* King *Deiotarus* commands
To goe for aide to fartheſt Easterne lands.
Most loyall King, since on Pharsalia's plaines
This world was lost from Rome, it now remaines
To try the East, those that by Tigris ly,
And by Euphrates yet from *Cæsar* free.
Grieue not, though to repaire my fortunes lost,
Thou to the Medes, or fartheſt Scythians go'st,
Or quite beyond the day, that this world sees.
Beare my salutes to great *Arsacides*;
And if our ancient league remaine, which I
By *Latian Ioue*, by his owne deity
He swore: let the Armenian archers strong.
Their well-bent bowes, and quiuers bring along:
If you, O Parthians, vndisquieted
I euer left, when I pursu'd the fled

Vnquiet Alans to the Caspian strait,
And forc'd you not for safety to retreat
To Babylon: marching ore Cyrus ground,
And the Chaldæan kingdomes vtmost bound,
Appearing neaver then the Persian
To the Suns rise, where into th'Ocean
Hysas Hydaspes, and swift Ganges fall,
Suffer'd you only, when I conquer'd all,
To goe vntriumph'd: Parthias King alone
Of all th'Easts monarchs, scap'd subiection.
Nor once alone doe you your safety ow
To me; who after *Crassus* ouerthrow,
Appeas'd the iust incensed wrath of Rome?
For all my merits now let Parthia come
Out of her bounds appointed, and passe ore
Greeke Zeugma's walls, and the forbidden shore.
Conquer for *Pompey*: Rome will loose the day
Gladly. The King refus'd not to obey
Though hard were his command; laying aside
His Kingly robes, and in a seruants weede
Attir'd he goes; in a distressed time
Tis safe for Kings like pooreſt men to seeme.
Therefore how much liues he, that's truely poore,
Safer then Kings? The King tooke leaue at shore.
And by the Icarion rockes great *Pompey* gone
Leaues Ephesus and sea-calme Colophon:
Shauing small Samos foaming rockes he goes:
A gentle gale blowes from the shore of Cos:
Gnidon, and Phebus-honour'd Rhodes he leaues,
And sailing straight in the mid-Ocean saues
Telmessums long, and winding circuits. First
Pamphylia greetes their eyes; but *Pompey* durst
Commit his person to no towne, but thee
Little Phaselis: thy small company,
And few inhabitants could not cause a feare,
More in the ship then in thy walls there were.

But

But sailing thence againe, high Taurus showes
It selfe; and Dipsas, that from Taurus flowes.
Could *Pompey* thinke, when erst hee clear'd the seas
Of Pirates rage, it purchas'd his owne ease?
Hee now flyes safe along Cicilian shores
In a small shipp: there many Senators
Following oretake their flying generall
Within the hauen of Celendræ small,
Where in and out shipps on Selinus past.
In full assembly of the lords at last
Thus saddly *Pompey* spake; my Lords, whose sight
(As deare companions both in warre, and flight)
I doo esteeme my country, though wee stand
On a bare shore, in poore Cicilian land,
Attended with no force, aduise to take,
And new prouision for a warre to make,
Yett bring couragious hearts: I lost not all
In Thessaly, nor did my fortune fall
So low, but that this head againe may rise.
Could *Marius* after all his miseryes
In Libya, rise to a seauenth Consul shipp?
And mee so lightly fall'n will fortune keepe?
A thousand Captaines on the Græcian sea,
A thousand shipps I haue: Pharsalia
Has rather scatter'd, then quite ouerthrowne
My strengh: but mee my actions fame alone
Which all the earth haue seene, my name, that now
The whole world loues, shall guard. Consider you
Th' Ægyptian, Libyan, Parthian monarchies,
Both in their strengh, and faith, and then aduise
Which fittest is to aide Romes labouring state.
But I; my Lords, will to your eares relate
Freely my secret'st cares, and tell the truth
How I encline; I doo suspect the youth
Of Ægypts King; for true fidelity
Requires strong yeares; I feare the subtlety,

And double heart of Mauritania's Kings;
Remembring Carthage, whence his race did spring,
Hee gapes for Italy, and his vaine breſt
Is much with thought of *Hanniball* poſſeſt;
Whoſe blood commixt with th'old Numidians
Obliquely *Iuba's* pedegree diſtaines.
Hee ſwell'd to ſee *Varrus* a ſuppliant growne,
And Roman fates inferiour to his owne.
Therefore, my Lords, to th' Eaſterne world lett vs
Retire; Euphrates with a ſpacious
Channell diuides the world; the Caſpian ſtraits
On tother ſide yeild ſafe, and large retreats;
Another pole meaſures th'Aſſyrian dayes,
And nights: another colour beare the ſeas,
Sever'd from ours; their aime is ſoueraignty:
Their bowes more ſtrong, their ſteeds more feirce, and (high
Then ours, no boy, nor aged man wants skill,
Or ſtrengh to ſhoot: deadly their arrows kill.
Their bowes firſt broke Pellæan ſpeares, and wonn
Th' Aſſyrian wall-renowned Babylon,
And Median Bactra. Nor ſo fearfull are
The Parthians of our piles, but that they dare
Come out to warre againſt vs, they haue try'd
Their ſhafts ſufficiently when *Craſſus* dy'd.
Nor are their truſty ſhafts arm'd at the head
With ſteele alone, but deadly venomed:
Light wounds are mortall, and the leaſt blood drawne
Will kill. Oh would on the feirce Parthian
Were not forced to depend: their fate
Goes too to much Romes fortune æmulate:
So many godds aide them. Ile draw from home
Some other nations of the Eaſt to come
To warre. But if Barbarians leagues deceiue
Our hopes, or elſe our ſcorn'd alliance leaue;
Lett fortune then our ſadd, and ſhipwrack'd ſtate
Beyond the knowne, and traffiqu'd world tranſlate;

I will

I will not sue to Kings whom I haue made,
But in my death this comfort shall bee had
Lying farre off, this body shall not bee
Subiect to *Cæsar's* rage, nor piety.
But there reuoluing my whole life's past fate
Still honour'd in those parts was *Pompey's* state,
How great has Easterne Tanais mee seene?
How great beyond Moætis haue I beene?
Into what lands did my victorious name
More sound, or whence in greater triumph came?
Fauour my purpose Rome, what happyer
Can the godds grant thee, then in ciuill warre
To vse the Parthian armes to ouerthrow
That land, and mixe their ruine with our woe?
When the feirce Parthians haue with *Cæsar* fought
Crassus reuenge, or mine must needes bee wrought.
This saide hee heard their murmur to condemne
His plott. But *Lentulus* 'mongst all of them
In spiritt, and noble greife the forward'st man
Thus (worthy his late Consulship) begann.
Has the Pharsalian losse so broke thy minde?
Has one dayes fate the world so low declin'd?
Doth that one battell our whole cause decide,
And no cure left to helpe our wounded side?
Is no hope left thee, *Pompey*, but to sue
At the proud Parthians feete? wouldst thou eschew
All lands, and climes, and thither aime thy flight,
Where crosse poles reigne, and vnknowne starres g
T'adore the Parthians, and their deityes, (lig
Chaldæan fires, and Barbarous sacrifice?
Why in this warre pretend'st thou liberty?
Why is the wretched world deceiu'd by thee,
If thou canst serue? whose name they trembled at,
As the cheife ruler of the Roman fate,
Whom they haue seene leade captiue Kings before
From wilde Hyrcania, and the Indian shore,

Shall they now ſee caſt downe, and broke by fate,
Meaſuring themſelues by *Pompey's* begging ſtate
With Rome, and Italy aſpire t'enherit?
Thou canſt ſpeake nothing worth thy fate, and ſpirit:
Their ignorance ith' Roman tongue requires
That thou in teares ſhouldſt vtter thy deſires.
Would'ſt thou ſo wound our ſhame, that not from
But Parthia the reuēge of Rome ſhould come? (Rome,
Shee choſe thee generall of her ciuill warre.
Why dooſt thou ſpread her loſſe, and wounds ſo farre
As Scythia, and teach Parthia to goe
Beyond her bound? Rome ſhall in her deepe woe
This ſpeciall comfort looſe of bringing in
No Kings, but ſeruing her owne citizen.
Canſt thou delight from farthest parts to come
Leading feirce nations 'gainſt the walls of Rome,
Following thoſe Eagles, that ſlaine *Craſſus* loſt?
That only King, that from th' Æmathian (a) hoſt
Was abſent (fortune did his fauour guide)
Will hee prouoke the Conquerers ſtrong ſide,
And ioine with vanquiſht *Pompey*, thinke you? no,
Wee haue no cauſe to truſt that nation ſo,
The people all borne in the Northen cold
Are louers of the warre, hardy, and bold;
But in the Eaſt, and Southerne climes, the heat
Of gentle aire makes them effœminate.
Their men ſoft cloathing, and looſe garments weare,
Parthians vpon the Median feilds, and where
Along Sarmatian plaines ſwift Tigris flowes,
By liberty of flight can by no foes
Bee vanquiſhed; but where the earth dooes ſwell,
Ore craggy hills they cannot clime ſo well:
Nor in darke places can they vſe the bow:
Nor dare they ſwimme torrents that ſwiftly flow:
Nor in the feild with blood all ouer dy'd
Dare they the duſt, and ſummer ſunne abide;

No

No rams, nor engines can the parthian vse,
Nor fill the trenches vp: when he pursues,
What ere is arrow-proofe, serues for a wall;
Slight are their warres, their fights like flyings all;
They stragling fight, apter to fly then stand.
Their arrowes venom'd are, nor close at hand
Dare they maintaine a fight: farre off with bowes
They shoot, and where it lists the wind bestowes
Their wounds; but fight of sword does strength require
All manly nations the sword-fight desire.
At the first onset they'll disarmed be,
And when their quivers are exhaust, must flee;
Their trust in poyson is not in their hands.
Think'st thou them men, *Pompey*, that dare not stand
Without such helpes, the hazard of a fight?
Can such base aide be worth so long a flight?
For thee so far from thine owne land to dy,
And vnder barbarous earth entomb'd to ly
In a base monument, yet such a one
As will be enuy'd, *Crassus* hauing none?
Thy state is not so pitifull: for death
(Not fear'd by men) ends all: but losse of breath
Vnder that wicked King *Cornelia* feares not.
The Venus of those barbarous courts who heares not?
Which like bruit beasts all wedlocks rites exile,
And with wiues numberlesse all lawes defile:
Th'incestuous beds abhorred secrets ly
Ope to a thousand concubines; rais'd high
With wine, and banqueting, the King refraines
No lawlesse lust, though here so full of staines:
Th'embraces of so many women can
Not all the night tire one insatiate man;
In Kings incestuous beds their sisters ly,
And mothers, which should names vnstained be.
Oedipus wofull tale condemns alone
Thebes of a crime, though ignorantly done:

But there how often dooes the Parthian King
Arsacides from such foule incest spring?
What can bee wickednesse to him, that may
Defile his mother? shall *Cornelia*
Metellus noble progeny bee ledd
The thousand 'th wife to a Barbarians bedd?
Yett none more often will the tirant vse
Then her: her husbands titles will infuse
A scornefull lust: and, which will please him more,
Hee 'll know that shee was *Crassus* wife before,
And comes, (as fate did her to Parthia ow)
A captiue for that former ouerthrow.
Thinke on that slaughter: 'twill not only bring
Shame, to haue begg'd aide from that fatall King,
But to haue made a ciuill warre before;
For what will *Cæsar*, and thy selfe bee more
Accus'd by all, then that, while you two fought,
There could for *Crassus* no reuenge bee wrought?
Gainst Parthia all our armyes should haue gone:
And that no strength might want, from garrison
Our Northren lands should haue beene free'd each one,
Till treacherous *Susa*, and proud Babylon
Hidd fall'n for tombes vpon our slaughter'd men.
Of Parthia in peace, fortune, wee begge an end;
And, if Thessalia end the ciuill warre,
Against the Parthian send the Conquerer:
Of all the world I shou'd reioice alone
At *Cæsar's* triumphs ore that nation.
When thou the cold Araxis streams hast crost,
Shall not the slaughter'd *Crassus* mourning ghost
Vpbraide thee? thou, whom our vnbury'd ghosts
Long since expected with reuenging hosts,
Com'st thou to sue for peace? besides thine eyes
Add monuments of Roman tragedyes
Shall greete: the walls, on which our Captaines heads
Were fixt: where bodyes of our souldiers dead

Euphrates ſwallow'd, and ſwift Tigris ſtreame
Rowl'd backe againe to earth. If thou to them
Canſt ſue, why, *Pompey*, dooſt thou ſcorne to pray
To *Caſar* ſitting in Theſſalia?
Looke rather vpon Romes confederates,
And if thou doe ſuſpect the Sourherne ſtates,
And *Iuba's* falſehood, goe, to *Ptolemey*;
Ægypt by Lybian quickeſands Weſterly
Is guarded: on the Eaſt fall Niles ſeuen floods
To th'ſea; a land content with her owne goods;
A land that needes nor raine, nor merchandiſe,
So much on only Nilus ſhe relyes.
Yong Ptolomey reignes there, that owes his crowne
To thee, once left to thy tuition.
Feare not the ſhadow of a name: no hurt
Can be in tender yeares: in an old court
Let not religion, faith, or truſt be ſought:
Men vſ'd to ſcepters are aſham'd of nought:
The mildeſt gouernement a kingdome findes
Vnder new Kings. This ſpeech quite turn'd their mind
How are deſpairing ſtates moſt free and bold?
Pompey's opinion is by all controll'd.
They leaue Cilicia, and to Cyprus mooue
Their courſe. No land does *Venus* better loue
Still mindfull of her birth (if we at all
Thinke gods were borne, or had originall)
Pompey departing thence his courſe gan bend
Round all the Cyprian rocks, that Southward tend,
And got into the enterpoſed maine;
Nor by the nights weake light could he attaine
Mount Caſius; but with ſtrugling ſailes, and ſtrength
A lower port of Ægypt reach'd at length,
Where parted Nilus greateſt channell flowes
And to the Ocean at Pelusium goes.
That time was come, wherein iuſt *Libra* weighes
The howers, and makes the nights equall with days

Then payes the winter nights howers, which the spring
Had tane away. They, hearing that the King
Was at mount Casius, thither make repaire:
The Sunn yett was not downe, the winde blew faire.
The scouts along the shore post to the court,
And fill their fearfull eares with the report
Of *Pompey's* comming; though their time were small
For counsell, yett th' Ægyptian mobsters all
Were mett: 'mongst whom *Achoreus* begann,
Whom age taught modesty, a milde old man,
(Him superstitious *Memphys*, that obseru'd
Th' encrease of Nile, brought forth: while hee had
At the gods altars, not one Apis liu'd (seru'd
Fiue changes of the moone) his speech reuiu'd
The sacred league of *Ptolomey's* dead father,
And *Pompey's* merittes; but *Photinus* rather
A counsellier for tirants, with base breath
Durst thus presume to counsell *Pompey's* death.
Iustice, and truth haue many guilty made:
Faith suffers, *Ptolomey*, when it would aide
Whom fortune hates; loine with the godds, and fate,
And fly the wretched, loue the fortunate:
Profitt from honesty differs as farre
As dooes the sea from fire, earth from a starre.
Crownes loose their power, whilest only good they doos
Respect of right all strength dooes ouerthrow.
Tis mischiefes freedome, and th' vncurbed sword,
That dooes to hated crownes safety affoord.
No cruell actions, vnlesse throughly done,
Are done secure; lett him from court be gone,
That would bee good; vertue, and soueraignety
Doo not agree; nothing but feare shall hee,
That is asham'd a tirant to bee deem'd.
Lett *Pompey* rue that hee thy yeares contemn'd,
Thinking thou couldst not from thy shore driue backe
A conquer'd man: lett not a stranger take,

Thy ſcepter: if thou wouldſt reſigne thy reigne,
Th' haſt neerer pledges, giue the crowne againe
To thy condemned ſiſter: lett's keepe free
Our Ægypt from the Roman ſlauery.
Shall wee, that did not in the warre adhere
To *Pompey*, now prouoke the Conquerer?
Vagrant through all the world, hopeleſſe of all
Hee ſeekes with what lands ruine hee may fall:
Haunted with ciuill warre-ſlaine ghoſts hee flyes
Not only *Cæſar*, but the Senates eyes,
Whoſe greater part feedes fowles in Theſſaly,
Hee feares thoſe nations, whom hee left to dy
Mixt in one bloody feild: hee feares thoſe Kings,
Whoſe happleſſe ſtates his fall to ruine brings:
Now guilty of the loſſe, harbour'd by none,
To vs, whom yett hee has not ouerthrowne,
Hee ſeekes; a greater cauſe, ô *Ptolomey*,
Haue wee to accuſe *Pompey*; why would hee
Our quiett land ſtaine with the crime of warre,
And make vs hated by the Conquerer?
Why dooes thy miſery chooſe our land alone
To bring *Pharſalias* fortune, and thine owne
Fear'd puniſhment into? wee beare a blame
Already, (and our ſwords muſt purge the ſame,)
In that, becauſe the Senate moou'd by thee
Geue vs a crowne, wee wiſht thy victory.
This ſword, now drawne by fate, wee did prouide
To wound not *Pompeys*, but the conquer'd ſide,
And rather could wee wiſh for *Cæſar's* head:
But wither all are carry'd, wee are ledd.
Mak'ſt thou a doubt of our neceſſity
To kill thee now wee may? what ſtrengh haue wee
For thee to truſt, wretch'd man? thou ſawſt our men
Vnarm'd, to plow ſoft mould ſcarſe able, when
Nile ebb'd. Our kingdomes ſtrengh tis fitt that wee
Try, and confeſſe; canſt thou, ô *Ptolomey*

Raiſe *Pompey's* ruine, vnder which great Rome
It ſelfe is fall'n ſo low? or dar'ſt thou come
To ſtirre the aſhes of Pharſalia,
And ſuch a warre vpon thy kingdome draw?
Wee to no ſide before the battel cleſt;
Shall wee now cleaue to *Pompey's*, which is leſt
By the whole world? prouoking the knowne fates,
And feared ſtrength of *Cæſar*? wretched ſtates
Aide they, that did their proſperous times attend.
No faith ere choſe a miſerable frend.
The miſceiſe pleas'd them all: the young king proud
Of this ſtrange honour, that his men allow'd
Him to command ſo wonderfull a thing,
Choſe out *Achillas* for the managing.
Where the falſe land in Caſian ſands does ly
Stretch'd out, and fords witneſſe the Syrtes nigh,
Weapons, and parteners of his murdrous guile
Hee putts in a ſmall boate. Oh godds, durſt Nile,
Durſt barbarous Memphis, and th' effœminate men
Of ſoft Canopus harbour ſuch a ſpleene?
Has ciuill warre depreſt the world ſo low?
Or are the Roman fates deiected ſo?
Are Pharian ſwords admitted, and a roome
For Ægypt left into this warre to come?
In this at leaſt yee ciuill warres bee true:
Bring well knowne hands, keepe forreine beaſts from (you,
If *Pompey's* farre-fam'd name deſerue to bee
The crime of *Cæſar*. Feares not *Ptolomey*
The ruine of that name? or when the sky
Thunders, dar'ſt thou, effœminate *Ptolomey*,
Inſert thy profane hands? to terrify
Thee, King, a Romans name enough ſhould bee,
Without that worth that did the world controll:
Rode thrice in triumph to the capitoll:
That gouern'd Kings: that ledd the Senates warre:
And Sonne in law was to the Conquerer

Why with the sword our bowells dooſt thou wound?
Thou dooſt not know, proud boy, vpon what ground
Thy fortunes ſtand; thou now canſt claime no right
To Ægypts ſcepter: for in ciuill fight
Hee's fall'n, that Ægypts crowne on thee beſtow'd.
Now *Pompey's* ſhipp tooke downe her ſailes, and row'd
Toward the ſhore. The wicked band drew (*b*) neere,
In a ſmall two-oar'd boate; with fained cheere
Tell him the Kingdome at his ſeruice ſtands;
And faining that the ſhore for ſhelues, and ſands
Could not approached bee by ſhipps ſo great,
Into their little boate they doo entreat
Hee would deſcend. If by the fates decree,
And euerlaſting lawes of deſtiny
Pompey condemned to that wretched end
Had not beene forc'd to ſhore; (*c*) none of his frends
Wanted preſages of the dire euent.
For had their faith beene pure, if they had meant
Their Scepter-giuer truly t'entertaine
In Court, th' Ægyptian King with all his traine
And fleete had come. *Pompey* to fate giues way,
And, bidd to leaue his nauy, doors obay,
Preferring (*d*) death before baſe feare. Into
The enemyes boates *Cornelia* faine would go,
Now more impatient to bee ſeparate
From her deare Lord, becauſe ſhee feares his fate.
Stay wife, and ſonne, and farre from ſhore (quoth hee)
Behold my fortune: and in this necke try
The tyrants faith: but deafe to his commands
Franticke *Cornelia* wrings her woſull hands:
Whither without mee goeſt thou, cruell man?
Remoou'd from Theſſaly, muſt I againe
Bee left? ſtill fatall haue our partings beene.
In flight thou needed'ſt not to haue touch'd in
At Lesbos, but there ſtill haue left mee bee,
If thou entend I nere ſhall land with thee,

Only at sea thy sadd companion.
Thus all in vaine *Cornelia* making mone
Vpon the shipps foredecke stood looking ore,
So full of greife, and feare, shee could nor more
Looke after him, nor turne her eyes away.
Doubtfull of his successe the fleete did stay,
Not fearing swords, nor force, nor treachery.
But least great *Pompey* should submissiuely
Adore that scepter that himselfe bestow'd.
Septimius then a Roman souldier bow'd
Saluting *Pompey* from th' Ægyptian boate,
Whoo (oh heauens shame) leauing his pile, had gett
A Barbarous partizan; one of the guard
To Ægypts King: feirce vnrelenting hard,
Bloody as any beast. Whoo would not then
Haue thought that fortune meant to fauour men,
When shee had kept this impious sword so farre
From Thessaly, and stay'd from ciuill warre
This hand? but shee dispos'd the swords (alas)
That ciuill mischeife might in euery place
Bee done. A tale the Conquerors to shame
It was, the godds eternall blush, and blame,
A Roman sword should by a King bee ledd,
And the Ægyptian boy reach *Pompey's* head
With his owne sword. What fame shall future time
Giue thee *Septimius*? or how stile thy crime,
That *Brutus* act as patricidall blame?
And now the ending hower of *Pompey* came:
Putting himselfe into the monsters (e) hands
Hee went aboard their boate; the murdrous bands
Straight draw; great *Pompey* seeing their drawne swords
Couers his face, disdaining to spend words,
Or lookes on such a fate, and shutt his eyes,
Containing his great spiritt, least words might rise,
Or teares, his euerlasting fame to taint.
But when *Achillas* murdring weapons point

Had peirc'd his side, scorning the villaines pride
No groanes he gaue: great, like himselfe he dy'd
With vnstirr'd breast, and thus in secret spake;
All times, that mention of Romes labours make,
And future ages through the world will see
This fact, and Ægypts base disloyalty.
Maintaine thine honour now; the fates to thee
Through thy whole life gaue long prosperity;
And the world knowes not (vnlesse now they see)
How *Pompey's* spirit could beare aduersity.
Blush not that such base hands thy death afford;
But thinke, who euer strike, 'tis *Cæsars* sword.
Though they these limbs all torne, and scatter'd leaue,
Yet am I happy, gods; no god can reaue
My happinesse; my fortunes, and my breath
Expire at once: nor wretched is my death.
Cornelia, and my son this slaughter see:
So much more patient let my sorrow be.
The more *Cornelia*, and my son approue
My dying constancy, the more they'll loue.
So well could he his dying spirits guide:
Such strength of minde had *Pompey*, when he dy'd.
But poore *Cornelia*, that had rather dy
Then see that sight, with shreekings fills the sky:
Twas wicked I, deare Lord, that murdred thee:
For whilst at Lesbos thou turnd'st in to me,
Cæsar had enter'd Ægypts shore; for who
But he, had power that horrid act to doe?
What ere thou art, sent from the gods to kill,
Pleasing thine owne reuenge, or *Cæsars* will;
Thou know'st not, wretch, where *Pompey's* bowels bet
Thou strik'st with fury there, where conquer'd he
Desires thy stroke, now let him suffer more
Then his owne death, and see my head before.
I am not guiltlesse from the crime of war,
The only wife following my Lord so farre,

Feared

Feareless of campes, or seas; and conquer'd too
I tooke him in, which monarchs durst not doe.
Did I for this, husband, deserue to be
Left safe aboord? false Lord, why spar'st thou me?
Or thought'st thou life (thou dying) fit for me?
Ile finde a death, though not from *Ptolomey*.
Oh sailors, let me leape downe from the decke,
Or with these twisted cables breake my necke:
Or let some worthy friend of *Pompey's* now
Heere sheath his weapon, and for *Pompey* doe
An act, that hee'll impute to *Cæsars* hate.
Why doe you hinder my desired fate?
Husband, thou liu'st, *Cornelia* has not power
Yet of her selfe; they hinder my deaths houre
(And there she founds) to be the Conquerours prey;
The fearefull fleete hoist sailes, and poast away.
But when great *Pompey* fell, that sacred face,
And honour'd visage kept his former grace
Though angry with the gods; deaths vtmost hate
Chang'd not his visage, and maiesticke state,
As they confesse, that his rent necke did see.
For sterne *Septimius* in that cruelty
Findes out an act more cruell: to vncouer
His face, he cuts the cloth, that was cast ouer,
Inuading halfe-dead *Pompey's* breathing face,
His dying necke acrosse the bords he lay:s;
Then cuts the nerues, and veines, the twisted bones
He breakes: the art to whip of heads at once
Was not yet found. But when the head was torne
Off from the trunke, 'twas by *Achillas* borne.
Degenerate Roman, base *Septimius*,
Vs'd in an vnder office, could'st thou thus
Basely cut off great *Pompey's* sacred head
To be (oh shame) by another carryed?
Long *Ptolemey* to know great *Pompey's* face,
Those haires, that kings haue honour'd, whose curl'd (grace

Adorn'd

Adorn'd his noble front, ſtroakes with his hands;
Fixt on a pole the head of *Pompey* ſtandes,
Whilſt yet his lips with throbbing murmurs ſhooke,
His eyes vnclos'd, and liuely was his looke:
That head, that ſtill determin'd war, and peace,
That rul'd the Senate, laws, and ſuffrages;
Romes fortune in that face tooke greateſt pride,
Nor was the wicked tyrant ſatisfy'd
With ſight: but for memoriall of the fact,
Dire arts the heads corruption muſt extract,
The braine is taken out, dry'd is the ſkin,
The noiſome moiſture purged from within,
Medicines make ſolid, and preſerue the face.
Degenerate iſſue, laſt of *Lagus* race,
Whom thy inceſtuous ſiſter ſhall depoſe;
When ſacred vaults the Macedon encloſe,
When duſt of Kings in ſumptuous buildings lyes,
And the ignoble race of *Ptolomey's*
In Pyramids, and rich Mauſolean graues
Vniuſtly reſt, muſt *Pompey* by the waues
An headleſſe trunke againſt the ſhore be ſwept?
Was it too great a trouble to haue kept
The carcaſſe whole for *Cæſar*? this ſad date
Did fortune giue to *Pompey's* proſperous ſtate;
By ſuch a death as this to pull him downe
From ſuch an height: heaping all plagues in one
Sad day, which he ſo many yeeres had been
Free from: nor yet had *Pompey* euer ſeene
Ioy mixt with woe: no good his proſperous ſtate
Did ere diſturbe, none helpt his wretched fate;
But once for all with a differing hand
Did fortune pay him; torne vpon the ſand,
Salt water playing in his wounds, the mocke
Of ſeas he lyes, and beat 'gainſt euery rocke:
No figure left of him, tis note enough
To know great *Pompey*, that his head is off.

But fates, ere *Cæsar* on that shore arriue,
A suddaine funerall to *Pompey* giue,
Least he in none, or in a better tombe
Should ly. To th'shore did fearefull *Codrus* come
Out of his lurking hole, that was before
Great *Pompey's* quæstor, and from Cyprus shore
Had follow'd him; he by the shades of night
Durst goe (true loue had vanquisht terrour quite)
To find his slaughter'd Lord, along the sand,
And through the waues, to bring the trunke to land.
Faint light through dusky clouds sad Cynthia gaue;
But different-colour'd from the foamy waue
The trunke appeard; which *Codrus* catching straight
When the waues ebb'd, but tired with the weight
Expects their flow to helpe him, and so bore
The trunke to land, and plac'd it on the shore;
Then falling downe, bathing the wounds in teares,
Thus to the gods he speakes, and clouded stars.
Fortune, no costly pile with odours fill'd
Thy *Pompey* craues, nor that his hearse may yeild
Precious Arabian fumes to fill the ayre,
Nor that the pious Roman neckes should beare
Their countreys father forth, nor to adorne
A funerall pompe old tayumphs should be borne,
No funerall songs, nor that his troopes the while
March a dead march about their generalls pyle.
Grant *Pompey* but a base Plebeian Beere,
That his torne limbs may carry to dry fire.
Let him not want wood, and a burner, though
But meane, and let it be, ô gods, enough
That with loose haire *Cornelia* does not stand
To take her last embrace, and then command
To fire the pile; from this last funerall rite
Shee is away, yet hardly out of sight.
This said, far off a little fire he kenn'd
Burne a neglected herse, watch'd by no friend.

Thither

Thither hee goes, and taking thence a part
Of fire, and halfe-burn'd stickes, who ere thou art
Neglected ghost, deare to no frend, (quoth hee)
But happier then great *Pompey*, pardon mee,
(If any knowledge after death remaines)
That by a strangers hand thy hearse susteines
This wrong; I know thou yeild'st, and cast endure
For *Pompey's* sake, this losse of sepulture,
And art asham'd of funerall rites, whilest hee
Lyes an vnburyed ghost. Then speedily
With his armes full of fire poore *Codrus* rann
To finde the trunke, which to the shore again
The waues had beat; then off the sand hee wipes,
And gathering vpp the ribbs of broken shipps,
Hee layes them in a ditch; on no hew'n trees
Or well built pyle the noble body lyes:
Fire brought, not vnderbuilt great *Pompey* takes.
Then sitting by the fire thus *Codrus* speakes.
Romes greatest Lord, the only maiesty
Of Italy, if worse this buriall bee
Then none at all, then floating on the sea,
Auert thy *Manes*, and great ghost from mee.
Tis fortunes iniury that makes this right,
Least fish, or foule, or beasts, or *Casars* spight
Might wrong thy coarse, accept this little brand
Of fire, since kindled by a Roman hand.
If fortune grant recourse to Italy,
Not here shall these so sacred ashes ly:
But from my hand *Cornelia* shall take,
And vrne thy reliques, vntill then wee'll make
Thy burialls marke vpon the shore, that whoo
So ere would pacificy thy ghost, and doo
Full rights of funerall, may finde out so
The bodyes ashes, and the sands may know,
Whither to bring thy head. Thus hauing spoke
Hee dooes with fuell the weake flame prouoke;

Pompey dissolu'd, his fatt distilling fed
The little fire; and now day promised
By bright Aurora, dimm'd the starres weake lights.
Codrus abruptly leaues the funerall rites,
And runns, himselfe about the shore to hide.
What mischeife fearst thou (foole) for such a deede,
Which long-tongu'd fame for euer shall renowne?
Cæsar himselfe shall praise what thou hast done
To *Pompey's* body. Goe then voide of dread:
Confesse the funerall, and require his head.
An end of dutious workes piety makes.
The bones halfe-burnt, not yett dissolu'd hee takes,
Stil full of nerues, and vnconsumed marrow;
Quenching them in sea-water, in a narrow
Peice of the earth togither layes them downe:
Then least the ashes should abroad bee blowne
By the windes force, hee layes a stone aboue;
And least some sailer should that stone remoouе
To ty his cable, with a cole-burnt staffe
Vpon the topp hee writes this epitaph.
Heere *Pompey* lyes, fortune, this stone wee call
His tombe: in which, rather then none at all,
Cæsar would haue him ly. Why in a roeme
So small, rash hand, includ'st thou *Pompey's* tombe,
And shutt'st vpp his great ghost? as farre hee lyes
As the earths farthest shore extended is,
Romes mighty name, and empires vtmost bound
Is *Pompey's* tombe; this marke for shame confound
The shame of heauen; if *Alcides* ly
Ouer all Oete, and all Nysa bee
Great *Bacchus* monument, why should one stone
In Ægypt stand for *Pompey's* tombe alone?
Did no one peice of earth thy name expresse,
All Ægypts land; *Pompey*; thou mightst possesse.
Lett vs bee still deceiu'd, and still for feare
Of thee, to tread on Ægypts land forbeare.

But

But if that sacred name must grace a stone,
Write his each deed, and glorious action:
The Alpine warre of rebell *Lepidus*;
The conquest of reuolt *Sertorius*
(The Consul beeing call'd home:) those triumphs note,
Which hee but Gentleman of Rome had gott:
Cilician Pirates tam'd; traffique made free:
Barbarian Kingdomes conquer'd all that ly
Vnder the East, and North; with this make knowne
How still from warre hee tooke a peacefull gowne
Contented with three triumphs, hee to Rome
His other conquests did forgiue; what tombe
Can hold all this? his ashes in this graue
No titles, nor triumphant stoyes haue.
That name, that temples lofty roofes, and high
Triumphall arches decket with victory
Were wont to heare, now neere the lowest sand
A small graue shewes, which strangers cannot stand
Vpright to reade, which (if it bee not showne)
The Roman trauellers passe by vnknowne,
Ægypt, whom iuill fate has guilty made,
'Twas not in vaine the *Sibylls* verse forbadd
A Romian Niles Pelusian mouth to touch,
Or once his summer-swelled bankes approach.
How shall I curse thee for this impious deed!
May Nile runn backe, and stay at his first head,
May thy vnfruitfull feilds want winter raine,
And all like Æthiops barren sands remaine.
Wee lett thy *Isis* in Romes temples dwell,
Thy deifv'd doggs, and sorrow-causing bell;
Osiris, whom thou shewest while thou weep'st,
A man; our godd in dust thou Ægypt keep'st.
And thou that gau'st the tirant temples, Rome,
Has not yett fetch'd thy *Pompey's* ashes home:
His ghost lyes yett exil'd. If *Cæsars* frownes
That first age fear'd, yett now thy *Pompey's* bones

Bring home, ô Rome, if yett on that curs'd land
Not ruin'd by the waues, the marks doo stand.
Whoo 'll feare that graue? whoo 'll feare to take from (thence
Ashes deseruing temples? that offence
Enioine mee (Rome) to doo, my bosome vse:
Oh too to happy I, if Rome would chuse
My hand to open that base sepulcher,
And his deare ashes hither to transferre.
Perchance when Rome from oracles would craue
An end of dearth, or pestilence to haue,
Of too much fire, or earthquakes, thou to Rome
Shalt by the godds expreſt appointment come,
Thy ashes borne by the high preist. For who
To scorch'd Siene in Iunes heat can goe,
In veiw of Nile, or Pharian Thebes descry
Vnder the showry Pleiades still dry;
What Easterne merchant traffiquing resorts
To the red sea, or rich Arabian ports,
But at thy graues euer adored stone,
And ashes (though perchance scatter'd vpon
The sands) will stay, thy ghost to pacificy,
Before the *Casian* Ioue preferring thee?
This little graue can nothing hurt thy name;
Thy ghost would bee of a farre cheaper fame
Shrowded in gold, and temples: fortune now
Beares more diuinity entomb'd so low;
This sea-beat stone is more maiesticke farre
Then the proud altars of the Conquerer.
Some worshipp godds dwelling in dusky clay,
That to Tarpeian *Ioue* refuse to pray.
Twill vantage thee hereafter in thy graue
No polisht marbles lasting works to haue.
This little dust will quickly scatter'd ly:
The tombe will fall; prooſes of thy death will dy:
And then a happyer age will come, when none
Shall creditt giue to those that shew the stone:

As

As false shall Ægypt seeme in times to come
(As Crete of *Ioues*) to boast of *Pompey's* tombe.

FINIS

Annotations on the eight Booke.

(a) Pompey *in his flight from Larissa came all along the Tembe to the shore, and lodged that night in the small cottage of a fisherman; about morning he went to sea in a little boate, and sailing along by the shore met with a ship of greater burden, of which one* Peticius *a Roman was captaine, who knowing* Pompey, *receiued him, and transported him to Lesbos, where* Cornelia *lay.* Plutarch. Appian.

(b) *When their boate drew neere to* Pompey, Septimus *arose, (who had once serued as a Tribune vnder* Pompey) *and in the Roman language saluted his generall, and welcomed him in the Kings name.* Achillas *complemented with him in the Greeke tongue, and desireth him to enter into his boate, by reason that the shelues, and sands would not afford a passage to his shippe.*

(c) *Those that attended* Pompey, *seeing his entertainement not Royall, nor Magnificent, but that a few only in a small boate were sent to meete him, began to suspect the treason and counselled* Pompey *to put to sea, and forsake that shore whilest yet he was free from danger.*

(d) Pompey *disdaining to appeare fearefull, (although he were full of ill presages) came into* Achillas *his boate as he was inuited, and taking his leaue of his wife, and sonne* Sextus Pompeius, *he repeated these two Iambick verses of* Sophocles.

ὅστις δ' ἀφικνεῖται τὸν ἐμπορεύσιμον
κεἰς τὸν τ' ἄλλος, κἀν ἐλευθέρος μόλῃ.

These were the last words he spake to his friends, and so entred into the boate, where Achillas was.

(e) When Pompey was now farre from his ship, and perceiued no courteous entertainement in the boate, hee looked vpon Septimius and thus spake; Haue not I knowne thee heretofore my fellow souldier? Septimius disdaining to answere him at all only nodded his head to him, and when Pompey was rising out of the boate, Septimius first run him through with his sword.

BK ix

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, ROBERT, Earle of *Warwicke, &c.*

THis Booke, which Cato's *Legend doth relate,*
To you, most vertuous Lord, I dedicate.
Whose worth securely may such Stories loue,
Whom great Examples shame not, but approue.
See here how hard to clime, how rough, and high
The pathes, that lead to true Nobility
Vertues *best seruants oft haue found: see here*
Good Cato's *strength orecome what taske so ere*
His cruell Mistresse Vertue *could command;*
And marching ore scorch'd Affricks desert sand
Winne (as our Author thought) more honour far
Then any Laurell'd Roman Conquerer
By Lands subdu'd, or blood of Nations shedd,
When captiu'd Monarchs their proud Chariotts ledd.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE ROBERT, Earle of Warwicke, &c.

HIs Booke, which Caro's Legend doth relate,
To you (my vertuous Lord) I dedicate,
Whose worth (scarcely meet such Sonnets love,
When great Examples flatter not, but prove
Sinewe how hard to climbe, how rough, and high
The perches, that lead to true Nobility
Vertues (of Beauties of base) sound: Yet here
Good Caro's strength overcome what Fate (or
His cruell Adversaries Vertue could commaund;
And marching ere (with Affricke defeat) found
Time (as our Author thought) more honour for
Him (by Laurell) a Roman Conqueror
Be Lawds (indeed) of blood of Nations shedd,
When captive Monarchs their proud Chariots
led,

LVCANS
Pharsalia.

The ninth Booke.

The Argument.

Pompey's *departed spirit to heauen ascends.*
His wife, and sons lament; Cato *commends*
His worthy life: checks the Cilicians,
And marching ore the scorched Libyan sands
To Iuba's *Kingdome, with strong patience*
Endures the heat, the Southwinds *violence,*
And killing serpents venome. Cæsar *sees*
Renowned Troys defac'd antiquities,
To Ægypt *comes, and with dissembling breath*
Complaines, and weepes for noble Pompey's *death.*

IN Pharian coales his ghost could not remaine,
Nor those few ashes his great spirit containe.
Out from the graue he issues, and forsakes
Th'vnworthy fire, and halfe burnt limbs, and takes
Vp to the conuexe of the sky his flight,
Where with blacke ayre the starry poles doe meete.
The space betwixt the regions of the moone,
And earth, halfe-deify'd soules possesse alone,
Whom fiery worth, in guiltlesse liues, has taught
To brooke the lower part of heauen, and brought

Them to th'æternall sphæares, which not they hold,
That are with incense bury'd, tomb'd in gold.
There filled with true light, with wondring eyes
The wandring planets, and first stars he sees.
He sees our day inuolu'd in midst of night,
And laughes at his torne trunkes ridiculous plight.
Then ore the Æmathian fields, his scatter'd fleete:
And bloody *Cæsars* troopes he tooke his flight:
And with reuenge for these dire facts possest
Catoes bold hart, and *Brutus* noble breast.
Cato, while chance was (*a*) doubtfull, and at stake
Whom ciuill war Lord of the world would make,
Then hated *Pompey*, though with *Pompey* he
(Led by the Senate, and Romes Auspicy)
Had fought, but when Pharsaliaes field was try'd
He altogether fauour'd *Pompey's* side.
His countrey wanting a protector then
He tooke, and chear'd the trembling hearts of men:
And putting swords in fearefull hands againe
Made ciuill war, neither for hope of reigne,
Nor feare of bondage: nought at all in war
For his owne sake did he; his forces are
Since *Pompey's* death, alone for liberty;
Which least the speed of *Cæsars* victory
Should seaze vpon, being dispersed ore
The coast, he sailes vnto Corcyra's (*b*) shore,
And in a thousand ships carryes away
The conquer'd remnant of Pharsalia.
Who would haue thought so great a fleete had held
All flying men? that conquer'd ships had fill'd
The straitned seas? from thence they saile away
To ghost-fill'd Tænarus, and long Malea;
Thence to Cytherus: Boreas blowing faire
Crete flyes: and getting a good sea they cleare
The Cretan coast. *Phycus*, that durst deny
Their men to land, they sacke deseruedly.

And thence along the deepe, while faire winds blow;
Vnto thy shore, oh Palinurus, goe:
(For not alone doth our Italian sea
Keepe monuments of thee, but Libya
Can witnesse well calme harbours once did please
Thy Phrygian master) when vpon the seas
Descrying ships afar, they gan to feare
Whether the men their foes, or partners were:
Cæsars knowne speed gaue them iust cause to feare,
And still suspect his comming euery where.
But those sad ships brought greife, and woes, and crys
Able to draw soft teares from *Catoes* eyes:
For after that *Cornelia* all in vaine
(Lest *Pompey's* trunke beat from the shore againe
Should floate at sea) by prayers had striu'd to draw
From flight the sailers, and her son in law,
When from the shore that little fire descry'd
His most vnworthy funerall, she cry'd,
Seem'd I not worthy then, fortune, to thee
To light my husbands funerall fire, and ly
Stretch'd out on his cold limbs, burne his torne haires,
And gathering his sea-scattered limbs, with teares
To bath each wound? with bones, and ashes hot
To fill my lap, and in the temples put
The sad remainder of his funerall?
That fires no honour to his hearse at all.
Besides perhaps some hands of Ægypt now
This loathed office to his ashes doe.
Well did the *Crassus* ashes naked ly,
For by the gods farre greater cruelty
Is *Pompey* burnt. Still shall my woes appeare
In the same shape? and shall I nere interre
My slaughter'd Lords? and at full vrnes lament?
What need'st thou tombe, or any instrument
Of sorrow, wretch? doth not thy breast containe
Thy *Pompey*, and his image still remaine

Within thee? lett those wiues, that meane to liue
After their Lords, vrnes to their ashes giue.
But yett the fire, that lends yon enuious light
From Ægypts shore, brings nothing to my sight
Of thee, deare *Pompey*: now the flame is gone,
The vanisht smoake beares to the rising Sunne
Pompey aloft: the windes vnwillingly
Beare vs from thence, yett is no land to mee
(Though triumph'd by my Lord as Conquerer)
Nor charriot deck'd with laurell halfe so deare.
My breast has quite forgott his happinesse,
And loues that *Pompey*, whom Niles shores possesse,
Faine would I stay vnder this guilty clime:
The land's enobled by so great a crime.
I would not leaue (beleeue mee) Ægypts shore.
Sextus, try thou the chance of warre, and ore
The spatious world thy fathers colours beare:
This his last will was trusted to my care;
When mee of breath deaths fatall hower shall reaue,
To you, my sonnes, this ciuill warre I leaue;
And let not *Cæsar's* race in quiett reigne,
Whilest any of our stocke on earth remaine.
Sollicite kingdomes, and free powerfull townes
By my names fame: these are the factions,
These are the armes I leaue; what *Pompey* ere
Would goe to sea, shall finde a nauy there.
My heires may stirre warre in what land they will,
Bee but couragious, and remember still
Your fathers lawfull power. Serue vnder none
But *Cato* (whilest hee fights for Rome) alone.
I haue perform'd thy trust, done thy behest
Deare Lord, thy cunning did preuaile, and least
False I those words of trust should nere deliuer,
Deceiu'd I liu'd. Now *Pompey*, where soeuer
Th' art gone, through hell, if any hell there bee,
Or empty Chaos, I will follow thee:

How long my life's decree'd I doo not know;
If long, Ile punish it for lasting so:
For not expiring when it first did see
Thy wounds, with sorrow broken it shall dy.
It shall dissolue in teares: no halter, sword,
Or præcipice shall death to mee afford.
It were a shame for mee, now thou art gone,
Not to haue power to dy with greife alone.
This saide, and couering with a vaile her head,
Vnder the hatches shee resolu'd to lead
A life in darkenesse: neerely hugging woe
Shee feedes on teares, and for her husband now
Embraces greife. The noise of stormy winde,
Nor cryes of fearfull sailers mooue her minde:
Her hope contrary to the sailers is,
Compos'd for death, and wishing stormes shee lyes.
They first arriu'd on Cyprus foamy shore.
From thence a milde Eastwinde commanding bore
Their shipps to *Catoes* Libyan campe; as still
A doubtfull minde doo sadd presages fill,
Cneius from shore spying his fathers traine,
And brother, running to the sea amaine,
Where is our father, brother? speake (quoth hee)
Liues the worlds head, and honour, or are wee
Vndone, and *Pompey* to the shades below
Has borne Romes fate? hee answeres, happy thou,
Whom fate into another coast dispersst;
Thou, brother, this dire mischeife only hear'st:
Mine eyes are guilty of a fathers death,
Nor did hee loose by *Cæsars* armes his breath,
Nor of his fall a worthy author found.
By the false tyrant of Niles impious ground,
Trusting the godds of hospitality,
And his owne bounty to old *Ptolomey*,
In recompence of kingdomes giuen hee dy'd.
I saw them wound our noble fathers side;

And

And thinking Ægypts King durst not haue done
So much, I thought *Cæsar* had stood vpon
The shore of Nile. But not our fathers wounds,
Nor blood so shed so much my heart confounds,
As that his head, which mounted on a speare
Aloft we saw, they through their cyties beare:
Which (as they say) is kept for *Cæsars* eye:
The tyrant seekes his guilt to testify.
For whether dogs, or foules deuouring maw
Consum'd his trunke, or that small fire we saw
Dissolued it by stealth I doe not know.
What ere iniurous fate to that could doe,
I did forgiue the gods that crime, and wept
For that part only, which the tyrant kept.
When *Cneius* heard these words, his inward woe
In passionate sighs, and teares he could not show;
But thus inflam'd with pious rage gan speake,
Launch forth the fleete, sailers, with speed, and breake
Through the crosse winds a passage with the oare,
Braue Captaines follow me, neuer before
Knew ciuill war more worthy ends then these,
T'interre vnbury'd *Manes*, and appease
Pompey with slaughter of th'effæminate boy.
Why should not I th'Ægyptian towers destroy?
And from the temples Alexander take,
To drowne his hearse in Mareotis lake?
In Nile *Amasis*, and those Kings with him
Digg'd vp from their Pyramides shall swimme.
All tombes shall rue *Pompey's* no sepulcher:
Isis (their goddesse now) Ile disinterre,
Osiris linnen-couer'd shrine disperse,
And kill god *Apis* ouer *Pompey's* hearse.
Vpon a pyle of gods Ile burne his head;
Thus shall the land by me be punished;
I will not leaue a man to till those fields,
Nor take the profit, that Niles flowing yeilds.

he gods, and people banished, and gone,
hou, father shalt possesse Ægypt alone.
his saide to lanch the flette forth hee assayes,
t Cato stills the young mans wrath with praise.
Now ore the shore when Pompey's death was knowne
he sky was peirc'd with lamentation:
greife not seene, not pararell'd at all,
hat common people mourne a great mans fall.
t when Cornelia quite exhaust with teares
as seene to land with torne disheuel'd haires,
heir doubled lamentations sounded more.
rnelia landed on a frendly shore,
athering the garments, and triumphall weedes
f happlesse Pompey, that expreft his deedes,
nd ancient trophes, painted robes, and shei'd,
hat thrice great Iove in triumph had beheld,
nto the funerall fire shee threw them all;
ch was her lords imagin'd funerall.
ample from her piety all take,
nd funerall fires all ore the shore they make
'appease the ghosts slaine in Pharsalia.
o when the shepheards of Apulia
ake winter fires on their bare-eaten ground
o spring their grasse againe; a glistering round
he Vulturs arms, and high Gargamus yeilds,
nd hott Matinus bullocke-pasture feilds.
But not more pleasing was't to Pompey's spritt
hat all the people raile at heauen, and twitt
he gods with Pompey, then what Cato spoke,
w words, but from a truth-fill'd breast they broke.
Roman's dead, not like our ancestry
o know the rule of right, but good (quoth hee)
n this truth scorning age; one powerfull growne
ot wronging liberty: the people prone
o serue, hee only priuate still remain'd;
ee sway'd the Senate, but the Senate reign'd.

Nought

Not hiding his intent, 'twas not the lone
Of ciuill war, but *Pompey*, first did moone
Our armes, (excuse vs *Cato*) we adhæt'd
By fauour; now he, whom the world preferr'd
Before her peace, is dead, our cause is gone;
Now lets returne to our lest mansion,
Our houshold gods, and children deare to see.
For what can ciuill wars conclusion be,
If not Pharsaliaes field, nor *Pompeys* death?
Our time of life is spent; now let vs breath
Our last in peace: let our old age prouide
Our funerall pyles, which ciuill war deny'd
To greatest Captaines. For no barbarous,
Or cruell yoke will fortune lay on vs,
No Scythian, nor Armenian tyrarny.
The subiects of Romes gowned state are we.
He that was second, *Pompey* being aliue,
Is first with vs: the highest place we giue
His sacred name, He whom wars fortunes make,
Shall be our lord, no generall wee'll take.
Vnto the warre wee followed thee alone;
Wee'll follow fate, *Pompey*, now thou art gone.
Nor haue we cause to hope for good successe,
Since *Cæsars* fortune now doth all possesse.
Th'Æmathian strength is by his victory
Dispers'd: we loose his mercy; only he
Has power, and will to spare the conquered.
Our ciuill wars a crime now *Pompey's* dead,
'Twas duty while he liu'd, If *Cato*, thou
Wilt serue thy countrey still, lets follow now
Those Eagles, which the Roman Consuls keepe;
Thus hauing spoke aboord the ship he leapes
With all his company. Romes fate had gone,
The people bent to slauery vpon
The shore exclaime. But from a sacred breast
Cato to them at last these words exprest.

Nought claim'd he by the sword, but wish'd what he
Wish'd most, the Senates freedome to deny.
Great wealth he had, but to the publike hoord
He brought far more then he retain'd; the sword
He tooke, but knew the time to lay it downe.
Arm'd he lou'd peace, though armes before the gowne
He still prefer'd; and euer pleas'd was he
Entring, or leauing his authority.
A chast vnriotted house, and neuer stain'd
With her Lords fortune; to all lands remain'd
His name renown'd, which much auailed Rome.
True liberty long since was gone, when home
Sylla, and *Marius* came: but *Pompey* dead,
Euen freedomes shadow is quite vanished.
No Senates face, no colour will remaine
Of power; none now will be asham'd to reigne.
Oh happy man, whom death, when conquer'd caught,
And Ægypts guilt swords to be wisht for brought,
Perchance thou could'st haue liu'd in *Cæsars* state.
To know the way to dy is mans best fate,
His next to be compel'd; and such to me
(If captiu'd now) fortune, let *Iuba* be;
Not to be kept to shew the enemy
I doe not beg, so headlesse kept I be.
More honour from these words the noble ghost
Receiu'd, then if the Roman barres should boast
His praise. Now mutinous the souldiers are,
Since *Pompey's* death growne weary of the war;
In which broiles *Tarcho Catoes* side to quit
Tooke vp the colours, who prepar'd for flight
With all his ships was chid by *Cato* so.
Euer reclaim'd Cilician, wouldst thou goe
To thy old theft at sea? is *Pompey* slaine,
And thou returnd to Pyracy againe?
Then round about he on each man gan looke
Amongst whom one boldly thus to *Cato* spoke,

Not

Fought you, yong men, with *Casars* armyes hope
(No more true Roman, but *Pompeyan* troopes)
To game a Lord? since for no Lord you fight,
But liue to doo your selues, not tyrants right,
Since your spent bloods can no mans rule procure,
But your owne safety, you'll not now endure
The warres; to liue in bondage you desire
And for your slauish neckes a yoake require.
Your danger's worthy now, the cause is good:
Pompey perhapps might haue abus'd your blood.
And will you now, when liberty's so nigh,
To aide of Rome your swords, and throates deny?
Of there Lords fortune now has left but one.
Ægypts base King, and Parthian bowes haue done
More for the lawes then you (oh shame) goe yee
Base men, and seeme the guift of *Ptolomey*
Whoo will beleeue your hands could guilty bee
Of any blood? hee'll rather thinke that yee
Were the first men, that from Pharsalia fledd.
Goe then securely: you haue merited
Pardon in *Casars* iudgement, not subdew'd
By seidge, or open force. Oh seruants lewd,
When your first master's dead, his heir you'll serue.
Why would you not more then your liues deserue,
And pardons? ranish with you for a prey
Metellus daughter, *Pompey's* wife away,
And his two sonns: the guift of Ægypt's King
Surpasse, or could you to the tirant bring
My head, no small reward 't would render yee;
Then to good purpose haue you follow'd mee.
On then, and in our bloods your merite make;
Tis sloathfull treason a bare flight to take.
This speach of *Cato* straight recalls from seas
Their flying shipps; as when a swarme of bees
Their honycombes, and barren waxe forsake;
Nor hang in clusters now, but singly take

Their flight ith aire, and taſt not (ſlouthfull growne)
The bitter Thyme: at ſound of braſſe alone
Amaz'd they leaue their flight: againe approoue
Their flowery taskes, againe their hony loue.
Gladd is the Sheapheard on ſweete Hyblæs hill
To keepe the riches of his cottage ſtill.
So *Catoes* ſpeech on their affections wrought,
And them to patience of a warre had brought.
And now their reſtleſſe mindes with toile t'inure,
And teach them warrelike laboures to endure,
With weary marches firſt their ſtrengh hee tryes
Along the ſands; their ſecond labonr is
To ſcale Cyrenes lofty walls: on whom
Cato no vengeance tooke, when ouercome,
Though they againſt him ſhutt their gates) to him
Reuenge ſufficient did their conqueſt ſeeme.
Hee thence to Libyan (*c*) *Iubaes* kingdome goes;
But there the Syrts did nature interpoſe.
Which *Catoes* dantleſſe virtue hopes to paſſe.
These Syrts, when all the worlds firſt ſtructure was,
Nature as doubtfull left twixt ſea, and land;
For neither ſinke they quite like ſeas to ſtand,
Nor yett like land with ſhores repell the maine,
But doubtfull, and vnpaſſable remaine,
A ſhelfe-ſpoil'd ſea, a water't couer'd land,
Where ſounding waues lett in by ſands command.
This part of nature, Natures ſelfe diſclam'd
As a vaine worke, and to no purpoſe fram'd)
Or once the deepe-drown'd Syrts were ſeas entire;
But burning *Titan* thence to feede his fire
Drew vp thoſe waues ſo neere the torrid zone;
And now the water holds contention
With *Phebus* drought: which by continuance ſpent,
The Syrts will grow a ſolid continent.
For now their topps but ſhallow waters hide,
The fading ſea decayes at euery ſide.

When

When first the fleete beganne to launch from shore,
In his owne kingdome did blacke Auster rore:
Whose blasts the sea from shipps inuasion keepe;
And from the Syrts farre rowle the wauy deepe,
Or flat the sea with throwne in heapes of sand.
Now the resistlesse windes the seas command,
Whose blasts of all spredd sailes, that fasten'd were
To the mainemast quite robb'd the marriner;
In vaine the shrowdes to windes so violent
Deny their sailes; beyond the shipps extent,
Beyond the prow the swelled linnen's blowne.
But where a man more prouident was knowne,
That did his linnen to the saileyard ty,
Hee quite despoil'd of tackling presently
Was outcome. That fleete had farre more ease,
Which on the deepe was tost with certaine seas.
But all those shipps, which had cut downe their masts
T'auoide the fury of strong Austers blasts,
(As then the winde against the tide did striue)
Against the winde the conquering tide did driue.
Some shipps the sea forsakes, whom straight the sands
Vnseene surprise, whose state now doubtfull stands:
Part of the shipp vpon firme ground doth rest;
Part swimmes in water. Now the sea's oppreſt
With flatts. The sands assault the Ocean,
And though strong Auster driue the waues amaine,
They cannot master these high hills of sand,
On th' Oceans backe farre from all countreys stand
Heapes of dry dust not by the Ocean drown'd.
The wretched sailers, though their shipp's on ground,
No shores can see. Part of the fleete this shallow
Detaines; the greater part their rudders follow,
And safe by flight, by skillfull pylotts aide
Are to Tritoniaes standing poole conuay'd.
This poole (they say) that godd esteemeth deare,
Whose shrill shell-trumpett seas, and shores doo hear

This *Pallas* loues, borne of the braine of *Ioue*,
Whoo first on Libya trode. (The heat doth proue
This land next heauen) shee standing by the side,
Her face within the quiett water spy'd,
And gaue her selfe from the lou'd poole a name
Tritonia. Heere doth the silent streame
Of darke obliuious *Lethe* gently fall,
That from hells *Lethe* takes originall.
The waking dragons charge is neare to these,
The once robb'd orchard of th'Hesperides.
To robb old times of creditt, the desire
Is spite, or truth from Poets to require.
A golden wood there was, whose yellow trees
Laden with wealthy fruit, stood bow'd : of these
A dragon guardian was, which neuer slept,
And the bright wood a troope of Virgins kept.
Hither *Alcides* comming, did surprise
The wealth, and burden of those laden trees,
And leauing light their robbed boughs did bring
Those glittering apples to th' Argolian King.
Part of the fleete gott off from hence againe,
And from the Syrtes driuen, did remaine
Vnder great *Pompey's* eldest sonnes command
On this side Garamantis in rich land.
But *Catoes* vertue brooking no delay
Through vnknowne regions lead his troopes away,
T'encompasse round the Syrts by land, for now
The stormy seas vnnauigable grow
In winter time : but stormes desired are
To coole the temper of the sweltring aire.
They feare no cold in Libya's scorched clime,
Nor too much heat, because in winter time.
Entring these barren sands thus *Cato* spake,
You that haue follow'd mee, souldiers, and make
Freedome your only safety, settle now
Your mindes with constancy to vndergoe

Vertues great worke. Wee march ore barren feilds,
Ore Sun-burnt regions, where no fountaine yeilds
Water enough, where *Titans* heate abounds,
And killing serpents smeare the parched grounds.
Hard wayes, but whom their falling countrey's cause
Through paths vnknowne, and midd'st of Libia draws,
Whoo make no vowes for their returning home,
But thinke of going only, lett them come:
I would deceiue no souldier, nor keepe close
My feares to draw them on. Lett only those
My followers bee, whom dangers doo inuite,
Whoo thinke it braue, and Roman, in my sight
T'endure the worst of ills: Hee that would haue
A surety for his safety, and faine saue
His loued life, lett him bee gone from mee,
And finde an easyer way to slauery.
Vpon the sands whilest I first footing sett,
Lett mee first suffer th' aires annoying heat:
Lett serpents poison'd teeth first seize on mee,
And in my fate doo you your dangers try.
Lett him, that sees mee drinking, water craue,
And plaine of heat, when I a shelter haue,
Or when I ride before the foote, straight grow
Weary, if any by endurance know
Wether I goe souldier, or generall.
The sands, heat, thirst, and poisonous serpents, all
Are sweete to vertue; hard things patience loues,
And sweetestst ill, when dearest, goodnesse proues.
These Libian dangers only iustify
The flight of men, thus their hott spiritts hee
With labours loue, and virtue striu'd to fire;
Marching ore deserts neuer to retire
Secure hee goes to Libya, gracing there
With his great name a little sepulcher.
Ifth'old account wee follow, Libya is
The world's third part: following the winds, & sky
A p

A part of Europe. For not distant more
Then Scythian Tanais is Nilus shore
Prom Westerne Gades, where Europe Affricke flyes,
And makes the Ocean roome: but greater is
Asia then both. For as they both send forth
Libya from South, and Europe from the North
The Westerne winde: the Easterne winde alone
From Asia blowes. That part that's fertile knowne
Of Libya, Westward lyes, but moisture lackes:
The Northwinde dry with vs, there stormy, takes
His flight but seldome thither. The rich soile
No wealthy growing mineralls doo spoile:
The earth corrupts into no brasse, nor gold,
But keepes her naturall, and perfect mold.
The Mauritanian men are rich alone
In Citron wood, of which no vse was knowne
To them of old, contented with the shade.
Our axes first did that strange wood inuade;
From farre wee fetch our tables, as our meate.
But in those parts about the Syrts, whose heat
Is violent, and scorching *Sol* too nere,
No corne can grow, no vines can prosper there,
Nor trees deepe rooting take; the sandy ground
Wants vitall temper, and no care is found
Of *Ioue* in that at all; the barren land
Through euery season doth vnchanged stand
By natures negligence. Yett this dull earth
Vnto a few small herbes affoords a birth,
Which are the hardy Nasamonians fare.
Neere the sea coast they bleakely seated are,
Whom barbarous Syrts with the worlds losse maintaine
For spoile they still vpon the sand remaine.
And though no merchant trade with them, yett gold
They haue, and still by shippwacke traffique hold
With all the world. This way did vertue beare
Caesar along, the Souldiers could not feare

A ſtorme by land, or thinke of bluſtring winde,
But there (alas) the Ocean's dangers finde.
For more on land then ſea the Southwindes rore,
About the Syrts, and hurt the land much more.
No rockes, nor mountaines ſtand oppoſed there
To breake his force, and turne him into aire?
No well-growne oakes, no wood oppoſed ſtands;
The ground lyes open all, free are the ſands
To Æols rage, which violently ſtrong
Hurryes though th'aire a ſandy clould along.
Their greateſt part of land the windes doo beare
Into the aire, which hangs not fixed there.
His houſe, and land the Naſamonian ſees
Fly in the winde, their little cottages
Blowne ore their heads into the aire as high
As from a fire the ſmoake, and ſparkles fly.
The mounted duſt like ſmoake obſcures the ſky.
And then more ſtrong then vſuall did the blaſt
Aſſault our men; no ſouldier could ſtand faſt;
No, nor the ground, on which they ſtood, could ſtay.
'Twould ſhake the earth, and beare that land away
If Libya hollow were, or harder mould
The Southerne windes in cauernes to enfold;
But ſince compos'd of looſe, and fleeting ſands
Reſiſting not, it bides; the loweſt ſtands
Becauſe the higheſt yeilds, helmetts of men,
Their ſheilds, and piles the winde with fury then
Bereſt them of, and through the Welkin toſt.
That in ſome forreine farre-remooued coaſt
Perchance by men was deem'd a prodigy,
And nations fear'd armes falling from the ſky,
Thinking thoſe weapons reft from men, did fall
Downe from the godds. So once I thinke that all
Our ſacred ſheilds to holy Numa were,
Which now our choiſe Patritian ſhoulders beare.

The

The Southerne winde, or Northerne robb'd of yore
Some forreine people, that those bucklers wore.
The land thus plagu'd with winde, the souldiers all
Downe to the ground, their cloathes fast guirded, fall,
Hold fast the earth, yett sure they scarsely lay
By weight, nor strengh from beeing blowne away.
Mountaines of dust the Southwindes furious hand
Rowles ore their heads; drowned in heapes of sand
The souldiers scarse can stirre. Some though vpright
With rising earth are ouerwhelmed quite;
And, though the earth remooue, want motion.
Vast stones of ruin'd walls from farre are blowne,
And (strange to tell) in some farre region fall,
They ruines see, that see no house at all.
No paths, nor difference now of wayes are knowne:
Their course is guided by the starre alone
Like nauigators; not all starrs to vs
In that Horrizon are conspicuous,
For to earths face (there bowed) many bee
Obscur'd from sight. But when the aire was free
From the windes rage, dissolu'd againe by heat,
And scorching day: their bodyes flow'd with swear,
Their mouths with thirst were parch'd: a little steame,
They spy'd which from a muddy fountaine came;
From whence with much adoo a souldier gott
His hellmett full of water, and straight brought
The same to *Cato*; their dry throates were all
With dust besmeared, and the generall
Himselfe was enuy'd for that little draught.
Base souldier, answeres hee, in thy poore thought
Seem'd I alone so worthlesse? none but I
Tender, and weake in all this company:
This punishment thou more deseru'st then I
To drinke thy selfe while all the army's dry.
Then stirr'd with wrath hee strucke the helmett down,
The water spilt suffis'd them euery one.

And now to Libyaes only temple plac'd
In *Garamantis* rude they came at last.
Iupiter Ammon is adored there,
Not arm'd with thunder like our *Iupiter*,
But crooked hornes. To whom the Libyans build
No sumptuous Fane, no orient iewells fill'd
The house with lustre. Though the Indians,
The Æthiopes, and rich Arabians
Iupiter Ammon's name doe all adore,
And no god else, yet still that god is poore.
No wealth corrupts his Fane, a god of th'old
Parenesse, his temple guards from Roman gold.
That place of all the countrey only greene
Shewes a gods presence. All that lyes betweene
Leptis, and Berenicis is dry sand,
And barren dust; no part of all the land,
But *Ammons* seat beares trees. The cause of it
A neighbouring fountaine is, whose waters knit
The moistened earth, and make fertility.
But when the Sun at noone is mounted high,
Those trees no shadow can diffuse at all:
Their boughs scarse hide their trunkes. No shade or (small
The Sunbeames make, since perpendicular.
It is perceiu'd this is the region where
The summer Tropicke hits the Zodiacke.
The signes obliquely rise not, but direct.
Nor more direct the Bull then Scorpio,
Moist Capricornus then hot Cancer goe:
Nor Gemeni then Sagitarius,
Nor Leo then oppos'd Aquarius:
Virgo then Pisces, Libraes motion
Then Aries. But whom the torrid zone
Diuides from vs, those people euer see
The shadowes Southward, which heere Northward be,
You slowly seeing Cynosure, suppose
Her vndrench'd carre into the Ocean goes,

And

And that no Northerne ſigne from ſeas is free.
You ſtand far diſtant from each axeltree;
Your ſignes in midſt of heauen conuerted be.
The Eaſterne people ſtanding at the dore,
The oracles of horned *Ioue* t'implore,
Gaue place to *Cato*; whom his ſouldiers ply
That of that Lybyan far-fam'd deity
His future fates euent he would be taught.
Him *Labienus* moſt of all beſought;
Chance, and the fortune of our way (quoth he)
Lend vs the mouth of that great deity,
And his ſure counſells: we may now implore
His powerfull guidance through this war, and ore
The dangerous Syrtes. For to whom ſhould I
Beleeue the gods would truly er certify
Their ſecret wills, then *Catoes* holy breaſt,
Whoſe life to heauenly lawes was ſtill addreſt,
And follow'd god? behold we now haue heere
A freedome giuen to talke with *Iupiter*,
Cato, enquires of wicked *Cæſars* fate,
And know what ſhall be Romes enſuing ſtate,
Whether this ciuill war be made in vaine,
Or ſhall our laws, and liberties maintaine,
Let *Ammon's* ſacred voice thy breaſt inſpire.
Thou louer of ſtrict vertue, now deſire
To know what vertue is; ſeeke from aboue
Approouement of the truth. He full of *Ioue*,
Whom in his ſecret breaſt he carryed euer,
These temple-worthy ſpeeches did deliuer;
What, *Labienus*, ſhould I ſeeke to know?
If I had rather dy in armes, then bow
Vnto a Lord? if life be nought at all?
No difference betwixt long life, and ſmall?
If any force can hurt men vertuous?
If fortune looſe, when vertue doth oppoſe,

Her threats? if good desires be happinesse,
And vertue grow not greater by successe?
Thus much we know, nor deeper can the skill
Of *Ammon* teach. The gods are with vs still;
And, though their oracles should silent be,
Nought can we doe without the gods decree;
Nor needes he voices; what was fit to know
The great Creator at our births did show.
Nor did he choose these barren sands to shew
(Hiding it heere) his trueth but to a few.
Is there a seate of god, saue earth, and sea,
Aire, heauen, and vertue? why for god should we
Seeke further? what eare moues, what ere is seene
Is *Ioue*. For oracles let doubtfull men
Fearefull of future chances troubled be:
Sure death, not oracles ascertaine me.
The coward, and the valiant man must fall.
This is enough for *Ioue* to speake to all,
Then marching thence the temples faith he saues,
And to the people vntry'd *Ammon* leaues.
Himselfe afoot before his weary'd bands
Marches with pile in hand, and not commands,
But shewes them how to labour: neuer sits
In coach, or charriot: sleepes the least a nights:
Last tasts the water. When a fountaines found,
He stayes a foot till all the souldiers round,
And euery cullion drinke. If fame be due
To trueft goodnesse, if you simply view
Vertue without successe, what ere we call
In greatest Romans great; was fortune all,
Who could deserue in prosperous war such fame?
Or by the nations blood so great a name?
Rather had I this vertuous triumph win
In Libyaes desert sands, then thrice be seene
In *Pompey's* laurell'd charriot, or to lead
Iugurtha captiue. Here behold indeed

Rome, thy true father, by whose sacred name
(Whorthy thy Temples) it shall neuer shame
People to sweare; whom, if thou ere art free,
Thou wilt herafter make a deity.
Now to a torrid clime they came, more hott
Then which the gods for men created not.
Few waters heere are seene; but in the sands
One largely-flowing fountaine only stands,
But full of Serpents, as it could containe.
There on the bankes hott killing Aspes remaine,
And Dipsases in midst of water dry.
When *Cato* saw his men for thirst would dy
Fearing those waters; thus hee spake to them.
Feare not to drinke, souldiers, this wholesome streame,
Bee not affrighted with vaine shewes of death.
The snakes bite deadly, fatall are their teeth,
When their dire venome mixes with our blood,
The water's safe. Then of the doubtfull flood
Hee drinkes himselfe, there only the first draught
Of all the Libyan waters *Cato* sought.
Why Libyaes aire should bee infested so
With mortall plagues, what hurtfull secretts grow
Mixt with the noxious soile by natures hand,
Our care, nor labour cannot vnderstand:
But that the world, in the true cause deciu'd,
In stead of that a common tale receiu'd.
In Libiaes farthest part, whose scorched ground
The Ocean warm'd by setting Sol doth bound,
Medusas countrey lay, whose barren feilds
No trees doo cloath, whose soile no herbage yeilds:
Chang'd by her looke all stones, and rockes they grow.
Heere hurtfull nature first those plagues did show;
First from *Medusas* iawes those serpents growne
Hissed with forked tongues, and hanging downe
Like womans haire, vpon her backe, gaue strokes
Vnto her pleased necke. In stead of lockes

Vpon

Vpon her horrid front did ſerpents hiſſe;
Her combe comb'd poiſon downe, no part but this
Safe to bee ſeene about Meduſa was.
For whoo ere fear'd the monſters mouth, and face?
Whom, that had view'd her with an eye direct,
Did ſhee ere ſuffer ſence of death t'affect?
Shee haſten'd doubting fate, preuenting dread;
Their bodyes dy'd, before their ſoules were fled;
Encloſed ſoules with bodyes turn'd to ſtone.
The furyes haires could madneſſe worke alone;
Cerberus hiſſing *Orpheus* muſicke ſtill'd;
Alcides ſaw that *Hydra*, which hee kill'd;
But this ſtange monſter euen her father, whoo
Is the ſeas ſecond god, her mother too
Cetos, and *Gorgon* ſiſters feared, ſhee
Could ſtrike a numneſſe through the ſea, and ſky,
And harden all the world into a ſtone.
Birds in their flight haue fall'n congealed downe.
Running wilde beaſts to rockes conuerted were;
And all the neighbouring Æthiopians there
To marble ſtatues, not a creature brookes
The ſight of her; t'auoide the *Gorgons* lookes
Her ſnakes themſelues backeward themſelues inuert.
Shee neere *Alcides* pillars could conuert
Titanian *Atlas* to an hill, and thoſe
Giants with ſerpents feete, that durſt oppoſe
The gods themſelues, thoſe warres in Phlegra feild
Her face could end, but ſhew'd in *Pallas* ſheild.
Thither, the ſonne of ſhowre-rap'd *Danae*
Borne on th' Arcadian wings of *Mercury*
Inuentor of the harpe, and wreſtling game,
Flying through th' aire, with borrow'd Harpe came,
Harpe, whom monſters blood before did ſtaine,
When hee, that kept *Ioues* loued cow, was ſlaine.
Aide to her winged brother *Pallas* gaue,
Conditioning the *Gorgons* head to haue.

Shee

he bids him fly to Libyaes Easterne bound
is face auerted, ore the *Gorgons* ground.
n his left hand a shield of shining brasse,
Wherein to see the stone transforming face
Osterne *Medusa*, *Pallas* bad him keepe;
Then lay'd *Medusa* in an endlesse sleepe,
ut yet not all; part of her snaky haire
Defends her head: some snakes still waking are:
ome ore her face, and sleeping eylids glide.
Minerua doth th'auerted *Perseus* guide,
nd with a trembling hand directs the stroake
Of his Cyllenian Harpe, which quite broke
er large snake-couer'd necke. How strange a looke
ad *Gorgons* head cut off by *Perseus* stroke,
nd towring blade? what poison did arse
n her blacke mouth? what death shot from her eyes?
Which not *Minerua* durst to looke vpon;
nd *Perseus*, sure, had been congea'ld to stone,
ad not *Minerua* hid that dismall face
With those snake-haires. Now *Perseus* flyes apace
To heauen with *Gorgons* head; but in his mind
Considering how the nearest way to find,
Ouer the midst of Europe meanes to fly;
ut *Pallas* straight forbids that iniury
To Europes fruitfull fields, and bids him spare
The people there, for who can in the ayre
Refra ine to gaze, when such a bird he spyes.
Perseus conuerts his course, and Westward flyes
Ore desert Libya, whose vnfruitfull seat
Untill'd lyes ope to nought but *Phabus* heat;
Who runs his burning course straight ore their heads.
No land then this a larger shadow spreads
Gainst heauen, nor more the moones ecclipse doth cause
When straying not in latitude, she drawes
Neither to North, nor South, but still is found
n signes direct. Yet this vnfruitfull ground

Barren

Barren in all that's good, a seed could yeild
From venome, which *Medusaes* head distill'd.
From those dire drops mixt with the putrid earth
Sols aiding heat did giue new monsters birth.
First from that dust so mixt with poison bred
Rose the sleep-causing Aspe with swelling head,
Made of the thickest drop of Gorgons gore,
Which in no serpent is compacted more.
She wanting heat seekes not a colder clime,
Content to liue in her owne Libyaes slime.
But oh how shamelesse is our thirst of gaine?
Those Libyan deaths are carryed ore the maine,
And Aspes at Rome are sold as marchandise.
In scaly folds the great *Hæmorrhoe* lyes,
Whose bite from all parts drawes the flowing blood.
Chersidros then, that both in land, and flood
Of doubtfull *Syrtes* liues; *Chelydri* too,
That make a reeking slime where ere they goe.
The Cenchris creeping in a tract direct,
Whose speckled belly with moe spots is dect,
Then ere the various Theban marble takes.
Sand-colour'd Ammodytes, the horned snakes,
That creepe in winding tracks; the Scytale;
No snake in winter casts her skin but she;
The double-head; Dipsas, that thirsty makes;
The water-spoyling Newte, the dart-like snakes.
The Pareas, whose way his taile doth guide;
The Prester too, whose sting distendeth wide
The wounded's foamy mouth; the Seps, whose bite
Consumes the bones, dissolues the body quite.
The Basilisk, whose hisse all snakes doth scarre,
(Hurtfull before the venome touch) who far
All vulgar serpents from his sight commands,
Reigning alone vpon the empty'd sands.
You dragons too, glistring in golden pride,
Who hurtlesse wander through all lands beside,

Hot Affrike mortall makes; aloft you fly
Through the ayre on wings, and follow speedily
The heards; your strokes the mightyest buls destroy
Great Elephants not scape you: all you kill,
Nor neede you poysons helpe to worke your will.
This thirsty way among these venom'd snakes
Cato amidst his hardy souldiers takes:
Where many losses of his men he found,
And deaths vnusuall from a little wound.
A trodden Dipsas turning backe his head
Did bite yong *Aulus* Ensigne bearer, bred
Of *Tyrrhene* race: no griefe, nor paine ensew'd:
His wound no pity found, no danger shew'd,
But in (alas) did fiery venome deepe
Into his marrow, and scorch'd entrailes creepe.
Which quite drunke vp all moisture, that should flow
Into his vitall parts: his palate now
And tongue is scorch'd, and dry; no sweate could goe
To his tir'd ioynts, from's eyes no teares could flow.
His place, nor his sad generalls command
Could stay this thirsty man; out of his hand
He throwes his Eagle; water runs to haue;
Which the dry venome in his heart did craue.
Though he in midst of Tanais did ly,
Padus, or Rodanus, he would be dry,
Or drinke the streames, where euer Nilus flowes.
The soile ads to his drought, the worme doth loose
Her venoms fame, help'd by so hot a land.
He digs, and seekes each veine in all the sand.
Now to the Syrts, he goes, and in his mouth
Salt water takes, which could not quench his drought,
Although it pleas'd. He did not know what kinde
Of death he dy'd, nor his disease could finde,
But thinkes it thirst; and now full faine he would
Rip open all his veines, and drinke his blood.

Cato commands them (loath his men should stay
To know what thirst was) straight to march away.
But a more wofull death before his eye
Appear'd; A Seps on poore *Sabellus* thigh
Hung by the teeth, which hee straight with his hands
Cast off, and with his pile nail'd to the sands;
A little snake, but none more full then shee
Of horrid death; the flesh falls off, that nigh
The wound did grow, the bones are bared round,
Without the body naked shewes the wound.
His shankes fall off, matter each members fills,
His knees are bar'd, his groine blacke filth distills;
And euery muscle of his thighes dissolues:
The skinne, that all his naturall parts inuolues,
Breaking letts fall his bowels, nor doth all,
That should remaine of a dead body, fall.
The cruell venome, eating all the parts,
All to a little poisonous filth conuerts.
The poison breakes his nerues, his ribbs doth part,
Opens his hollow breast, there shewes his heart,
His vitalls all, yea all that man composes,
And his whole nature this foule death discloses;
His head, necke, shoulders, and strong armes doo flow
In venomous filth, not sooner melts the snow
By hott Southwindes, nor waxe against the Sunne.
This is but small I speake; burnt bodyes runne
Melted by fire in filth, but what fire ere
Dissolu'd the bones? no bones of his appeare.
Following their putrid iuice, they leaue no signe
Of this swift death, the palme is only thine
Of all the Libyan snakes; the foule take they,
But thou alone the carcasse tak'st away.
But lo a death quite contrary to it;
Marsian Nasidius an hott Prester bitt.
Whose face, and cheekes a suddaine fire did rost;
His flesh, and skinne was stretch'd, his shape was lost.

His swelling body is distended farre
Past humane growth, and vndistinguishd are
His limmes; all parts the poison doth confound,
And hee lyes hid, in his owne body drown'd:
Nor can his armour keepe his swolne growth in.
Not more doth boiling water rise within
A brazen caldron, nor are sailes more swell'd
By Westerne windes. No limme hee now can weild,
A globe deform'd hee is, an heape confus'd.
Which rauening beasts did feare, which birds refus'd:
To which his frends durst doo no obsequy,
Nor touch, but from the growing carcasse fly.
But yett these snakes present more horrid sights,
A feirce *Hæmorrhus* noble *Tullus* bites,
A braue young man, that studyed *Catoes* worth.
And as in pouncing of a picture, forth
Through euery hole the pressed saffron goes,
So from his euery part red poison flowes
For blood; his teares were blood: from euery pore,
Where nature vented moisture heretofore,
His mouth, his nose, flowes blood; his sweate is red:
His running veines all parts bee bloodyed.
And his whole body's but one wound become.
An Aspes sharpe bite did *Lauus* heart benumme;
No paine hee felt, surpris'd with sudaine sleepe
Hee dy'd, descending to the Stygian deepe.
Not halfe so suddaine doo those poisons kill,
Which dire Sabæan sorcerers distill
From off the falsely seeming Sabine tree.
On an old stumpe a dart-like snake did ly,
Which, as from thence her selfe shee nimbly threw,
Through *Paulus* head, and wounded temples flew.
Twas not the poison wrought his fate; the blow
It selfe brought death, to her compared slow
Fly stones from slings, and not so swift as shee
From Parthian bowes doo winged arrowes flee.

What

What help'd it wretched *Marrus* that hee did
Kill a feirce Basilisk? the poison slid
Along his speare, and fastned on his hand,
Which hee cutt off, and then did safely stand
With that hands losse, reiwing securely there
The sad example of his death so neare.
Whoo would haue thought the knotty Scorpion had
Such power in killing, or a sting so bad?
Her straight stroke wonne, when shee *Orion* slew,
A trophee, which the constellations shew.
Whoo, small Solpuga, from thy hole would flee?
Yet the three sisters giue their power to thee.
So that no rest they found by night, nor day;
They fear'd the ground it selfe, on which they lay.
For neither heapes of leaues, nor reedes they found
To make them beds but on the naked ground
Expos'd their bodyes, whose warme vapours steame
By night attracted the cold snakes to them.
Whose harmelesse iawes, whilest nights astringent cold
The poison freez'd, vnhurt their bosomes hold.
Nor by the guidance of the starres their way
Can they discerne, but oft complaining say
Restore, oh godds, to vs those warres againe,
From which wee fled: restore Pharsaliaes plaine.
Why should wee dy, whose liues deuoted were,
And sworne to warre, the death of cowards here?
The Dipsases on *Cæsars* party are,
And horned snakes helpe end our ciuill warre.
Oh lett vs goe, where the hott zone doth ly.
'Twould ease our greiued hearts, that to the sky
Wee might ascribe our deaths. In nought doo wee
Accuse thee, Affrica, or nature thee.
For thou this monster-bearing country tane
From mens plantation, dist for snakes ordaine.
This land all barren, where no corne could thriue,
Thou mad'st, that men might from these serpents liue.

But

But wee are come into their dwellings here.
Take punishment on vs, thou god, whoo ere
Hating our iourney, didst the world diuide,
Placing the doubtfull Syrtes on one side,
The torrid zone on tother, deaths sad seate
Plac'd in the midst. To thy most hid retreat
Our ciuill warre dares goe; to the worlds end
Our wayes, through natures secretts prying, tend.
Worse things, perchance, must bee endur'd then this.
The pole declines, the setting Sunne doth hisse
Drench'd in the sea. No land doth further ly
This way; then *Iubaes* woofull monarchy
Knowne but by fame, wee shall perchance againe
Wish for this serpents land; th' aire doth containe
Some comfort yett: some things are liuing here.
Alas, wee wish not for our country deare,
Europe, nor Asia, different Sunnes which see.
Vnder what pole, oh Affricke, left wee thee?
'Twas winter at Cyrene when wee lay:
Is the yeares course chang'd in so small a way?
The South is at our backs: to th' aduerse pole
Our iourney tends; about the world wee rowle.
Wee are, perchance, Antipodes to Rome.
Lett this our comfort bee, Lett *Cæsar* come,
Oh lett our foes pursue where wee haue fled.
Thus they in sad 'complaints vnburdened
Their loaded patience: *Catoes* vertue keepes
Them proofe 'gainst any labour, who still sleepes
Vpon the naked sands, and euery hower;
Present at euery fate, tempts fortunes power.
Comes at all calls; his presence doth bestow
Farre more then health, a strength to vndergoe
Euen death it selfe. Whilest *Cato's* standing by
They are asham'd impatiently to dy.
What power ore him had any misery?
Whose presence greife in others breasts subdew'd,

And what ſmall power can bee in ſorrow ſhew'd.
Some eaſe at laſt did tired fortune giue
To their long ſuffrings, there a nation liue
Marinarian (d) Pſylls, from ſerpents biting free.
They arm'd with powerfull incantations bee.
Their blood's ſecure, and, though they did not charme,
By touch of poiſon cannot ſuffer harme.
The places nature this did iuſtly giue,
That ſerpent-free they might with ſerpents liue.
Twas well, that in this poiſonous aire they breath;
For peace is made betwixt themſelues, and death.
Of their owne broodes ſuch certaine prooſes haue all,
That when to ground a new-borne childe doth fall,
Fearing ſtrange *Venus* hath their beds defil'd,
By deadly Aſpes they try the doubted childe.
As th' Eagle when her Eagletts are diſclos'd,
Layes them againſt the riſing Sunne expos'd;
Thoſe that with ſtedy eye can view his beames,
And boldly gaze, thoſe only ſhee eſteemes,
The other ſcornes: the Pſylls ſo count it there
Their nations pledge, if infants doo not feare
The ſerpents touch, or freely play with ſnakes.
They not content with their owne ſafety, take
For ſtrangers care; and following th' army then
Againſt thoſe ſerpents aided *Catoes* men.
For when the campe was pitch'd, thoſe ſands, that lay
Within the compaſſe of the trenches, they
Did purge with ſnake-expelling charmes throughout,
And medcinable fires made round about.
There Wallwort crackes, and fennell gumme doth fry,
Thinne Tamariske, Theſſalian *Centory*,
Strong *Panace*, Arabian Pepperwort,
Sicilian *Thapſos* burn'd with Sulphurwort,
Larche trees, and Southernewood, which ſerpents dread
And hornes of ſtaggs farre off from Affricke bred.

So night was safe. If stung by day they were,
That magicke nations miracles appeare;
For 'gainst the Psylls the taken venome striues;
Markes to the wounded place their spittle giues;
Whose force the poison in the wound doth stay.
Then with a foaming tongue dire charmes they say
In ceaselesse murmurs. For no time to breath
The danger giues. Approaching speedy death
Admitts no silence. Oft hath poison tane
In th'inmost parts beene charm'd away againe.
But, when call'd out by their commanding tongue,
If any poison dare to tarry long,
Then falling downe they licke the pallid wound,
And with a gentle bite squeezing it round
Sucke with their mouths the poison out, and it
Extracted from the key-cold body spit.
And in their mouths tasting the poison well
What serpent deepest bitt the Psylls can tell.
Now ore the feilds encourag'd by their aide
The Roman souldiers wander'd lesse afraide.
Thus *Cato* treading sands of Libya
The moone twice waning, and twice wexing saw.
Now more and more the sands to harden gann,
And Affricks thicken'd ground grew glebe againe,
Trees here, and there begann t'extend their shade:
And cottages of reedes and sedges made.
How great an hope of better ground had they,
When first they saw feirce Lions crosse their way?
Leptis was neer'st which quiett harbour lent.
There winter free from heat, and stormes they spent.
Now *Caesar* with Pharsaliaes slaughter cloy'd
Leauing all other cares, his thoughts employ'd
In the pourfuite of *Pompey*, and was brought
(When hee his stepps by land had vainly sought)
By fames report to sea, and passed ore
The Thracian straights, and that louc-famed shore,

Where once faire *Heroes* wofull turrett stood,
Where *Helles* tragœdy new-nam'd the flood.
No arme of sea bounds with a streame so small
Asia from Europe, though Propontis fall
Narrow into the Euxine sea, and from
Purple Chalcedon part Byzantium.
Thence goes to see renown'd Sigæan sands,
The streame of Simois, and Rhætæan lands
Fam'd for the Græcian worthyes tombe, where ly
Great ghosts so much in debt to poetry.
Sack'd Troyes yett honour'd name hee goes about,
To finde th' old wall of great *Apollo* out.
Now fruitlesse trees, old oakes with putrify'd,
And rotten roores the Troian houses hide,
And temples of their gods, all Troy's orespred
With bushes thicke, her ruines ruined.
Hee sees the bridall groue, *Anchises* lodg'd,
Hesiones rocke, the caue where *Paris* iudg'd,
Where nimph *Oenone* play'd, the place so fam'd
For *Ganimedes* rape, each stone is nam'd.
A little gliding streame, which *Xanthus* was,
Vnknowne hee past, and in the lofty grasse
Securely trode; a Phrygian straight forbid
Him treade on *Hectors* dust: with ruines hid
The stone retain'd no sacred memory.
Respect you not great *Hectors* tombe, quoth hee!
Oh great, and sacred worke of Poesy,
That freest from fate, and giu'st eternity
To mortall wights; but, *Cæsar*, enuy not
Their liuing names, if Roman muses ought
May promise thee, whilest *Homer's* honoured,
By future times shall thou, and I bee read;
No age shall vs with darke obliuion staine,
But our Pharsalia euer shall remaine.
Then *Cæsar* pleas'd with sight of these so prais'd
Antiquities, a greene turff-alter rais'd,

And by the frankincense-fedd fire prepar'd
These orizons not vaine; you gods, that guard
These *Heroes* dust, and in Troyes ruines reigne:
Aenéas houshold gods, that still mainteine
In Alba, and Lauinia your shrines,
Vpon whose altars fire yett Troian shines;
Thou sacred temple clos'd Palladium,
That in the sight of man did'st neuer come;
The greatest heire of all *Iulus* race
Here in your former seate implores your grace,
And pious incense on your altars layes;
Prosper my course, and thankefull Rome shall raise
Troyes walls againe, your people Ile restore,
And build a Roman Troy. This said, to shore
Hee hasts, takes shipping, and to *Corus* lends
His full-spread sailes with hast to make amends
For these delayes, and with a prosperous winde
Leaues wealthy Asia, and faire Rhodes behinde.
The Westwindes blowing still, the seauenth night
Discoures Ægypts shore by Pharian light.
But ere they reach the harbour, day appeares,
And dimmes the nightly fires when *Cæsar* heares
Strange tumults on the shore, noises of men,
And doubtfull murmurings, and fearing then
To trust himselfe at land, stayes in his fleete;
Whom straight *Achillas* launches forth to meete
Bringing his Kings dire guift great *Pompey's* head
With an Ægyptian mantle couered;
And thus his crime with impious words to grace.
Lord of the world, greatest of Roman race,
And now secure (which yett thou doost not know)
In *Pompey's* death, my King doth heere bestow
What only wanted in Pharsaliacs feild,
And what thy warres, and trauells end will yeild:
Vee in thy absence finish'd ciuill warre.
For *Pompey* heere desiring to repaire

Thessalia's ruines, by our sword lyes slaine.
By this great pledge, *Caesar*, wee seeke to gaine
Thy loue, and in his blood our league to make.
Heere without bloodshed Ægypts kingdome take,
Take all Niles fertile regions, and receiue
What euer thou for *Pompey's* head would'st giue:
Thinke him a freind worthy thine armes to haue,
To whom the fates such power ore *Pompey* gaue.
Nor thinke his meritt cheape, since brought to passe
With easy slaughter, his old freind hee was,
And to his banish'd father did restore
The crowne of Ægypt. But why speake I more?
Finde thou a name for this great worke of his,
Or aske the world; if villany it is,
The more thou ow'st to him, that from thee tooke
This act of villany. Thus hauing spoke
Straight hee vncouers, and presents the head,
Whose scarse-knowne lookes pale death had altered,
Caesar at first his guift would not refuse,
Nor turne his eyes away, but fixtly veiwes
Till hee perceiu'd 'twas true, and plainly saw
'Twas safe to bee a pious father in law;
Then shed forc'd teares, and from a ioyfull breast
Drew sighs, and grones as thinking teares would best
Conceale his inward ioy: so quite orethrowes
The tyrants meritt, and doth rather choose
To weepe, then ow to him for *Pompey's* head.
Hee that on slaughter'd Senators could tread,
And see the blood-staind feilds of Thessaly
Dry-ey'd, to thee alone durst not deny
The tribute of his eyes. Strange turne of fate,
Weep'st thou for him, whom thou with impious hate
Caesar, so long pursu'dst? could not the loue
Of daughter, nephew, not aliance moue?
Think'st thou among those people, that bewaile
Great *Pompey's* death, these teares can ought auaile?

Perchance

Perchance thou enuy'st *Ptolomey's* dire fact;
And greiu'st that any had the power to act
This but thy selfe, that the reuenge of warre
Was lost, and taken from the conquerer.
What cause so euer did thy sorrow mooue,
It was farre distant from a pious loue.
Was this the cause that thy pursuite did draw
Ore land, and sea, to saue thy sonne in law?
'Twas well, sad fortune tooke the doome from thee,
And spar'd so farre a Roman modesty,
As not to suffer thee, false man, to giue
Pardon to him, or pity him aliue.
Yett to deceiue the world, and gaine beleife
Thou add'st a language to thy fained greife.
Thy bloody present from our presence beare,
For worse from *Cæsar*, then slaine *Pompey* here
Your wickednesse deserues; the only meede
Of ciuill warre, to spare the conquered.
Wee loose by this, and did not *Ptolomey*
His sister hate, I could with easerepay
This guift of his, and for so blacke a deede
Returne his sister *Cleopatrus* head.
Why wag'd hee secrett warre, or why durst hee
Thus thrust his sword into our worke? did wee
By our Pharsalian victory afford
Your King this power, or license Ægypts sword?
I brook'd not *Pompey* to beare share with mee
In rule of Rome, and shall I *Ptolomey*?
All nations ioined in our warre in vaine,
If any other power on earth remaine
But *Cæsar* now; if any land serue two.
Wee were determin'd from your shore to goe,
But fame forbid vs, least wee should seeme more
To feare then hate dire Ægypts bloody shore.
And doo not thinke you haue deceiued mee:
To vs was meant such hospitality.

And 'twas our fortune in Thessaliaes warre,
That frees this head. With greater danger farre
Then could be fear'd, we fought. I fear'd the doome
Of banishment, the threats of wrathfull Rome,
And *Pompey's* force: but had I fled, I see
My punishment had come from *Ptolomey*.
We spare his age, and pardon his foule fact;
For let your King for such a deed expect
No more then pardon. But doe you enterre
This Worthy's head: not that the earth may beare,
And hide your guilt; bring fumes, and odours store
T'appease his head, and gather from the shore
His scatter'd limbs, compose them in one tombe,
Let his deare ghost perceiue that *Cæsars* come,
And heare my pious griefe. Whilst he preferrs
All desperate hazards before me, and dares
Ratherto trust his life with *Ptolomey*,
The people all haue lost a ioyfull day,
The world our peace: the gods my prayers deny'd
That laying these victorious armes aside
I might embrace thee, *Pompey*, and request
Our former life, and loue, and thinke me blest
After this war thy æquall still to be.
Then had my faithfull loue perswaded thee
Though conquer'd to excuse the gods, and make
Thee Rome, to pardon me. Though thus he spake,
He found no partners in his griefe; the rest
Beleft not his, and their owne teares suppreft,
And durst (oh happy freedome) with dry eye
Though *Cæsar* wept, behold this tragedy.

FINIS

Annotations on the ninth Booke.

(a) *Whilest the euent of the ciuill war was yet doubtfull, and both the generalls were possessed of their full strengths,* Cato *was fearefull of both their intents, and hated them both; as fearing that the conquerer would captiue his countrey; but after the battell of Pharsalia was fought, and* Cæsar *had conquered, he was then wholly of* Pompey's *side, desiring to vphold the party vanquished.*

(b) Pompey *the great pursuing* Cæsar *into Thessalia, had left* Cato *with a great strength to guard Dyrrachium who hearing the ouerthrow, and flight of* Pompey, *marched away to take shipping at Corcyra, and follow* Pompey *to ioyne his strength with him.*

(c) Cato *at Cyrene hearing that* Lucius Scipio *the father in-law of* Pompey *the great was ioyned in Affrica with* Iuba *King of Mauritania, and that* Atius Varus, *whom* Pompey *had deputed his Lieutenant in Affrica, was there also, marched ouer land thither, in which march being thirty dayes vpon those desart sands, and with admirable patience, and magnanimity enduring the tourny; forsaking his horse always, and marching a foot in the head of his army, to teach his souldiers, rather then command them to endure hardnesse; he arriued at last at* Iuba's *court; where, though the souldiers with one voice elected him generall, he refused the charge, and chose rather to serue vnder* Scipio, *then command himselfe in chiefe.*

(d) *These* Psylli *are a people inhabiting those parts of Affrica fortifyed by nature with an incredible priueledge against the strength of poison, and susteine no harm by the biting of serpents. The serpents (saith* Pliny) *are afraid of them, and when others are bitten, these* Psylli *by suck-*

ing

ing the wounds, and muttering some charmes doe easily cure them. They haue a custome (as writers report) when their children are borne, if the father suspect his wiues chastity, he exposes the infant to all kind of serpents; if begotten by a stranger, the child dyeth, but if lawfully begotten, the priueledge of his fathers blood protecteth him against the venome.

LVCANS
Pharsalia.

The tenth Booke.

The Argument.

Cæsar *in Ægypt feareleſſe walkes, and ſees*
Their temples, tombes, and fam'd antiquityes.
Before his feete faire Cleopatra *kneeles,*
Whom to her brother King he reconciles.
With ſumptuous feaſts this peace they celebrate,
To Cæsars *eare* Achoreus *doth relate*
Niles ebbes, and flowes, and long concealed ſpring.
Within the pallace Cæsar, *and the King*
By ſterne Achillas *are beſieg'd by night.*
Cæsar *to Pharos takes a ſecret flight;*
There from his ſhip he leapes into the waues,
And his endanger'd life by ſwimming ſaues.

When *Cæsar* firſt, poſſeſt of *Pompey's* head,
Arriued there; and thoſe dire ſands did tread:
His fortune ſtroue with guilty Ægypts fate,
Whether that Rome that land ſhould captiuate;
Or Ægypts ſword take from the world the head
Both of the Conquerer, and the conquered.

Pompey

Pompey, thy ghost preuailes, thy *Manes* free
Cæsar from death least Nile should after thee
Be by the Romans lou'd. He goes from thence
To Alexandria arm'd with confidence
In this dire mischiefes pledge, following along
His Fasces. But, perceiuing that the throng
Of people murmur'd that in Ægypt hee
Bore th'Ensignes vp of Romes authority,
He findes their wauering faiths, perceiuing plaine
That for his sake great *Pompey* was not slaine.
Then with a looke still hiding feare goes he
The stately temple of th'old god to see,
Which speakes the ancient Macedonian greatnesse.
But there delighted with no obiects sweetnesse,
Not with their gold, nor gods maiestike dresse,
Nor lofty city walls, with greedinesse
Into the burying vault goes *Cæsar* downe.
There Macedonian *Philip's* mad-brain'd son
The prosperoust heise lyes buryed: whom iust fate
Slew in the worlds reuenge: vaults consecrate
Containe those limbs, which through the world 'twere
To cast abroad: but fortune spar'd his dust, (iust
And to that Kingdomes end his fate remain'd.
If ere the world her freedome had attaind,
He for a mocke had beene reseru'd, whose birth
Brought such a dire example to the earth,
So many lands to be possest by one,
Scorning the narrow bounds of Macedon,
And Athens, which his father had subdew'd:
Through Asian lands, with human slaughter strew'd,
Led by too forward fates he rushes on,
Driuing his sword through euery nation:
Riuers vnknowne, Euphrates he distaines
With Persians blood, Ganges with Indians:
Th'earths fatall mischiefe, lightning dire, that rent
All people, and a star maleuolent

To

To nations. To inuade the South-east sea
He built a fleete. Not barren Libya,
Water, nor heat, nor Ammons desart sands
Could stop his course. Vpon the Westerne lands
(Following the worlds deuexe) he meant to tread,
To compasse both the poles, and drinke Niles head.
But death did meete his course; that checke alone
Could nature giue this Kings ambition:
Who to his graue the worlds sole Empire bore,
With the same [illegible], that 'twas got before;
And wanting heires left all he did obtaine
To be diuided by the sword againe.
But fear'd in Parthia; and his Babylon
He dy'd. Oh shame, that Easterne nation
Then trembled at the Macedonian speare
Farre more, then now the Roman pile they feare.
Though all the North, the West, and South be ours,
In th'East the Parthian King contemnes our powers.
That, which to *Crassus* proou'd a fatall place,
A secure prouince to small *Pella* was.
Now the yong King come from Pelusium
Had pacify'd the peoples wrath: in whom
As hostage of his peace, in Ægypts court
Cæsar was safe; when loe from Pharos port,
Bribing the keeper to vnchaine the same,
In a small galley *Cleopatra* came
Vnknowne to *Cæsar* entering the house;
The staine of Ægypt, Romes pernicious
Fury, vnchast to Italyes disgrace,
As much as *Helena's* bewitching face
Fatall to Troy, and her owne Greekes did prooue,
As much Romes broiles did *Cleopatra* mooue.
Our Capitall she with her Sistrum scarr'd,
With Ægypts base effeminate rout prepar'd
To seize Romes Eagles, and a triumph get
Ore captiu'd *Cæsar*: when at *Leucas* fleet

It doubtfull stood, whether the world that day
A woman, and not Roman should obey.
Her prides first spring that impious night had been,
That with our chiefes mixt that incestuous queene.
Who would not pardon *Anthonyes* mad loue,
When *Cæsars* flinty breast desires could moue
In midst of war, when heat of fight rag'd most,
And in a court haunted by *Pompey's* ghost?
Embrew'd with blood from dire Pharsaliaes field
Could he vnto adultrous *Venus* yeild?
And mixe with warlike cares (oh harmelesse head)
A bastard issue, and vnlawfull bed;
Forgetting *Pompey*, to beget a brother
To thee, faire *Iulia*, on a strumpet mother:
Suffring the forces of his scattered foes
To ioyne in Affrike, basely he bestowes
Time in Egyptian loue, a conquerer
Not for himselfe, but to bestow on her;
Whom, trusting to her beauty, without teares,
Though gesture sad, with loose, as if rent haires,
Drest in a beautious, and becomming woe
Did *Cleopatra* meete bespeaking so:
If, mighty *Cæsar*, nobleneſſe there be,
Ægyptian *Lagus* royall issue I,
Depos'd and banisht from my fathers state,
If thy great hand restore my former fate,
Kneele at thy feet a queene; vnto our nation
Thou dost appeare a gratious constellation.
I am not the first woman that hath sway'd
The Pharian scepter: Ægypt has obay'd
A queene; not sexe excepted: I desire
Thee read the will of my deceased Sire,
Who left me there a partner to enioy
My brothers crowne, and marriage bed. The boy
(I know) would loue his sister, were he free:
But all his power, will, and affections be

Vnder *Photinus* girdle. To obtaine
The crowne I beg not, *Cæsar* from this staine
Free thou our house: command the King to be
A King, and free from seruants tyranny.
Shall slaues so proud of *Pompey's* slaughter be,
Threatning the same (which fates auert) to thee?
Cæsar, 'tis shame enough to th'earth, and thee
His death *Photinus* gift, and guilt should be.
Her suite in *Cæsars* eares had found small grace,
But beauty pleades, and that incestuous face
Preuailes; the pleasures of a wanton bed
Corrupt the iudge. The King had purchased
His peace with weighty summes of gold; which done,
With sumptuous feasts this glad accord they crowne.
Her riot forth in highest pompe (not yet
Transferr'd to Rome) did *Cleopatra* set.
The house excell'd those temples, which men build
In wicked'st times: the high-arch'd roofes were fill'd
With wealth? high tresses golden tables bore;
Nor did caru'd marble only couer ore
The house; alone th'vnmixt *Achates* stood,
And pillars of red marble: their feet troad
On pauements of rich Onyx: pillars there
Not couerd with Ægyptian Eben were;
Eben was timber there, and that rich wood
Not to adorne, but prop the Pallace stood.
The roomes with Iuory glister'd, and each dore
Inlay'd with indian shels, embellish'd ore
With choisest Emeraulds: the beds all shone
With richest gems, and yellow Iasper stone.
Couerlids rich, some purple dy'd in graine,
Whose tincture was not from one Caldron tane,
Part woue of glittering gold, part scarlet dy,
As is th'Ægyptian vse of Tapestry:
The seruitours stood by, and waiting pages,
Some different in complexions, some in ages;

Some

Some of blacke Libyan hew, some golden haires,
That *Caesar* yeilds in all his German warres
Hee nere had seene so bright a yellow haire:
Some stiffe curl'd lockes on Sun-burnt fore heads weare.
Besides th'vnhappy strength-robb'd company
The Eunuch'd youths; neere these were standing by
Youths of a stronger age, yett those so young
Scarse any downe darkning their cheekes was sprung.
Downe sate the princes, and the higher power
Caesar; her hurtfull face all painted ore
Sate *Cleopatra*, not content alone
T'enioy her brothers bed, nor Ægyyts crowne:
Laden with pearles? the red seas spoiled store
On her rich haire, and weary'd necke shee wore.
Her snowy breasts their whiteneſſe did display
Thorough the thinne Sidonian tiffenay
Wrought, and extended by the curious hand
Of Ægypts workemen. Citron tables stand
On luory tressells, such as *Caesars* eyes
Saw not, when hee King *Iuba* did surprise.
O blinde ambitious madneſſe to declare
Your wealth to him, that makes a ciuill warre,
And tempt an armed guest. For though that hee
Sought not for wealth by warres impiety,
And the worlds wracke: suppose our cheises of old
Were there, compos'd of that poore ages mould,
Fabritii, *Curii* graue, or that plaine man
That Consull from th'Etrurian plowes was tane,
Were sitting at those tables, whom to Rome
With such a tryumph he would wish to come.
In golden plate they fill their feasting bords
With what the aire, the earth, or Nile affords,
What luxury with vaine ambition had
Sought through the world, and not as hunger badd,
Beasts, foules, the gods of Ægypt are deuour'd:
From christall ewers is Niles mater powr'd

Vpon their hands: ſtudded with gemms that ſhine
Their bowles conteine no Mareotike wine,
But ſtrong, and ſparkling wines of Meroë,
To whom few yeares giue full maturity.
With fragrant Nard, and neuer-fading roſe
Their heads are crown'd: their haire anointed flowes
With ſweeteſt cinnamon, that has not ſpent
His ſauour in the aire, nor loſt his ſent
In forreine climes: and freſh Amomum brought
From haruests neere at hand, there *Caſar's* taught
The riches of the ſpoiled world to take;
And is aſham'd that hee a warre did make
With his poore Sonne in law, deſiring now
Some quarell would twixt him, and Ægypt grow.
When wine, and cates had tir'd their glutted pleaſure,
Caſar beginns with long diſcourſe to meaſure
The howers of night, beſpeaking gently thus
The linnen-veſted graue *Achoreus*:
Old man deuoted to religion,
And, (which thine age confirmes) deſpis'd by none
Of all the gods, to longing eares relate
Ægypts originall, her ſite, and ſtate,
Worſhipp of gods, and what doth ere remaine
In your old temples charactere'd, explaine.
The gods, that would bee knowne, to vs vnfold,
If your forefathers their religion told
T'Athenian *Plato* once, when had you ere
A gueſt more worthy, or more fitt to heare?
Rumor of *Pompey* drew our march thus farre,
And fame of you, for ſtill in midd'ſt of warre
I leaſure had of heauen, and gods to heare,
And the ſtarres courſe: nor ſhall *Eudoxus* yeare
Excell my Conſulſhipp. But though ſo much
My vertue bee, my loue of truth bee ſuch,
There's nought I more deſire to know at all
Then Niles hid head, and ſtrange originall

So many yeares vnknowne: grant but to mee
A certaine hope the head of Nile to ſee,
Ile leaue of ciuill warre. *Cæſar* had done,
When thus diuine *Achoreus* begunne:
Lett it bee lawfull, *Cæſar* to vnfold
Our great foreſathers ſecretts hid of old
From the lay people. Lett who ere ſuppoſe
It piety to keepe theſe wonders cloſe:
I thinke the gods are pleas'd to bee made knowne;
And haue their ſacred lawes to people ſhowne: (courſe,
Planetts, which croſſe, and ſlacke the tenth ſphæres
Had from the worlds firſt law their different powers.
The Sunne diuides the yeares, makes nights, and dayes,
Dimmes other ſtarrs with his reſplendent rayes.
And their wilde courſes moderates; the tides
Of Thetis *Phabes* grouth, and waning guides.
Saturne cold ice, and frozen zones obtaines;
Mars ore the windes, and winged lightning reignes;
Quiett well temper'd aire doth *Loue* poſſeſſe;
The ſeedes of all things *Venus* cheriſhes;
Cyllenius rules ore waters which are great;
Hee when hee enters, where the doggeſtarres heat,
Aud burning fire's diſplay'd, there where the ſigne
Of *Cancer* hott doth with the Lion ioine,
And where the Zodiacke holds his *Capricorne*,
And *Cancer*, vnder which Niles head is borne:
Ore which when *Mercuryes* proud fires doo ſtand,
And in a line direct, (as by command
Of Phæbe the obeying Ocean growes)
So from his open'd fountaine Nilus flowes;
Nor ebbs againe till night haue from the Sunne
Thoſe howers recouer'd, which the ſummer wonne.
Vaine was the old opinion, that Niles flow
Was caus'd, or help'd by Æthiopian ſnow.
For on thoſe hills cold Boreas neuer blowes,
As there the natiues Sunburnt viſage ſhowes,

And

And moist hott Southerne windes. Besides the head
Of euery streame, that from thaw'd ice is bred,
Swells then, when first the spring dissolues the snower.
But Nile before the doggdayes neuer flowes,
Nor is confin'd within his bankes againe
Till the Autumnal æquinoctian:
Thence tis hee knowes no lawes of other streames,
Nor swells in winter, when *Solis* scorching beames
Are farre remote, his waters want their end:
But Nile comes forth in summer time to lend
A cooler temper to the sweltring aire,
Vnder the torrid zone, least fire impaire
The earth, vnto her succour Nilus drawes,
And swells against the Lions burning iawes.
And when hott *Cancer* his *Siene* burnes,
Vnto her aide implored Nilus turnes:
Nor till the sunne to Autumne doo descend,
And that hott Meroë her shades extend,
Doth he restore againe the drowned feild.
Whoo can the causes of this flowing yeild?
Euen so our mother nature hath decreed
That Nile should flow, and so the world hath neede.
As vainly doth antiquity declare
The West windes cause of this increases are,
Which keepe their seasons strictly, and long stay,
And beare within the aire continu'd sway.
These from the Westerne parts all clouds exile
Beyond the South, and hang them ouer Nile:
Or else their blasts the riuers current meete,
And will not lett it to the Ocean gett;
Preuented so from falling to the maine
The streame swells backe, and ouerflowes the plaine.
Some through the cauernes of earths hollow wombe
In secrett channells thinke these waters come
Attracted to th' æquator from the cold
North clime, when *Sol* his Meroë doth hold,

The ſcorched earth attracting water, thither
Ganges, and Padus flow vnſeene together:
Venting all riuers at one fountaine ſo
Within one channell Nilus cannot goe.
From th' Ocean ſwelling, which beguirts about
All lands, ſome thinke, encreaſed Nile breakes out;
The waters looſe, ere they ſo farre haue rann,
Their ſaltneſſe quite. Beſides the Ocean
Is the ſtarres food, wee thinke, which *Phœbus* drawes,
When hee poſſeſſeth fiery *Cancers* claws.
More then the aire digeſts attracted ſo
Falls backe by night, and cauſes Nilus flow.
I thinke, if I may iudge ſo great a caſe,
Some waters ſince the world created was,
In after ages from ſome broken vaine
Of earth haue growne; ſome god did then ordaine,
When hee created all the world, whoſe tides
By certaine lawes the great Creator guides.
Cæſar's deſire to know our Nilus ſpring
Poſſeſt th' Ægyptian, Perſian, Græcian King;
No age, but ſtriu'd to future time to teach
This skill: none yett his hidden nature reach.
Philipp's great ſonne, *Memphis* moſt honourd King
Sent to th' earths vtmoſt bounds to finde Niles ſpring
Choiſe Æthiops; they trode the ſunburnt ground
Of the hott zone, and there warme Nilus found.
The fartheſt Weſt our great *Seſoſtris* ſaw,
Whileſt captiue Kings did his proud charriott draw:
Yett there your Rhodanus, and Padus ſpy'd
Before our Niles hid fountaine hee deſcry'd.
The mad Cambiſes to the Eaſterne lands,
And long-liu'd people came. His famiſht bands
Quite ſpent, and with each others (*a*) ſlaughter fed
Return'd thou, Nile, yett vndiſcouered.
No tale dares mention thine originall,
Th' art ſought, whereuer ſeene. No land at all

Can boaſt that Nile is hers. Yett Ile reueale,
As farre as that ſame god, that doth conceale
Thy ſpring, inſpires mee. From th' Antarticke pole
Vnder hott Cancer doo thy ſurges rowle
Directly North, winding to Eaſt and Weſt,
Sometimes th' Arabians, ſometimes Libyans bleſt
With fruitfullneſſe thou makſt, the Seres ſpy
Thee firſt, and ſeeke thee too, thy channell by
The Æthiopians, as a ſtranger flowes:
And the world knowes not to what land it owes
Thy ſacred head, which Nature hid from all,
Leaſt any land ſhould ſee thee, Nilus, ſmall.
Shee turn'd away thy ſpring, and did deſire
No land ſhould know it, but all lands admire.
Thou in the ſummer Solſtice art oreflowne
Bringing with thee a winter of thine owne,
When winter is not ours: nature alone
Suffers thy ſtreames to both the poles to runn.
Not there thy mouth, not heere thy ſpring is found.
Thy parted channell doth encompaſſe round
Meroë fruitfull to blacke husband men,
And rich in Eben wood: whoſe leaues, though greene,
Can with no ſhade aſſwage the ſummers heat,
Vnder the Lion ſo directly ſett.
Erom thence thy current with no waters loſſe
Ore the hott zone, and barren deſerts goes,
Sometimes collected in one channell going,
Sometimes diſpers'd and yeilding bankes oreflowing.
His parted armes againe collected ſlide
In one ſlow ſtreame, where *Philæ* doth diuide
Arabia from Ægypt. Ore the ſand,
Where the red ſea by one ſmall necke of land
From ours is kept, thou, Nile, dooſt gently flow.
Oh whoo would thinke thou ere ſo rough couldſt grow
That ſees thee gentle heere, but when thy way
Steepe Cataracks, and craggy rockes would ſtay,

Thy neuer-curbed waues with ſcorne deſpiſe
Thoſe petty letts, and foaming laue the skyes:
Thy waters ſound, with noiſe the neighbouring hills
Thy conquering ſtreame with froth growne hoary fills.
Hence hee with fury firſt aſſaults that Ile,
Which our forefathers did *Abatos* ſtile,
And thoſe neare rockes, which they were pleas'd to call
The riuers veines, becauſe they firſt of all
His ſwelling growth did ſhow. Hence nature did
His ſtraggling waues within high mountaines hide,
Which part thee, Nile, from Affricke; betwixt thoſe
As in a vale thy pent vpp water flowes.
At *Memphis* firſt thou runn'ſt in feilds, and plaines,
Where thy proud ſtreame all bankes, and bounds diſ-
Thus they ſecure, as if in peace, a part (daines.
Of night diſcours'd. But baſe *Photinus* hart
Once ſtain'd with ſacred blood, could nere bee free
From horrid thoughts. Since *Pompey's* murder hee
Counts nought a crime? great *Pompey's Manes* bide
Within his breaſt, and vengefull furyes guide
His thoughts to monſters new, hoping to ſtaine
Baſe hands with *Cæſar* blood, which fates ordaine
Great Senators ſhall ſhed. Fate to a ſlaue
That day almoſt the Senates vengeance gaue,
The mulct of ciuill warre. Oh gods defend,
Lett none that life in *Brutus* abſence end.
Shall th'execution of Romes tirant bee
Baſe Ægypts crime, and that example dy?
Bold man, hee makes attempt againſt fates courſe,
Nor at cloſe murder aimes, by open force
A moſt vnconquer'd Captaine hee aſſaults;
So much are mindes embolden'd by their faults.
Hee durſt the death of *Cæſar* now command,
As *Pompey's* once, and by a faithfull hand
To ſterne *Achillas* this dire meſſage ſend,
Whoo ſhar'd with him in murder'd *Pompey's* end,

Whom

Whom the weake King against himselfe, and all
Trusts with a strengh, his forces generall.
Thou on thy downy bed securely snort,
Whilest *Cleopatra* hath surpris'd the court.
Pharos is not betray'd, but giuen away.
Hast thou (though all alone) this match to stay.
Th' incestuous sister shall her brother wed,
Casar already has enioy'd her bed:
Twixt those two husbands Ægypt is her owne,
And Rome her hire for prostitution.
Haue *Cleopatra's* sorceryes beguild
Old *Casars* breast, and shall wee trust a childe?
Whoo, if one night incestuously embrac'd
The beastly pleasures of her bed hee tast
Cloath'd with the name of marriage, twixt each kisse
Hee giues my head, and thine; the gibbett is
Our fortune, if hee finde his sister sweete.
Hope wee no aide from any side to meete:
The King's her husband, her adulterer
Casars and wee (I grant) both guilty are
In *Cleopatras* sight, where twill appeare
Crime great enough that wee are chast from her.
Now by that crime, which wee together did,
And lost: and by the league wee ratifi'd
In *Pompey's* blood, I pray, bee speedy here,
Fill on the suddaine all with warre, and feare:
Lett blood breake off the marriage night, and kill
Our cruel Queene, whose arms so ere shee fill
In bed to night. Nor feare wee *Casars* fate:
That which aduanc'd him to this height of state,
The fall of *Pompey*, was our glory too:
Behold the shore, and learne what wee can doo,
Our mischeifes hope: behold the blooddy'd waue,
And in the dust great *Pompey's* little graue
Scarse couering all his limms. Hee, whom wee feare,
Was but his peere. But wee ignoble are

In blood: all one: we ſtir no forreine ſtate,
Nor King to aide, but our owne proſperous fate
To miſchiefe bring; and ſtill into our hands
Fortune deliuers them; ſee ready ſtands
Another nobler ſacrifice then he;
This ſecond blood appeaſes Italy.
The blood of *Cæſar* will thoſe ſtaines remoue,
Which *Pompey's* murder ſtucke, and make Rome loue
Thoſe hands, ſhe once thought guilty. Feare not than
His fame, and ſtrength, hee's but a priuate man
His army abſent. This one night ſhall end
The ciuill war, and to whole nations ſend
A ſacrifice t'appeaſe their ghoſts beſtow,
And pay the world that head, which fates doe ow.
Goe confidently then 'gainſt *Cæſars* throat:
For *Ptolomey* let Ægypts ſouldiers doo't,
The Romans for themſelues. But ſtay not thou;
Hee's high with wine, and fit for *Venus* now.
Doe but attempt, the gods on thee beſtow
Th'effect of *Brutus*, and graue *Catoes* vow.
Achillas prone to follow ſuch aduiſe
Drawes out his army ſtraight in ſecret wiſe,
Without loud ſignalls giuen, or trumpets noiſe
Their armed ſtrength he ſuddainely imployes.
The greateſt part were Roman ſouldiers there,
But ſo degenerate, and (b) chang'd they were
With forreine diſcipline; that voide of ſhame
Vnder a barbarous ſlaues command they came,
Who ſhould diſdaine to ſerue proud Ægypts King.
No faith, nor piety thoſe hirelings bring
That follow campes: where greateſt pay is had,
There's greateſt right; for mony they inuade,
Not for their owne iuſt quarrell, *Cæſars* throat.
Oh wickedneſſe, within what land has not
Our Empires wretched fate found ciuill war?
Thoſe troopes remoou'd from Theſſaly ſo far

Rage

Rage Roman-like heere vpon Nilus ſhore.
What durſt the houſe of *Lagus* venture more
Had they receiu'd great *Pompey*? but each hand
Performes that office, which the gods command:
Each Roman hand helpe to this war muſt lend.
The gods were ſo diſpoſd Romes ſtate to rend.
Nor now doth *Cæſars*, or great *Pompey's* loue
Diuide the people, or their factions moue.
This ciuill war *Achillas* vndertakes,
A barbarous ſlaue a Roman faction makes.
And had not fates protected *Cæſars* blood,
This ſide had won; in time both ready ſtood;
The court in feaſting drown'd did openly
To any treaſon; and then eaſily
Might they haue tane at table, *Cæſars* head,
His blood amid'ſt the feaſting gobblets ſhed.
But in the night tumultuous war they feare,
Promiſcuous ſlaughter rul'd by chance, leaſt there
Their King might fall; ſo confident they are
Of their owne ſtrength, they haſten not, but ſpare
So great an actions opportunity.
Slaues thinke differring *Cæſars* death to be
A reparable loſſe. Till day breake light
His execution is put off. One night
To *Cæſars* life *Potinus* power could giue,
Till *Titan* ſhew his riſing face to liue.
Now on mount Caſius *Lucifer* appear'd
With hot, though infant day, had Ægypt chear'd;
When from the wall they veiw'd thoſe troopes afar
March on well ranck'd, and marſhall'd for a warre,
Not in looſe maniples, but ready all
To ſtand, or giue a charge. The city wall
Cæſar diſtruſts, and ſhuts the pallace too,
So poore a ſeidge enforcd to vndergoe.
Nor all the houſe can his ſmall ſtrength maintaine,
One little part great *Cæſar* can containe:

Whileſt

Whilest his great thoughts both feare, and anger beare,
He feares assaults, and yet disdaines to feare,
So in small traps a noble Lyon caught
Rages, and bites his scorned gaole with wrath;
So would fierce *Vulcane* rage, could any stop
Sicilian *Ætnas* fiery cauernes top.
He that in dire Pharsalian fields of late
In a bad cause presum'd on prosperous fate,
And feared not the Senates hoast, nor all
The Roman Lords, nor *Pompey* generall,
Fear'd a slaues war: he heere assaulted tooke
A house, whom Sythians bold dust neere prouoke,
Th' *Alani* fierce, nor Mauritanians hot,
Which fast-bound strangers barbarously shoote.
He whom the Roman world could not suffice,
Nor all that twixt the Gades, and India lyes,
Like a weake boy seekes lurking holes alone.
Or woman in a late surprised towne:
Nor hopes for safety but in keeping close,
And through each rome with steps vncertaine goes,
But not without the King; him he retaines
About his person still: his life he meanes
Shall the reuenge, and expiation be
Of his owne fate; thy head, ô *Ptolomy*,
He meanes to throw for want of darts, or fire
Against thy seruants; as *Medea* dire,
When her pursuing Sires reuenge she fled,
Stood arm'd against her little brothers head
To stay her Sire. But desperate fate so nigh
Enforced *Cæsar* tearmes of peace to try.
A courtier from the absent King is sent
To checke his men, and know this wars entent.
But there the law of Nations could obtaine
No power: their Kings Embassadour is slaine
Treating of peace, to ad one horrid crime
O monstrous Ægypt, to thy impious clime.

Impious

mpious *Pharnaces Pontus* Thessaly,
or Spaine, nor *Iubaes* far-spread monarchy,
or barbarous *Syrtis* durst attempt to do,
What heere effæminate Ægypt reaches too.
The war on euery side growes dangerous,
And showres of falling darts euen shake the house.
No battring ram had they to force the wall,
Nor any engine fit for war at all:
Nor vsd they fire: the skillesse people run
Through the vast pallace scatter'd vp, and downe,
And vse their ioyned strength no where at all:
The fates forbid, and fortunes *Cæsars* wall.
But where the gorgeous pallace proudly stands
Into the sea, from ships the Nauall bands
Assault the houses; but *Cæsar* euery where
Is for defence at hand, and weapons here,
There wild fire vses. Though besiedg'd he be,
Both the besiedgers worke (such strength had he
Of constant spirit) wild fire balls he threw
Among the ioyned ships; nor slowly flew
The flame on pitchy shrowds, and bords, that drop
With melted waxe: at once the saileyards top,
And lowest hatches burne. An halfe burnt boate
Here drownes in seas, there foes and weapons floate,
Nor ore the ships alone doe flames preuaile;
But all the houses neere the shore assaile:
The South windes feed the flame, and driue it on
Along the houses with such motion,
As through the Welkin fiery meteors run,
That wanting fuell feed on aire alone,
This fire a while the courts besiedging stay'd,
And drew the people to the cityes aide.
Cæsar that time would not in sleepe bestow,
Who well could vse occasions, and knew how
In warre to take the greatest benefit
Of suddaine chances, ships his men by night,

Surprises

Surprises Pharos: Pharos heretofore
An Iland was, when Prophet *Proteus* wore
That crowne: but ioin'd to Alexandria now,
Two helpes on *Caesar* doth that fort bestow:
Commands the sea, the foes incursions stay'd,
And made a passage safe for *Caesars* aide.
He now entends no longer to differ
Protinus (c) death, though not enough seuere.
Not fire, nor beasts, nor gibbets reaue his breath,
Slaine with a sword he dyes great *Pompey's* death.
Arsinoë (d) from Court escaped goes
By *Ganymedes* helpe to *Caesars* foes,
The crowne (as *Lagus* daughter) to obtaine,
By whose iust sword was sterne *Achillas* slaine.
Another to thy ghost is sacrific'd.
Pompey, but fortune is not yet suffic'd,
Farre be it, gods, that these two deaths should be
His full reuenge; the fall of *Ptolomey*,
And Ægypts ruine not enough is thought:
Nor ere can his reuenge be fully wrought,
Till *Caesar* by the Senates swords be slaine.
But though the author's dead, these broiles remaine;
For *Ganymedes* now commander moou'd
A second war, which full of danger proou'd.
So great the perill was, that day alone
Might *Caesars* name to future times renowne.
While *Caesar* striues pent vp so closely there
To ship his men from thence; a suddaine feare
Of war did his entended passage meete:
Before his face the foes well-rigged fleete,
Behind their foote from shore against him fight:
No way of safety's left, valour, nor flight,
Nor scarse doth hope of noble death remaine.
No heapes of bodyes, no whole armyes slaine
Are now requir'd to conquer *Caesar* there:
A little blood will serue. Whether to feare,

Or wish for death he knowes not. In this same
Sad straite, he thinkes of noble *Scaua's* fame,
Who at Dyrrachium, when his workes were downe,
Besieidg'd all *Pompey's* strength himselfe alone:
Th'example rais'd his thoughts, resolu'd to doe
What Scæua *did; but straight a scorne to owe*
His valour to examples, checks againe (restraine.
That high resolue: great thoughts great thoughts
Yet thus at last; Scæua *was mine, 'twas I*
Nurtur'd that spirit: if like him I dy,
I doe not imitate, but Cæsars *feate*
Rather confirmes that Scæuas *act was great.*
In this resolue had Cæsar *charg'd them all*
Himselfe alone, and so a glorious fall
(Slaine by a thousand hands at once) had met,
Or else enobled by a death so great
Those thousand hands; but fortune was afraid
To venture Cæsar *further then her aide*
Could lend a famous rescue, and endeare
The danger to him; she discouers neare
Ships of his owne; thither when Cæsar *makes,*
He findes no safety there, but straight forsakes
Those ships againe, and leapes into the maine.
The trembling billowes fear'd to entertaine
So great a pledge of fortune, one to whom
Fate ow'd so many victoryes to come
And Ioue *(whilest he on* Cæsars *danger lookes)*
Suspects the truth of th'adamantine bookes.
Who could haue thought, but that the gods aboue
Had now begun to fauour Rome, and loue

Her

Her liberty againe? and that the fate
Of Pompey's *sons, of* Cato, *and the state*
'Gainst Cæsars *fortune had preuailed now?*
Why doe the powers Celestiall labour so
To be vniust againe? againe take care
To saue that life they had expos'd so far
That now the danger euen in Cæsars *eye,*
Might cleare their doome of partiality?
But he must liue vntill his fall may preoue
Brutus *and* Cassius *were more iust then* Ioue.
Now all alone on seas doth Cæsar *floate;*
Himselfe the oares, the Pylot, and the boate;
Yet could not all these offices employ
One mans whole strength; for his left hand on
Raised, holds vp his papers, and preserues (*high*
The fame of his past deedes, his right hand serues
To cut the waues, and guard his life alone
'Gainst th'Oceans perills, and all darts, which
From euery side doe darken all the sky, (*throwne*
And make a cloud, though heauen it selfe deny.
Two hundred paces thus alone he swamme
Till to the body of his fleete he came,
His ore-ioy'd souldiers shouting to the skies
Take sure presage of future victoryes.

FINIS.

Annotations on the tenth Booke.

(a) Cambyses *the son of* Cyrus, *and king of* Persia *added to his monarchy the kingdome of* Ægypt; *he intended a farther war against the* Æthiopians, *which are called* Macrobij *by reason of the extraordinary length of their naturall liues. But by reason of the tediousnesse of the march, and want of prouision, there was in his army a great famine, that they killed by lot euery tenth souldier, and fed vpon them.*

(b) Achillas *comming to assault* Cæsar *had an army of twenty thousand; they were many of them Roman souldiers, which had serued before vnder* Gabinius, *but had changed their manner of life, and corrupted with the riot of* Ægypt, *had quite forgotten the Roman discipline.*

(c) Photinus *the kings tutor remaining with* Cæsar *sent secret encouragements to* Achillas *to goe forward with his siedge, which being discouered by interception of his messengers he was slaine by* Cæsar.

(d) Ganymedes *an Eunuch, and tutor to* Arsinoe *the yonger sister of the King of* Ægypt, *assaulted* Achillas *by treachery, and slew him, and being himselfe made Generall of the army he continued the siedge against* Cæsar.

FINIS.

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